Encounter

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The Absentee Fusilier
Robert Graves

James & Bosanquet
H. Montgomery Hyde

Intellectual Integrity
Arthur Bestor

Black America
Jonathan Power

Thinking about the Past
Andrew Shonfield

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Column ('R')

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Robert Graves

The Absentee Fusilier

TEN YEARS AFTER the First World War ended, *Goodbye to All That* recorded my experiences as a Fusilier officer on the Western Front. Twenty years later, when the Second World War had just broken out, I again volunteered for active military service. Since, however, I was now in my early forties, all that the War Office would consent to offer me was a desk job in London. This would have involved bringing my family up from South Devon—and anyhow I had no desk-experience—so I declined. Instead, I volunteered for service in the local Home Guard. This honour was, however, refused me for two curious and contradictory reasons. First that we had two Spanish-republican officer friends staying nearby —escapees from a French concentration camp and therefore suspected as Communist spies. Second, some village joker had carved in big letters on one of my vegetable marrows: "*Heil Hitler!*". As the marrow grew, this challenge could be easily read from the road. Nevertheless, I was one day ordered to report to the military authorities at Exeter, being still after all judged young enough for a call-up. They sent me a third-class railway warrant, which I refused on the ground that as a disabled officer on the Pensioned list I was entitled to travel first class. . . . In the end, through the kindly offices of an ex-Grenadier Guardsman, I became an air-raid warden.

One morning as I was busy on a chapter of a new historical novel, *Sergeant Lamb of the Ninth,* I glanced out of the window and shouted excitedly to my wife in the kitchen: "Look, Beryl, *soldiers!*" She answered with forgivable scorn, "Soldiers? What do you mean? *Soldiers?*"

And indeed sadly untrained Territorial units of a splendid regiment, the Devons, had often straggled past our house on the Dartmouth road, keeping neither close step nor proper alignment.

I repeated: "*Soldiers!* Look! real ones!"

It was a platoon marching along as correctly as if parading ceremonially on Chelsea Barracks Square. An odd coincidence, at this part of the story, was that our Chief Air Raid Warden, the thirteenth Viscount Falkland, Grenadier Guards, had been the first officer to teach real drill at the Chelsea Barracks. Now, instead of the old-fashioned penal manouvring, with criminal faces of "dumb insolence" roared at by hated sergeant-majors, drill had developed into a splendid sort of all-male ballet. The word "Order arms!", for instance, was now followed by a gentle but synchronous hand-slap on every rifle butt, and a soundless descent of every rifle.

"Soldiers!" I repeated softly to myself. "Probably from that new mixed Commando battalion down at Dartmouth!" For I had noticed black-silk Royal Welch Fusilier "flashes" hanging behind the collars of five soldiers. I went on: "Once one has seen real soldiers one is never afterwards mistaken. I bet there are Gloucesters, and Coldstreamers and Koylis and Diehards, and Hampshires too, in that lot."

Next day I took the boat across to Dartmouth and called at the Commando Mess. There I met Colonel Gilbey of the Welch Regiment (to which I had once been attached) and Major Newman of the Essex Regiment, who later won a V.C. for his Commandos' destruction of the U-boat sheds at St. Nazaire. They welcomed me warmly. Having heard that they were now busy making practice raids on the German-held Channel Islands I said to Gilbey: "I suspect, Colonel, that your main problem in raids is how to distract the enemy's attention?"

He nodded pleasantly. I went on: "Well, as I was coming down here from Galmpton I thought of a device that ought to scare the enemy silly. And so far as I know it has never been tried out."

"Let's hear about it," said Newman.

"It would involve sending one of your officers, with a recording machine, to Queen Charlotte's Hospital in West London."

"Details, please."

"It's a lying-in hospital. . . . I can't think of anything that troops would be so horribly scared

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by as the sudden screams and groans of women in labour. . . . Especially Italian troops. . . . Especially on a very dark night."

Gilbey frowned. "My dear Graves, I really don't think that would be a very sporting way of fighting our war."

"No, Colonel, but neither do I think that Hitler and Mussolini have so far been fighting their war over-sportingly."

Newman broke in: "*I* call it a damn good idea, Graves, but I shouldn't care to use it myself."

After a short silence we dropped the subject and I congratulated Gilbey on his commandos. "Their marching order is wonderful—as one expects from volunteers. The real trouble of this war seems to be that we are fielding mostly conscripts."

ANOTHER THIRTY YEARS PASSED before I heard the sequel to this story—from an ex-soldier chatting at the table next to mine in our Majorcan village café. He was saying: "We had our best bit of luck not long before El Alamein. An Eyetie Battalion on our left flank was strongly entrenched and enfilading us. We couldn't advance until they had been moved off, but we had no artillery or air support strong enough to do the job for us. However, one night some bloke from H.Q. showed us a brilliant new idea—I can't say we liked it, but it worked! Just before stand-to, he crept up on them and suddenly set off a record, loud as hell, of a dozen young dames groaning and shrieking together! Sounded like it had been recorded at a lying-in hospital! My God, how those Eyeties ran! The bloke had won us a thousand yards of trench."

I must say that the news gave me a bit of a turn . . .

Such was my tactical contribution to the war I never fought.

MY STRATEGIC CONTRIBUTION to the same war makes another odd story. . . . It starts some time in the early 'thirties when Colonel T. E. Lawrence in a depressed mood wrote to me from India, where he was living disguised as Aircraftsman Shaw of the R.A.F. He begged me: "Spare an obol for Belisarius!"

Not understanding the reference, I wrote back inquiring exactly who Belisarius was. He answered that Belisarius was one of the only three really first-class Roman Generals in history: Scipio Africanus, Julius Caesar and, five centuries later, this Thracian genius Belisarius. And that Belisarius was the only General in classical history who had ever successfully invaded Italy from North Africa; but that eventually he was blinded by his ungrateful and jealous master, the Emperor Justinian, and forced to beg for small coins at a street corner in Constantinople. When I also asked Lawrence what made a good general, he summed it up as: "Never fighting an unnecessary battle and never asking more of his troops than he is ready to give himself—either in reconnaissance or in hand-to-hand fighting."

Lawrence then suggested my writing a book about Belisarius, none of any value having been published since Lord Mahon's in 1828. In 1938, three years after Lawrence's death, I wrote the book and sent a copy to Winston Churchill. I had known him since 1915—indeed he had been the last man to whom I said goodbye in 1916, at the Admiralty, on leaving for my second long spell in the trenches. He wrote thanking me, adding that he had learned a great deal from my book.

When the Second World War was being fought in North Africa, and Rommel had eventually been defeated, General Eisenhower, the Allied Supreme Commander, agreed to Churchill's and Wavell's plan for an allied invasion of Italy. One day I was surprised to read that the expedition had sailed from Africa and landed, like Belisarius's expedition, at Reggio; thence it had crossed the Straits of Messina and, like those 6th-century cataphracts, was steadily advancing up the western coast of Italy.

It may be recalled that Count Belisarius's small forces were fighting a great mass of Germans—the Visigoths. He had, however, soon discovered a crucial rule in German strategy: always to seize the most famous, as opposed to the most tactically important, enemy city—other cities and strong positions could be disregarded. Churchill's strategy was as usual, classical: to follow Belisarius's disregard for all forces on the flank, make straight for Naples, and thence disconcert the Germans by a sudden raid on Rome: two hundred heavily armed men dropped on Rome airport and followed by our main forces.

My friend and bibliographer Fred Higginson, of Manhattan, Kansas, was one of the selected raiders and has described to me his comrades' disappointment when the raid was suddenly called off. Apparently, he said, General Badoglio, far preferring the presence of Allied forces in Rome to that of Germans, had been secretly

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acquainted with the plan but no longer considered it a safe risk for us to take. Eisenhower's change of mind may, however, have been suggested not by Badoglio but by Eisenhower's second-in-command, Air Vice-Marshal Tedder, who nursed an airman's dislike of Montgomery, Wavell and Churchill—all soldiers. Or, more simply, it may have been the decision forced on Montgomery by his ally, the American general Patton who shared Tedder's dislikes. The relevant documents are, as I write, due to be published any day. In effect, at any rate, the Allied failure to pursue Belisarius's strategy added another three months to the Italian campaign, with immense losses to both American and British forces. My old comrade Air Commodore Gambier-Parry, who had served in the First World War as an infantry captain with the Royal Welch, had now unluckily been captured by the Germans in North Africa and sent as a prisoner-of-war to Italy. There one day he asked the Mother Superior in charge of Amenities at his officers' prison camp: "Holy mother, could you possibly get me an English novel by Robert Graves, called *Count Belisarius*? It is most important."

"Why important, my son?"

"Because, Mother, it informs us authoritatively how this war is going to end."

And, but for Tedder's (or Patton's) interference, so the book should have done. But still I cannot understand why *Count Belisarius* was voted the most popular novel read by American prisoners in Japanese war camps.

As for the Third World War, shall I again volunteer my services, and again be rejected, but again be interfering in its tactics and strategy?

Grandfather

Grandfather stepped out from the clock
at 2 a.m. one summer night.
He had been dead for forty years.
He gave his grandchildren a fright.

They asked him why he had come back.
"I haven't been far off," he said.
"I never liked you much, alive,
but things are cooler now I'm dead,

greener, deeper, firmer-set
in a dimension that gives ease—
why not reach back with part of me
into time's old complexities?

For something of the all I am
was formed here, when all's said and done,
though now I walk a wider range
and scarce recall the game I won."

Frederick Morgan

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H. Montgomery Hyde

Henry James & Theodora Bosanquet

ONE MORNING in August 1907, a well-educated young woman in her late twenties named Theodora Bosanquet sat in the top floor office of a London secretarial bureau, engaged in the unexciting task of compiling a very full index to the *Report of the Royal Commission on Coast Erosion*. Suddenly her ears were struck by the astonishing sound of passages from a novel being dictated to a young typist. Miss Bosanquet, who had been to Cheltenham Ladies' College and was a graduate of University College, London, immediately recognised the work of fiction as *The Ambassadors* by Henry James. On inquiring the reason for this exercise, she was informed that Mr James was on the point of returning from Italy, that he had asked to be provided with an amanuensis, and that the lady at the typewriter was making acquaintance with his style.

Without any hopeful designs of supplanting her, Miss Bosanquet lodged an immediate petition that she might be allowed the next opportunity of filling the post, supposing the young typist should ever abandon it. She was told, to her amazement, that she need not wait, and that if she set about practising on a Remington machine at once, she could be interviewed by Mr James as soon as he arrived in London. It appeared that the candidate who had been earmarked for the job was far from enthusiastic about the project and indeed was only too glad to be relieved of it. Within an hour Theodora had got rid of her dreary Blue Book and begun work on the typewriter. By the time "the Master" was ready to interview her, she was able to tap out paragraphs of *The Ambassadors* at quite a fair speed.

On the day of the interview, which took place in the secretarial bureau, she wore a white shirt and green skirt, belt and tie, "a business-like and I hoped a becoming costume", as she put it in the diary which she regularly kept. When she was "sent for" after waiting half-an-hour, she was "fearfully cold with nervousness," but Henry James immediately put her at her ease.

They sat in armchairs on either side of a fireless grate while they observed each other.

> He is like Coleridge, in figure; one feels that he ought to be wearing a flowered waistcoat, very expansive, "unrestrained" in the lower part. He wore green trousers and a blue waistcoat with a yellow sort of check on it and a black coat—that was rather a shock. I'd imagined him as always correctly dressed in London. He is bald, except for tufts of not very grey hair at the sides. His eyes, grey I think, are exactly what I should expect, but the rest of his face is too fat.
>
> I found it hard to get in any words of my own. . . . He says he is often very slow in dictating and I can have work or a book to amuse me while he is evolving sentences. He was careful to impress on me the dangers of boredom.
>
> He hasn't the self-possession I should have expected, but he seems most kind and nice, and so absolutely unassuming.

From the outset of their interview Henry James apparently took it for granted that Miss Bosanquet was coming to work for him, since he asked no questions about her typing speed or for that matter about anything else.

THE *extracts from the diary of Theodora Bosanquet are reproduced by kind permission of Professor Teresa Dillon, the late Miss Bosanquet's literary executrix, and also of Dr W. H. Bond, librarian of the Houghton Library of Harvard University where the original diary is preserved.*

Among H. Montgomery Hyde's numerous books are: "The Story of Lamb House" (1966), "Henry James at Home" (1969), "The Other Love" (1970) and "Stalin" (1971).

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FOR THE PAST TEN YEARS he had been living in a charming early 18th-century house in Rye on the borders of Kent and Sussex called Lamb House, with oak-panelled rooms and a delightful old walled garden. At this time he was preparing the New York edition of his *Novels and Tales*, which involved the composition of a separate preface to each story as well as considerable revisions of the text. It was for this work that he primarily needed the services of an amanuensis. He told her of rooms in Mermaid Street, Rye, where she could board and lodge, "very simple, rustic and antique—but that is the case with everything near my house, and this particular little old house (Marigold Cottage) is very near mine, and I know the good woman for kind and worthy and a convenient cook and in short. . . ." It was settled at once that she should take the rooms, and that she should begin her duties in six weeks' time.

WHEN THE TIME CAME, Henry James met her train at Rye station and escorted her to Marigold Cottage. After she had unpacked, she went along to Lamb House, where she was taken upstairs and introduced to the typewriter ("a brand new Remington and very complicated or so it seemed to me"), which stood on a desk in the writing room. She was later to describe this room in an extended essay, *Henry James at Work*, which she wrote in 1924, some years after her employer's death.

> Since winter was approaching, Henry James had begun to use a panelled, green-painted room on the upper floor of Lamb House for his work. It was known simply as the Green Room. It had many advantages as a winter workroom for it was small enough to be easily warmed and a wide south window caught all the morning sunshine. The window overhung the smooth, green lawn, shaded in summer by a mulberry tree, surrounded by roses and enclosed behind a tall, brick wall.
>
> It never failed to give the owner pleasure to look out of this window at his charming English garden where he could watch his English gardener digging the flower-beds or mowing the lawn or sweeping up the fallen leaves. There was another window for the afternoon sun, looking towards Winchelsea and doubly glazed against the force of the westerly gales. Three high bookcases, two big writing-desks and an easy chair filled most of the space in the Green Room, but left enough clear floor for a restricted amount of the pacing exercise that was indispensable to literary composition.

At first they worked only in the mornings. But she was soon coming back in the evenings. The evening sessions with the Remington began immediately after dinner. To stimulate his amanuensis he would produce several bars of chocolate and lay them beside her machine after peeling off the silver paper. This was followed by pots of tea. "I found myself getting so very sleepy last night," he told her, "and that's not favourable to the inspiration of genius!"

Henry James had begun the practice of dictation in the '90s, and by 1907, when he was 64, it had become a confirmed habit. Its effects were easily recognisable in his style, which seemed to Theodora Bosanquet to become more and more like free, involved, unanswered talk. "I know," he once said to her, "that I'm too diffuse when I'm dictating." At the same time he felt that the gain in expression through the use of what he laughingly called "Remingtonese" more than compensated for any loss of concision. Indeed, at the time Theodora began to work for him, he had reached a stage at which, as she put it, the click of a Remington acted as a positive spur. According to her, he found it more difficult to compose to the music of any other make. "During a fortnight when the Remington was out of order he dictated to an Oliver typewriter with evident discomfort, and he found it almost impossibly disconcerting to speak to something which made no responsive sound at all." Once or twice when he was ill and in bed, the amanuensis would take down a note or two in shorthand, but as a rule he insisted on the Remington being moved into his bedroom for even the shortest letters.

ON SUMMER DAYS he liked better to work in the "Garden Room", which had its own entrance separate from the house. This was an octagonal chamber, with a large bow-fronted window commanding the full length of the steeply sloping cobbled street which wound its way past the tall canopied front door of Lamb House. "He liked to be able to relieve the tension of a difficult sentence by a glance down the street; he enjoyed hailing a passing friend or watching a motor-car pant up the sharp little slope." But Theodora did not like the Garden Room as much as the other. "It's too stuffy, with the hot water pipes and no open windows."[1]

"Like most Americans," Theodora later recalled, "he left gardens entirely to professional hands—he never attempted to cultivate intimate acquaintance with his plants—he liked eating the

[1] In August, 1940, the Garden Room was completely destroyed by the direct hit of a German bomb, which also did considerable damage to Lamb House.

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good fruit and vegetables; he admired the flowers, but he couldn't bear cut flowers. Never had them inside the house for decoration. He faithfully visited the Rye flower shows, out of respect for the gardener whose competitive entries were often rewarded by large cards stating that 'Henry James, Esq.' had won a prize. Very good English flavour in those prize takings. Nothing like that could have happened to him in his native land."

Besides the gardener, "an excellent, quiet, trustworthy fellow in all respects," named George Gammon, who lived in a cottage close by the garden gate, Henry James kept an indoor staff of four. He thus described his household at this period:

> The Cook-Housekeeper, Mrs Paddington, is really, to my sense, a pearl of price: being an extremely good cook, an absolutely brilliant economist, a person of the greatest order, method and respectability, and a very nice woman generally .... she gets on beautifully with her fellow servants, a thing that all "good" cooks don't do.... The parlour-maid, Alice Skinner ... is a thoroughly respectable well-disposed, and duly competent young woman. And the Housemaid is very pretty and gentle—and not a very, *very* bad one. The House-boy, Burgess Noakes, isn't very pretty, but is on the other hand very gentle, punctual and desirous to please....

He was perhaps the most interesting member of this domestic quartet. The house-boy, who was originally engaged at a wage of four shillings a week ("Poor little Burgess," as his employer used to call him) was "so diminutive that he takes up little room, but also so athletic"—he was an enthusiastic lightweight boxer—"that he yearns to make himself generally useful; in short an intensely modest pearl." He later graduated from house-boy to valet and butler and during his master's recurrent bouts of ill-health and final illness was to nurse him with a touching devotion. The last survivor of the James household, with his "broad squat figure and phlegmatic countenance" (to quote Edith Wharton), Burgess Noakes is still, at 86, a familiar sight in the streets of Rye.

ONE OF THE FIRST LETTERS which Henry James dictated to his new amanuensis was addressed to his brother William, the philosopher and Harvard Professor. Theodora found it "thrillingly interesting" in her rather naive fashion. "I *am* in luck's way," she noted in her diary. "Fancy me being in a sense the medium between Henry James and William!" William James stayed at Lamb House when he came over to deliver a course of lectures at Oxford in the following year, and he impressed Theodora very favourably. "He *is* a charming man—there's something so simple and fresh about him somehow. He said how very fond he has got of this country with its soft harmonious colouring and how sorry he was to be going away."

Theodora Bosanquet's diary is full of references to life at Lamb House, the appearance of visitors, the conduct of the servants and the sayings and doings of "the Master." Some characteristic entries follow:

> *23 December 1907*.... This morning the boy Burgess interrupted us to say that Mr Adams, a stationer in High Street, wished very particularly to see Mr James. So off he went and soon returned to say with some amusement:
>
> "The man brought a really extraordinary, an inconceivable story. It seems that he's just been to America, and went to Washington and somehow or other got an introduction to the President [Theodore Roosevelt]—and really Americans *are* kind—he really had the time of his life, and he's just been up to say that the President of the United States sent me his special remembrances. Fancy a message from President Roosevelt sent to me—through Adams!!"[2]
>
> *21 November 1908*.... About 1 o'clock a knock on the front door was heard. Mr James tiptoed to the window and looked out cautiously. "Motor people," he said. "Two of them, done up in goggles." In a few moments Burgess came in.
>
> BURGESS: A lady and gentleman to see you, sir.
>
> H.J.: But what are their names? Always say their names.
>
> BURGESS: Mr and Mrs Clark, sir.
>
> H.J.: Clark?
>
> BURGESS (*uncompromisingly*): Clark.
>
> H.J.: What are they like? Are they young or old or blue or green?
>
> BURGESS: Middle-aged, sir.
>
> H.J. (*with a horrid memory vaguely dawning*): The gentleman—is he a little, elderly man, short?
>
> BURGESS: Yes, sir. They seem to think you're expecting them, sir.
>
> H.J. (*groans and falls back in his chair, covering his face with his hands*): Oh, good Lord! (Pause, Burgess and I await the next word in breathless suspense. Finally it comes). They've come to lunch. I asked them. I'd forgotten all about it. I must (*rising*) go and see Mrs Paddington at once. Oh (*going out*), why can't people keep away?
>
> He came back later and explained that they were honeymooning at Brighton. Mrs Clark

[2] As Mayor elect of Rye, Mr Adams had also visited Rye, New York, where he had inaugurated the interchange of greetings and official visits between the two towns which has continued to the present day. When Mr Adams called at The White House, President Roosevelt had beamed at the mention of Henry James and exclaimed "I know him well. He has been my guest on two or three occasions. When you return home, will you convey to him my very kindest regards?"

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had written to him, he'd put her letter in a conspicuous place, he'd put the date down in a book. But he'd absolutely forgotten.
I expressed a hope that Mrs Paddington had risen to the occasion.
"Oh, yes," he said. "She did. She drew out of the oven a fillet of beef which she had been cooking for herself. 'Give that to me,' I cried. But what an infernal nuisance it all is. Motor cars are the curse of the age. Before their day no one would have dreamt of coming over from Brighton. And tomorrow Heinemann—as if he hadn't done me enough bad turns—is coming to lunch."

22 November. Mr James rather agitated all the morning with Mr Heinemann's visit in prospect—he referred to him as "the most swindling of publishers."

23 November. Mr Heinemann told H.J. that Hall Caine has an income, from writing, of £30,000 a year—also that he "engineered" Queen Alexandra's Christmas Book of her photographs, and is to be made a baronet. "What an age!"

THROUGHOUT THE NEXT twelve months, his amanuensis tells us, "he was suffering a good deal from heart trouble and probably found it easier not to have a typist sitting in front of the Remington too regularly. The handsome 'testimonial' he wrote for me in May suggests that I might be looking about for other work."

Theodora Bosanquet treasured this document most carefully. It was found among her papers at her death, more than fifty years later.

TESTIMONIAL FOR MISS BOSANQUET

Lamb House,
Rye,
Sussex.
May 10th, 1909.

I have the greatest pleasure in testifying to my sense of the great ability and high value of Miss Theodora Bosanquet, acquired during two years of her constant, punctual and in every way faithful service with me as literary Secretary. I have the highest opinion of her intelligence and competence, alertness and discretion—her whole general accomplishment and character; to all of which I hope again frequently to resort for assistance. I have done highly important work—to myself—with her valuable aid, and I cordially congratulate those who may enjoy it.

HENRY JAMES

At this time Theodora Bosanquet shared a flat in Chelsea, 10 Lawrence Street, with her Rye friend Nellie Bradley. Fortunately they had two rooms in the flat which they did not need.

He came to see those rooms; he took them. He added some felt to pace on and a large chair, and one or two other things. He brought the Remington along one morning in a taxi, and afterwards he came in a taxi every morning, and started dictating *A Small Boy and Others*.

Chelsea began to make its appeal to him before long. He walked about and made little purchases in the shops. He liked talking to the people; he liked the kind of village atmosphere that he found there. And in the following spring when he heard that the flat above ours was to be let, he rushed out to find the porter who had the key, and we all went up to inspect it, but it was a bit too small for the entire Rye household. And then he found a charming flat just round the corner in Carlyle Mansions, with a delightful room to pace in and to dictate in, and watching the boats on the river. . . .

The following note appears in Theodora Bosanquet's diary for the year 1912:

I was at Rye early in October and noted on the 7th that he seemed much better. That day he dictated some letters dealing with details connected with the tenancy of the flat he had found in Chelsea, 21 Carlyle Mansions. In this connection he told me that the last time he went there, the outgoing occupant, Mrs C——, said to him: "Are you any relation to the writer, Mr James?"
"Writer? What writer?" he asked.
"Oh, I meant the novelist Henry James, the novelist. Are you perhaps, by any chance, his son?"
"Well," said H.J., enjoying himself. "No. The novelist hasn't got a son. But I feel somehow that if he *had* a son, I should be."
He told me that the proprietors of Carlyle Mansions laid great stress on a good "social reference." He gave them the name of John Sargent [the American painter] but that didn't seem to ring any bell with them. Then, remembering that Sargent was abroad he sent them "Edmund Gosse, Esq, House of Lords." That, he thought, should settle the question of his respectability.[3]

Henry James moved into his new London home at the beginning of the year 1913. Theodora commented on the migration:

The immediate effect of the move to 21 Carlyle Mansions on January 5th was good. H.J. liked the two large front rooms with their good view over the greenery of the narrow Carlyle Gardens and the width of Cheyne Walk to the River. The typewriter was placed near the window of the more westerly room; the other front room was the dining room. H.J.'s bedroom wasn't big, but had a quiet outlook over the back, and there was ample accommodation for the domestic staff moved up from Rye.

THE OUTBREAK OF THE First World War brought with it several personal inconveniences, the first of which manifested itself when he wished to go down to his house in Rye. He discovered that as a United States citizen, he would have to register as an alien and be under police supervision—"an alien friend of course,"

[3] *Edmund Gosse was Librarian of the House of Lords at this time.*

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as he told his nephew Harry, "which is a very different thing from an alien enemy, but still a definite technical outsider to the whole situation here, in which my affections and my loyalty are so intensely engaged." He thereupon determined to apply to the authorities to become a naturalised British subject.

Four sponsors were necessary to vouch formally for his eligibility for British citizenship. On being approached to act as one of them, the Prime Minister, Mr Herbert Asquith, said he would be delighted, although he added afterwards in a jocular aside that "the bonds of friendship were stretched to cracking point when I had to subscribe the proposition that he could both talk and write English." The Home Secretary, Sir John Simon, obligingly expedited the application and issued the certificate of naturalisation within a few days of receiving the papers. On 26 July 1915, Henry James became a citizen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Next day he took the Oath of Allegiance before a Commissioner in his lawyer's office. "The odd thing is that I don't feel a bit different," he told Edmund Gosse, another of his sponsors. "The process has only shown me what I virtually *was*. . . ."

In October he went down to Rye for what proved to be his last visit to "the dear little house." But he had "a very bad time" there with his angina, and after a fortnight he returned to Carlyle Mansions so as to be near a heart specialist. He had now finished *Notes of a Son and a Brother* and he had begun the third volume of reminiscences, *The Middle Years*. He planned to resume work on an unfinished novel, *The Sense of the Past*, which he had laid aside a dozen or so years before and which Theodora had found in a drawer at Lamb House. He spent the evening of 1 December going through what he had written, intending to carry on with his dictation next morning. Why he was unable to do so was explained by Theodora Bosanquet in her diary:

> *2 December*. Kidd [the housemaid] came round to our flat in Lawrence Street about 9 o'clock to tell me she thought H.J. must have had a stroke. She heard him calling for her when she was in the dining room at 8.30. She went to his bedroom and found him more or less collapsed on the floor. Her immediate thought was that he had had another heart attack, but it was soon apparent that his left leg was out of action. She and Burgess [the valet] managed to get him back into bed.
>
> I went over to Carlyle Mansions at once. H.J. told me he had apparently had a paralytic stroke "in the most approved fashion." He had, he said, enjoyed a *much* better night than for some time past and felt that his sleep had been particularly refreshing. He got out of bed, but fell down when he was on the other side of the room. It was, he said, particularly distressing to find himself in a state of mental confusion, "fumbling with the cord of the electric lamp under the mistaken impression that it would in some way connect with the bell." Then he called for Kidd and she came in quite soon. . . .
>
> *3 December*. . . . The report was much graver than yesterday. Paralysis is much more evident after a second stroke in the night. . . .

Two trained nurses were engaged and a cable was sent to his widowed sister-in-law, Mrs William James, who was his nearest surviving relative, and she immediately came over from the family home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, followed shortly afterwards by her eldest son Harry and her daughter Peggy (later Mrs Bruce Porter). But it took Mrs James ten days to reach London, and by the time she arrived the patient's condition had considerably deteriorated, embolic pneumonia having set in with a blood clot on the brain and another on the lung.

Fits of delirium continued intermittently. Once he imagined himself back in Ireland, in Cork. Then he inquired if the plumbers had carried out the alterations in his bathroom and spoke about "the curious annexation of Chelsea to Cork."

> *26 December*. The nurse reported a very bad night. H.J. was wheeled into the dining room today, but was equally restless there, wanting frequent help about being moved from one chair to another. By evening the whole household was pretty well exhausted, Kidd and Burgess flat in the kitchen, the nurse hysterical in the passage and Mrs James even more hysterical than before. She told me she was doing her best to persuade the doctor to administer enough morphia to keep the patient quiet.

There was a pleasant surprise on New Year's Day which the patient rallied sufficiently to appreciate.

> *1 January 1916*. H.J. in the New Year Honours List awarded the Order of Merit. When I went to his flat, I was told he was "much more himself" and had been immediately pleased by the news. He had told Kidd to "turn off the light to spare my blushes" and when Mrs James read him some congratulatory telegrams he had remarked, "What curious manifestations such occasions call forth!" He waved a friendly hand when I added my congratulations.
>
> *9 January*. H.J. very drowsy. Mrs James asked me to reply to a letter from Lord Stamfordham (King George V's Private Secretary) written on December 28th to announce the O.M. and messages from the King. It should have been done sooner, but Mrs James is a bit worried and puzzled by this kind of English etiquette and prefers, I think, to forget it. H.J. was in his own room all day.

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12 January. . . . H.J. asked if he could be moved to Rye and apparently took the journey in his imagination and spoke to Burgess of the pleasure of being in Lamb House.

A further rally, which surprised the doctor, was not maintained, and he began gradually to sink. "The poor old fellow is going," the doctor told Theodora Bosanquet next day. He was "living in the past" and his mind wandered back across the years to the day he had tea with his father in Carlyle's house.

SINCE IT WAS NOW EVIDENT that Henry James would be unable to go to Buckingham Palace to receive the Cross and insignia of the Order of Merit at the King's hands, permission was given for Lord Bryce, an old friend and former British Ambassador in Washington, to convey the insignia to the recipient in his sick room. This ceremony took place on 19 January, by which time he was barely conscious. (The only other writer who belonged to the Order, limited to twenty-four members, was Thomas Hardy.)

Yet he lingered on for another five weeks. The rest of the story was set down by Theodora Bosanquet in her diary.

From this time on I have very little to record of anything except daily inquiries and glimpses of Kidd and Mrs James, but I didn't see H.J. Peggy was rather easier to see than Mrs James and occasionally came over to our flat in Lawrence Street.

Looking back on those difficult days, I imagine that Mrs James very much preferred having her daughter at hand to help with correspondence and inquiries than a secretarial assistant for whom there was very little definite work. She had very kindly paid my salary to March and I felt very uncomfortable about that and returned the cheque, but she insisted on sending it back again.

On February 10th, Peggy told me he didn't seem to know her. . . . Hope was soon given up.

When I called on Sunday February 27th, Kidd and Burgess told me H.J. was much worse, hadn't been conscious for two days. The nurses thought he had had another stroke. . . .

28 February. "No change" reported when I called in the morning.

When I called again about half-past-seven, I met Miss Sargent (the painter's daughter) in the hall. She told me that Henry James had died about three quarters of an hour earlier, quite painlessly, and peacefully without ever regaining consciousness. "He just gave three sighs," Mrs James had told her, "and went."

29 February. Found Mrs James and Peggy making arrangements about the funeral—a service in Chelsea Old Church followed by cremation at Golders Green.

1 March. By this time some friends, including Mrs G. W. Prothero, Mrs W. K. Clifford and Mr Bailey Saunders, were hard at work trying to arrange a funeral in Westminster Abbey.

The Dean isn't very willing but says it *could* be done. In the meantime, "it's more dignified," as Peggy said, for them to go on with the arrangements for the service here.

She asked me if I wouldn't like to see "the body" which, she said, would be ready later in the day. They had been taking a cast of the face. So I came away then, but went back later, when Kidd took me into the drawing room where he lies, already in his coffin, covered with a black pall, with a white square over the face, which she folded back. One couldn't see anything but the actual face, for it was bound round with a bandage. It looked very fine—a great work of art in ivory wax. Perfectly peaceful, but entirely *dissociated* from everything that was his personality.

3 March. A pouring wet day for the funeral, of course. Mrs James sent me a very kind note, asking me if I wouldn't like to go to see him just once more, because he was looking so beautiful. So I went, but couldn't see much difference from yesterday, except that the upper lip and chin were just the least bit glistening with the growth of hair since death.

Mrs James told me that George [the gardener at Lamb House], who has come up from Rye, after he had seen his dead master and been asked by Mrs James if he wasn't beautiful, to see him so at peace, replied, "Yes, ma'am, he has kept very well, hasn't he?" As she said, "Henry would have loved to hear him."

She had a letter from the Dean of Westminster, explaining that a memorial service wasn't possible except at the request of the Crown or the Government and that he hoped that she wouldn't feel hurt by the refusal he had felt obliged to make to Mr James's friends. A public funeral was a different thing, and would have been possible (but it would have cost £100 incidentally). Mrs James had written him a reply—very nice and dignified, which she showed me and invited my assistance with the last sentence of. It was something to be able to help even in that way!

She also asked me to go early to the church [Chelsea Old Church] and see the wreaths were properly placed.

Several people who have seen the dead face are struck with the likeness to Napoleon, which is certainly great, though she herself thinks it more like the head of Goethe.

I went round to the church a little before half-past-one and found people beginning to arrive but the door not open. In a few minutes a troop of small choir boys came too, and had to wait outside. I fled back to Carlyle Mansions to see if they knew where the verger was to be found, but they didn't, so I was going to send a boy to the Rectory; but by the time I got back the verger had arrived and people were being let in. Mrs Clifford and the Ranee of Sarawak had been sitting quite comfortably in the Ranee's car, but other people had been getting quite wet. . . .

The church had pretty well filled up by the time they came—people poured in and left their distinguished names with the Press at the door. Mr Gosse, who was looking about for a seat, wasn't at all pleased, when I suggested he should go to the side. "But I came *early*", he said, and he had evidently expected a reserved place in the front row. Mr Bailey Saunders and I got into a pew just behind the one where the Jameses were to sit.

By that time the church was full—much fuller than I imagine it can be at all used to. It's full of mellow old tone, and if the organ had been better and the

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choir more effective it would have been quite a good place for the funeral service. The coffin was carried in and placed in the chancel, which isn't at all raised and the choir sang the opening verses of the service. . . .

After the service was over, the coffin was carried out and taken off by motor to Golders Green, followed by the Jameses and Sargents in a car, and the rest of us began to go out. I waited till they had all gone, and saw Ellen Terry being guided down the steps and into a car, and plenty of other people who were no doubt celebrated but whose faces I didn't know. Mrs Belloc Lowndes spoke to me most kindly.

Afterwards I found the Press (two of it) examining the names on the wreaths. The pressmen said "There aren't many, are there?" not realising the "No flowers by request" intimation.

AS HENRY JAMES had directed in his will, his ashes were afterwards laid beside those of his parents, his elder brother William and his sister Alice, in the family burial ground in the cemetery of Cambridge, Massachusetts. On the headstone of his grave he was described simply but truly as "novelist and interpreter of his generation on both sides of the sea." Meanwhile Lamb House, his beautiful Sussex home at Rye, passed under his will to his eldest nephew Henry (Harry), in whose name it was presented to the National Trust in 1948, "to be preserved as an enduring symbol of the ties that unite the British and American peoples."

Theodora Bosanquet survived "the Master" by forty-five years, during which period she became a distinguished literary critic and editor in her own right. She died in a London hospital, after a few days illness, on 1 June 1961. Unfortunately she could never be persuaded to publish anything about her former employer beyond a relatively brief essay, in spite of the detailed diaries which she kept. But in this essay *Henry James at Work* her summing-up is admirable.

> The essential fact is that wherever he looked Henry James saw fineness apparently sacrificed to grossness, beauty to avarice, truth to a bold front. He realised how constantly the tenderness of growing life is at the mercy of personal tyranny and he hated the tyranny of persons over each other. His novels are a repeated exposure of this wickedness, a reiterated and passionate plea for the fullest freedom of development, unimperilled by reckless and barbarous stupidity.

Emergency

Power cut:
The lights go out
The children shriek
With fright upstairs.
It's fun, you shout
And take a candle to
Chase ghosts out of corners.
But you put them
To bed soon
So they won't have time
To watch the shadows pounce
And gesture, time to see
How the flame shudders at
Each tiny brush of air.
Your reassurance has
Just so much candle power
To back it and no more.

Elizabeth Maslen

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Norman Levine

We All Begin in a Little Magazine

WE LIVE IN A SMALL coastal town. And in the summer, when the place is looking its best, it becomes overcrowded with people who have come away from the cities for their annual holiday by the sea. It is then that we leave and go up to London for our holiday.

My wife usually finds a house by looking through *The Times*. In this way we had the house of a man who built hotels in the poor parts of Africa so that wealthy American Negroes could go back to see where their grandparents came from. Another summer it was an architect's house where just about everything was done by push-button control. A third time, it was in a house whose owner was in the middle of getting a divorce—for non-consummation—and wanted to be out of the country.

This June she saw an ad saying: DOCTOR'S HOUSE AVAILABLE IN LONDON FOR THREE WEEKS. REASONABLE RENT. She phoned the number. And we agreed to take it.

The advertised house was central, near South Kensington tube station, not far from the Gardens. The taxi took us from Paddington—how pale people looked in London on a hot summer's day—and brought us to a wide street, stopping in front of a detached all-white house with acacia trees in the front garden. A bottle of warm milk was on the doorstep. I opened the door with the key and brought our cases inside.

The phone was ringing.

"Hello," I said.

"Is this *ABC*?" a youthful voice asked.

"I'm sorry," I said. "You have the wrong number."

"What is your number?"

"Knightsbridge 4231," I said.

"That *is* the number," the voice said.

"There must be some mistake," I said. "This is a doctor's house."

"Is the doctor there?"

"No," I said. "He's on holiday."

"Can I leave a message for him?"

"Are you ill?"

"No," he said. "Tell him that David White rang. David White of Somerset. He has had my manuscript for over six months now. He said he would let me know over a month ago. I have written him four times."

"I'll tell him," I said.

"If he needs more time," the young man said hesitantly, "I don't mind—."

"OK," I said and hung up.

"I don't know what's going on here," I said to my wife.

But she and the children were busy exploring the rest of the house.

It was a large house and it looked as if it had been lived in. The front room was a children's room with all sorts of games and blackboards and toys and children's books and posters on the walls. There was the sitting-room, the bottom half of the walls were filled with books in shelves. There were more books in the hallway, on the sides of the stairs, and in shelves on every landing. There were three separate baths. A breakfast room where a friendly black cat slept most of the time on top of the oil-fired furnace. And a back garden with a lawn; flowerbeds on the sides; a pond with goldfish, water-lilies; and a copper beech tree at the end.

The phone rang and a shaky voice said:

"May I speak to Doctor Jones?"

"I'm sorry, he's on holiday."

"When will he come back?"

"In three weeks," I said.

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"I can't wait that long," the voice said. "I'm going to New York tomorrow."

"Would you," I said, "like to leave a message?"

"I can't hear what you're saying," the voice said. "Can you speak up? I'm a bit deaf and have to wear a hearing aid. The doctors have a cure for this now. If I'd been born two years later I would have been all right."

"I said would you like to leave the doctor a message?"

"I don't think that will do any good," he said. "Could you look in his office and see if he has a poem of mine? It's called 'Goodbye.' If it is in proof, don't bother. I'll wait. But just find out. I am going over to teach creative writing in night school so I can make some money to come back here. The poem will probably be on the floor."

"Hold on," I said.

I went into the office at the top of the house. The floor was cluttered with papers and magazines and manuscripts with letters and envelopes attached. On a wooden table, a large snap file had correspondence. A box had cheques for small amounts. There were also several pound notes, loose change, a sheet of stamps, and two packages of cigarettes. (How trusting, I thought. The doctor doesn't know us—supposing we were crooks?) There was typing paper, large envelopes, a typewriter, a phone, telephone directories, and some galleys hanging on a nail on a wall. A smaller table had an in-and-out tray to do with his medical work, more letters, and copies of the *Lancet*. The neatest part of the room was the area where stacks of unsold copies of *ABC* were on the floor against the far wall.

"I'm sorry," I said on the phone. "I can't see it."

"Oh," he said. He sounded disappointed.

"Well, tell him that Arnold Mest called. M-E-S-T."

"I've got that," I said.

"Goodbye," he said.

"You won't guess," I told my wife. "The doctor edits a little magazine."

"We can't get away from it," she said.

EARLY NEXT MORNING the doorbell woke us. It was the postman. He gave me several bundles. There were letters from different parts of England and Europe and airmail ones from Canada, the States, Australia and South America. There were two review copies of books from publishers. There were other little magazines, and what looked like medical journals, and a few bills.

As I put the envelopes and parcels on the chair in the office and saw the copies of *Horizon* and *New Writing*, the runs of *Encounter*, *London Magazine*, and a fine collection of contemporary books on the shelves right around the room—it brought back a time twenty years ago when I first came over.

THERE WAS STILL the bomb-damage to be seen, the queues, the ration-books, the cigarettes under the counter. And a general seediness in people's clothes. Yet I remember it as one of my happiest times. Perhaps because we were young and full of hope and because we were so innocent of what writing involved. A lot of boys and girls had come to London from different parts. And we would meet in certain pubs, in certain restaurants. Joe Lyons, the French pub, Caves de France, the Mandrake. Then go on somewhere else. I remember going over to see another Canadian, from Montreal, who was writing a novel. He had a studio, by the Chelsea football grounds (we could always tell when a goal was scored). I remember best the cold damp winter days with the fog thick —you could just see the traffic lights—and then going inside and having some hot wine by the open fire and talking about writing, what we were writing, and where we had things out. We used to send our stories, optimistically, to the *New Yorker* and the *Atlantic*. But that was like taking a ticket in a lottery. It was the little magazines who published us, who gave encouragement and kept us going.

I remember Miss Waters. She was in her late forties, a pale woman with thinning blonde hair and a docile tabby cat. She edited a little magazine founded by her great-grandfather. She had photographs of Tennyson on the wall, of Yeats and Dylan Thomas. And wooden pigeon-holes, like the sorting room at the post-office, with some of the recent back-issues. She didn't know when I was coming. But she always greeted me with:

"How nice to see you. Do come in."

She walked, ahead, into the dark living-

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room. Suggested that I take my winter coat off. Then she would bring out a decanter of sherry and fill a glass. Then take out a package of *Passing Clouds*, offer me a cigarette.

I was treated as a writer by this woman when I had very little published. And that did more than anything to keep up morale. And after another sherry, another *Passing Cloud*, and she had asked me what I was working on and seemed very interested in what I said—she told me that her great-grandfather paid Tennyson a thousand pounds for one of his short poems, and two thousand pounds to George Eliot for a short story. (Was she trying to tell me that there was money to be made out of writing?) Then she stood up. And we went into the other room. It was very neat and tidy. Magazines on a table laid out as at a news-agent's, books as in a library.

"Is there anything you would like to review?" she asked.

I would pick a novel or two, or a book of short stories.

Then she would say. "And help yourself to four books from that pile."

That pile consisted of books that she didn't want reviewed. She had told me, the first time, to take these books to a bookseller in the Strand who would give me half price for them, and later sell them to the public libraries. But before I could get the money from him I had to sign my name in what looked like a visiting book. And I saw there, above me, the signatures of the leading Sunday and weekly reviewers—they were also selling their review copies for half-price.

And I remember how I would come to her place—with the brown envelopes lying behind the door—broke and depressed. And when I left her, I left feeling buoyed up, cheerful. There would be the few pounds from the review copies. Money enough for a hamburger and a coffee and a small cigar. And there was something to do—the books to review. She always paid in advance.

AND BEFORE Miss Waters there were others. The press officer at the Norwegian Embassy —he ran a Norwegian little magazine, in English, from London. And another one, from India, also in English. My early stories appeared in both. And when I got a copy of the Indian magazine I saw that my Canadian characters had been turned into Indians. And there was another editor who would ask to borrow your box of matches. Then when you got back to your flat you found he had stuffed a pound note inside the box.

They are all gone—like their magazines. And something has gone with them.

Those carefree days when you wrote when you felt like it. And slept in when you wanted to. And would be sure of seeing others like yourself at noon in certain places.

Now in the morning, after breakfast, I wait for the mail to come. Then I go upstairs and close the door behind me. And I make myself get on with the novel, the new story, or the article which has been commissioned by a well-paying magazine. I take a break for lunch, then come back up here until 4. Once in a while I might take a day off and go on a bus to see what the country is like. I forget that there is so much colour about. Or, for a change, take a train for the day to Plymouth. But otherwise, it is up the stairs to this room. All my energy now goes into work. I light up a small Dutch cigar, and sometimes I talk to myself. I feel reasonably certain now that what I have written will be published. Writing has become my living.

Of course there are still the occasional days when things are going right and the excitement comes back from the work. Not like in those early days when writing and the life we were leading seemed so much to belong together. I had complete faith then in those little magazines. What I didn't know was that what they bred was infectious. They infected a lot of young people with the notion that to be involved with literature was somehow to be involved with the good life. And by the time you learned differently—it was usually too late.

ON FRIDAY I had to be up early. In the morning I was to be interviewed, in a rowing-boat on the Serpentine, for a Canadian television programme on the "Brain-Drain." And later I was to meet my publisher for lunch.

It was very pleasant on the water early in the morning. The sun made patterns. People going to work stopped to watch. While I rowed the interviewer, the cameraman, the

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sound-recordist, and their equipment—and was asked why wasn't I living in Canada, and why did I write?

I met my publisher in his club. He is an American, from Boston, bald and short. We had a Martini. Then another. Then we went into the dining-room. Smoked salmon followed by duck with wine, then dessert. And ending with brandy and a large Havana cigar.

He asked me what type would I like for the book, could I send him the blurb for the dustjacket? He told me the number of copies they would print, that one of the Sunday papers wanted to run a couple of extracts before publication. He told me some gossip about other writers, publishers, and agents. And what was I writing now? And which publishing season would he have it for?

I left him after 4, and caught a taxi back to the house.

"How did it go?" my wife asked.

"OK," I said. "How was the zoo?"

She began to tell me when we heard a noise. It sounded as if it was coming from the front door. We went to look and surprised a man with a key trying to open the door. He was in his late 50s, short and stocky and wearing a shabby raincoat.

"Is the doc in?" he said timidly.

"No," I said. "He's on holiday."

"Oh," he said. "I've come up from Sussex. I always have a bed here when I come up."

He spoke with an educated accent.

"I'm sorry," I said. "But we have the place for three weeks."

"I always have a bed here when I come up."

"There isn't room," I said.

"My name is George Smith," he said. "*ABC* publish me. I'm a poet."

"How do you do," I said. "We'll be gone in ten days. Come in and have a drink."

While I poured him a brandy, I asked what was the name of his last book.

He said he had enough work for a book and had sent the manuscript to—and here he named a well-known publisher.

"But I haven't heard," he said.

"That's a good sign," I said.

"Perhaps they have lost it," he said. "Or they are, like Doc, on holiday."

HE BROUGHT OUT a small tin and took some loose tobacco and began to roll his own cigarette and one for me.

"How long," I asked, "have they had it?"

"Nearly five months," he said.

He finished his brandy. I poured him some more.

"I would ring them up and find out," I said. "Or drop them a line."

"Do you think I should?"

"Yes," I said.

I went to the door to see him out. And instead walked him to the bus stop.

The street was full of mountain ash and red berries were lying on the lawns, the sidewalk, and on the road.

"I had a letter from T. S. Eliot," he said. "I kept it all these years. But I sold it last month to Texas for fifty dollars," he said proudly. "My daughter was getting married. And I had to get her a present."

I asked him where he would stay the night.

"I have one or two other places," he said. "I come up about once every six weeks. London is my commercial centre."

I went and bought him a package of cigarettes.

"Thank you," he said.

The red bus came and I watched him get on.

When I got back my wife said.

"Well, do you feel better?"

"No," I said.

It went on like this—right through the time we were there. An assortment of people turned up at the door. There was a young blonde girl—she wanted to lick stamps for literature. There were visiting lecturers and professors from American and Canadian and English universities. There were housewives; one said, over the phone, "I'll do anything to get into print." There were long-distance telephone calls. One rang after midnight and woke us up. "Nothing important," the voice said. "I just wanted to have a talk. We usually do now and then. I've had stories in *ABC*."

There was, it seemed, a whole world that depended on the little magazine.

I TRIED TO BE OUT of the house as much as possible. I went to see my agent. He had a cheque for four hundred dollars, less his commission, waiting for me, for the sale of a story. He took me out for a meal. And we talked about the size of advances, the sort of money paper-back publishers were paying these days, the way non-fiction was

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selling better than fiction. I met other writers in expensive clubs and restaurants. We gossiped about what middle-aged writer was leaving his middle-aged wife to live with a young girl. And what publisher was leaving his firm to form his own house. I was told what magazines were starting—who paid the best.

Then I would come back to the phone ringing, the piles of mail, and people turning up at the door eager to talk about the aesthetics of writing. I didn't mind the young. But it was the men and women who were around my age or older who made me uncomfortable. I didn't like the feeling of superiority I had when I was with them. Or was it guilt? I didn't know.

Meanwhile my wife and kids enjoyed themselves. They went to the Victoria and Albert Museum, the National Gallery, the Tate. And came back with postcard reproductions that they sent to friends. They went to a couple of Proms, to a play, had a day in Richmond Park, Hampton Court, and a boat ride on the Thames.

When the time came to go back—they didn't want to.

But I did.

I had passed through my *ABC* days. And I wanted to get away. Was it because it was a reminder of one's youth? Or of a time which promised more than it turned out to be? I told myself that there was an unreality about it all—that our lives then had no economic base—that it was a time of limbo. But despite knowing these things, I carry it with me. It represents a sort of innocence, that has gone.

On the Saturday morning waiting for the taxi to come to take us to Paddington Station—the phone rang. And a young girl's voice wanted to know about her short story.

I said the doctor was away. He would be back later. She ought to ring this evening.

"What time?"

"After nine," I said.

"Have you read the story," she asked. "What do you think of it?"

"We just rented the house," I said. "We were here for a holiday."

"Oh," she said. "You're not one of us?"

"No," I said.

Then the taxi came. And the driver began to load the cases into the back of the car.

When?

When will they come together
My inward and the outer weather?
When will this Midas sun
Fit my mood, be at one,
Turn all things within to gold
As now it does outside, mould
My mood as it now licks the leaves
With light, turns away shadows, relieves
All dark? I want the flowers to stay
Gripped to their stems, not fall away,
Drift down, be trodden on,
Forgotten, killed, quite, quite gone.
And in my mind also
I want the grip and glow.

Elizabeth Jennings

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Arthur Bestor

In Defence of Intellectual Integrity

A Manifesto for the Contemporary University

IN HIS ORATION of 1834 before the Phi Beta Kappa society at Harvard, Ralph Waldo Emerson elected to speak about *The American Scholar* and "to say something of his duties." What Emerson actually said was not what one might have expected him to say. Though the stateliness of the occasion might well have tempted the young man to play Sir Oracle, Emerson refused to traffic in prophetic insights, to pontificate about the verdict of history, to speak knowingly of forces still hidden in the womb of time which the scholar ought to recognise as somehow destined to reshape the world. Emerson's profoundly sceptical conclusion as to the true responsibility of the scholar in time of crisis was quite different: "Let him not quit his belief that a popgun is a popgun, though the ancient and honourable of the earth affirm it to be the crack of doom. . . ."[1]

During the decade just ended many of the great universities of the world have been reduced almost to a state of siege by deliberate disruption, by deliberate vandalism and destruction. Ostensibly at least, the blows have been struck not by outsiders but by insiders: by students who describe themselves as militants (or militants who describe themselves as students) and by small contingents of faculty members. This betrayal from within is alarming, of course, as is any surrender to unreason. But far more alarming is the myth-making that magnifies these events into awesome signs of the apocalypse. Many of the ancient and honourable of today's world—editorial writers, columnists, television commentators, foundation executives, civil servants with reputations as serious thinkers, authors who specialise in diagnosing civilisation's hang-ups—are already proclaiming that recent campus disorders constitute, for the university as we have known it, the ineluctable crack of doom. And the prevailing view on these Olympian heights is that the university has deserved the doom that is now upon it. According to this argument, the kind of university that persisted into the second half of the twentieth century was a moribund institution, its intellectual concerns irrelevant, its ideal of objectivity a false ideal, its valuing of excellence a corrupt élitism. The corollary, of course, is that the disrupters and wreckers on university campuses are not vandals at all, but the unconscious—and perhaps therefore the sacred—instruments of a future struggling to be born. Their violence is to be seen as the new rationality, their acts of coercion as the new emancipation, their anti-intellectualism as the new science. In fine, their home-concocted bombs are supposedly firing a salute to a brave new intellectual order, as well as sounding the crack of doom for an old and discredited one.

CONFRONTED BY PRETENTIOUS NONSENSE like this, we need the saving common sense of Emerson's scholar, quietly pointing out that a popgun is a popgun whatever the fashionable opinion-makers of the moment may say. The physical damage done to some of our universities by bombings and arsons and "trashings" is costly but nevertheless reparable. The intention of militants to destroy the university as a place of disinterested and unintimidated intellectual inquiry is both real and exceedingly dangerous. Nevertheless, the university and its ideals have in fact survived the batterings of recent years. It should be clear by now that the vicious new forces of unreason will be victorious only if we, through indolence or cowardice, permit them to be so. Having weathered the assaults of a recent past, the university must not be brought down by the defaults of an upcoming future.

[1] Emerson, *Complete Works* (Concord ed., Boston, 1903), I, 102.

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The greatest danger which the university now faces is the danger that the scholars and scientists in university faculties will suffer a loss of nerve, that they will succumb to a belief that the forces that have battered the university represent an irresistible wave of the future, that they will abdicate their responsibility for keeping the university true to its intellectual purpose and firm in its commitment to intellectual integrity.

AT THIS CRITICAL MOMENT OF TIME, it seems to me that two distinct but interrelated tasks must be undertaken by the responsible leaders of university faculties. In the first place, we must drive home to the public and to educational administrators the self-evident fact that the jejune rationalisations voiced in recent years by militant disrupters have no standing whatever as genuine, well-considered, responsible programmes of university reform. In the second place there must be a firm refusal to accept as permanent the alterations in curriculum and governance which administrators and trustees—acting under intimidation and often in panic (especially in the U.S.A. and in Germany)—have imposed upon the university without genuine faculty deliberation and unambiguous faculty approval.

The first of these points is so obvious that it is strange that it should need to be made at all. On the very face of the record, the militant student movements of recent years have not been movements of educational reform. They have never purported to be. Their leaders, with fanatical consistency, have defined their purposes in terms of social and political change. To be sure, militants who propose to use the university to promote their political or revolutionary aims are necessarily proposing to alter the university as well as to use it—to alter it *in order to* use it. But to describe this as educational reform is like describing the bulldozing of cropland for an airfield as a form of agricultural improvement.

The militants have made no secret of what they would like the university to become. The descriptive word is "*politicisation*". The university is to choose sides on the crucial issues of the day. And then—to use the revealing word that Dr Henry Kissinger let slip in discussing American policy toward Pakistan—the university is to "tilt" its offerings toward the favoured side.[2]

This is hardly a new idea. It is the oldest and scruffiest of all sell-outs, coeval with and not unrelated to the world's most ancient profession. In the bitter religious controversies of post-Reformation times universities were expected as a matter of course to "tilt" toward Protestantism or toward Catholicism—*cuius regio, eius religio.* In time of war the university was supposed to "tilt" against the enemy and all his works—including even his language and his noblest cultural achievements. Where economic and social matters were concerned, the expected "tilt" was, of course, toward the views considered orthodox by those who supported the university and therefore felt entitled to control it. The "tilt" would be toward *laissez-faire* under conservative boards of trustees; it would be toward collectivisation if some Marxist Central Committee took over. And within the memory of many of us, the late Senator Joseph McCarthy sought to apply the doctrine of "politicisation" to American universities with the same righteous fervour as the New Left today, demanding of universities and faculties a "tilt" that would eliminate all discussion of ideas that he and his cohorts chose to describe as treasonable.

Academic freedom as we know it today represents a complete repudiation of this doctrine —the doctrine of "politicisation," or, in more general terms, the idea that the university should examine the evidence on controversial questions through permanently tinted spectacles. It was primarily the 19th-century conflict between Theology and Science (symbolised by Darwinian evolution) that finally convinced thoughtful men and women that intellectual life would be stultified and stifled if institutions of higher learning attempted to maintain a permanent "tilt" toward some prescribed set of ideas. Such a "tilt" meant weighing evidence in a dishonest balance and closing down the marketplace where, in the words of Mr Justice Holmes, "the

[2] Washington Special Action Group (arm of the National Security Council), Meeting on India/Pakistan, 3 December 1971, Memorandum of Record. Made public by columnist Jack Anderson and published in *New York Times*, 6 January 1972, p.16.

Remarks by Henry A. Kissinger: "I am getting hell every half-hour from the President that we are not being tough enough on India. . . . He wants to tilt in favour of Pakistan." "It's hard to tilt toward Pakistan if we have to match every Indian step with a Pakistan step." "I remember a letter or memo interpreting our existing treaty with a special India tilt."

As Russell Baker pointed out in a caustic commentary, "*tilt*" is the word that lights up on a pin-ball machine when the user is cheating.

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ultimate good [is] reached by free trade in ideas."[3]

Academic freedom won its way slowly in the 19th century, but the achievements were cumulative, so that by the end of World War II university faculties, supported by an alert public opinion, were able to resist and eventually to roll back the first major attempt to politicise the American university, the effort usually labelled "McCarthyism." The fact that politicisation has today become the programme of the New Left instead of the Old Right has left many members of university faculties bewildered, with the result that our newly threatened flank has been less promptly defended than it should have been. Many of our colleagues are still fighting the ghost of Senator Joseph McCarthy when it has been Professor Marcuse who has masterminded the attack upon the intellectual integrity of the university. But the time has surely come to cease responding with a conditioned reflex; the situation calls instead for serious reflection.

THE CONTENTION that universities should "tilt" in some predetermined political direction is a contention that must be seriously faced. If we do so we shall find that the argument is one that has been offered countless times in the past and that it has been essentially the same at its every appearance. Tolerance of opposing views is conceded to be a fine thing, generally speaking, where routine matters only are involved. But on certain issues (the argument runs) one position is so incontrovertibly right and the other so infernally wrong that to be tolerant is to become the accomplice of wickedness. Such was the view of Torquemada and the Inquisition, so far as heresy was concerned. Such was the view of John Calvin when he sent Michael Servetus to the stake. Such was the view of the Tennessee legislature when it forbade the teaching of evolution in the public schools. Such have been the views of those who, over the years, have drafted sedition acts designed to ban particular brands of political heterodoxy. And such today are the views of those who urge the "politicisation" of the university, by which they invariably mean the establishment of their own particular political and social doctrines as the official standard of truth for the entire institution and all its members.

In point of fact, campus militants are fantastically self-deluded if they imagine that the politicisation of the university would mean the adoption of *their* particular views as the determinants of university policy. If the university should abandon its fundamental task of objective inquiry into the problems of mankind and the universe, and announce instead that it will adopt a political stance, it would thereby put university policy up for grabs. Whichever group in the community mustered the greatest political strength would thereafter determine the particular political or economic or social ideology that the university would be required to propagate. It is difficult to imagine anything more unlikely than that the ideology adopted would be that of the handful of present-day campus militants. Nor is it likely that even the majority opinion of the faculty would be able for long to determine the official ideology of the university. To politicise the university is to invite outside intervention. If the university ever surrenders its claim to intellectual independence and immunity by abandoning the ideal of objectivity which alone can justify that claim, then the university will be compelled to accept the role of complacent apologist for the *status quo*, dutifully propagating the ideas favoured by the party in power, and dutifully shelving any ideas that arouse the misgivings of the surrounding community.

SUCH A MISERABLE GUTTERING-OUT of a flame that once helped to enlighten the world would be the most probable outcome of a politicisation of the university. But the outcome would be at least equally calamitous if, despite all probabilities, politicisation should turn out to mean what the campus militants desire and expect it to mean—namely, the harnessing of the university to the set of social, economic, and political programmes advocated by some self-selected radical élite. Among these programmes would be many that large numbers of faculty members as individuals have been actively supporting. But the freedom of individual faculty members to take an active part as private citizens in the political life of the community is not what politicisation means, but the very opposite of what it means. To commit a university to a particular political or economic or social programme would not represent an enlargement of the freedom of thought and action of an individual faculty member or an individual student. On the contrary, such an institutional commitment would operate to circumscribe, immediately and sharply, the intellectual and

[3] Dissenting opinion in Abrams *v.* United States (10 November 1919).

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political freedom of every member of the university. Each would be forced to become a participant, willy nilly, in the efforts now diverted into political channels. The individual prestige of the professor, which is a basic element in the prestige of the university, would be committed, whether he approved or not, to the advancement of political not scholarly ends. Perhaps by vigorous and conspicuous dissent a faculty member might manage to dissociate himself from purposes of which he disapproved. But dissent in a political university would not be the same thing as dissent in one dedicated to academic freedom. A dissenter might well find that he had dissociated himself not only from the policy but also from the payroll of a university with an acknowledged political commitment and an exigent political mission.

To become or to remain a faculty member in a politicised university, moreover, would mean buying a pig in a poke. Such a university would be committed not merely to programmes that had already been formulated; it would be committed to staying committed. In the long future it would be called upon to support many as-yet-undreamed-of programmes, and it would have surrendered its power to refuse. Objective inquiry and critical discussion having ceased to be the means of arriving at conclusions on public policy, the faculty member would have nothing to fall back on but faith—faith in the continuing rightness and the continuing righteousness of those charged with mapping out the lines of political action that he would be expected to pursue.

Is THERE ANYTHING in the recent conduct of campus militants that would be likely to induce us or anyone else to repose faith in their superior wisdom and probity, or that would justify us in entrusting the fate of the university to their hands? We are asked to believe, of course, that recent campus disruptions are upwellings from some deep fountain of youthful idealism, and that the pervasive theme, especially in the U.S.A., is a consuming hatred of war. One important element in American campus demonstrations of recent years has obviously been opposition to the war in Viet Nam. If this were the whole of the matter, it would be plausible to believe that the only thing being asked of university faculties is to accept a firm commitment to peace. Unfortunately for this argument, universities have been disrupted not only in nations uninvolved in the Viet Nam war (throughout Western Europe) but also in those overtly hostile to American policy there. The recent campus disruptions in Egypt ought finally to have shattered the comfortable illusion that peace is the world-wide aim of student movements. The avowed purpose of the Egyptian demonstrators, after all, was to propel their nation *into* war by forcing an already bellicose régime to throw every last restraint to the winds.

There are few beliefs so ill-supported by history as the sentimental belief that the voice of youth is *ipso facto* the voice of God. To subscribe to such a doctrine one must contrive to forget that Adolf Hitler was thirty-four years old at the time of the Beer-Hall *Putsch*, that Herman Goering was thirty, and that Heinrich Himmler was only twenty-three. Though Reinhard Heydrich was even younger and was not present on that occasion, he managed at the age of thirty to become deputy chief of the *Gestapo* and he compressed several lifetimes of cruelty into the years that remained before his assassination at the age of thirty-eight. One could easily defend the proposition that Nazism was the most potent youth movement of modern times. Youth *is* a powerful driving force. That is why it is so important to examine with anxious care the actual direction in which, consciously or unconsciously, youthful leaders are driving.

THE RHETORIC of the militants has much to say about freedom. Do their actions speak the same language? The test, of course, is not whether they demand freedom of speech for those who agree with them—who in the world has ever done otherwise? The question is whether they accept and act upon the sentiment usually attributed to Voltaire: "I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it. . . ."[4] The contrary is suggested by the number of episodes in recent years in which defenders of the *status quo* have been hissed down and sometimes prevented from speaking both in meetings on campus and in sessions of learned societies. More important than the piling up of such instances, however, is a consideration of the attitude toward freedom of discussion which is implicit in the actions of those who attempt to enforce their views on university affairs by disruption, by the presentation of "non-negotiable demands," and by frank threats of violence.

[4] The point of view is that of Voltaire, but evidently the actual sentence can be traced no farther back than S. G. Tallentyre's *The Friends of Voltaire* (1907), p.199.

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Partisans of the New Left will assert, of course, that they have no intention of making violence a permanent feature of university life and coercion a permanent principle of university governance. These, they will say, are "temporary tactics", made necessary by the fact that the university is a repressive institution, hand-in-glove with a repressive Establishment, both being essentially "fascist" in outlook. Against fascism there is no recourse but violence. Accordingly the bombing of university buildings (including the murder of any hapless occupant, as at the University of Wisconsin) and the presentation of "non-negotiable demands" (the fashionable new label for what old-time militarists called an ultimatum) are the justifiable acts of Freedom Fighters. Once their aim is attained, we are asked to believe, violence will serve no purpose and hence will quietly disappear, just as the State (in old Marxist theory and, perhaps, even in new) is scheduled to "wither away."

WHETHER SUCH PROMISES ARE BELIEVABLE is a question that everyone can well decide for himself. The important point here is to examine the assumptions that creep into an argument like the foregoing and that often go unexamined and unchallenged. The most blatant is the assertion that a poisonous cloud of censorship and repression has descended upon university campuses in recent years, stifling the discussion of controversial issues, muzzling professors who are critical of the *status quo*, and banning every unconventional expression of student opinion. This is a falsehood so breathtaking in its audacity that one cannot avoid a sneaking admiration for the ingenuity of the Baron Munchausen who invented it. In no period in the history of universities—in Western Europe or in the U.S.A.—have there been so few inhibitions upon student opinion and conduct, so little attempted censorship of the books and periodicals that circulate and the speakers who appear on campus, and so few reported instances of administrative surveillance of the ideas expressed by professors in or out of the classroom. Though radical campus editors love to ring changes on the theme of "repression," their own files furnish conclusive proof of how free in fact they are to discuss—and if they choose, to advocate—anything from Maoism to sodomy. An ancient taboo against cannibalism still exercises its repressive sway, but any day now a fearless student editor can be expected to strike off that shackle.

Threats to freedom always exist, and vigilance can never be safely relaxed. But vigilance means the precise identification of real dangers, not the hysterical shouting of "Wolf! Wolf!" when a mouse creeps out of the woodwork. The militant rhetoric which equates American government today with the government of Nazi Germany is so grotesquely exaggerated as to create, in the mind of anyone who knows what the Nazi régime was really like, a credibility gap that may lead him to dismiss in contemptuous unbelief even the most responsible and well-considered criticism of current abuses.

COMPARISONS AND ANALOGIES are necessary ingredients in any serious discussion of public affairs. But they must be subjected to the most exhaustive critical scrutiny, for a false analogy is a false guideline for action—indeed, to put the matter more forcefully, it is likely to be the guideline for a false and self-destructive course of action. To propagate a deliberately false analogy is to poison the springs of democratic decision. Precisely such a calculated misrepresentation takes place when the perfectly proper criticism of repressive tendencies in American public life is translated into the knowingly mendacious assertion that the United States has become a "fascist dictatorship".

There is a fundamental flaw in the reasoning that purports to equate the American Establishment (as militants are fond of calling it) with the Nazi régime. The defect is a defect of historical and sociological analysis. To the extent that the existing American government can be said to manifest repressive tendencies (and any government is likely to do so in time of crisis), its repressiveness is that characteristic of an established régime which is seeking to maintain the *status quo*. However strongly one may condemn such repressiveness, it is *not* Fascism. The repressiveness characteristic of Fascism is the repressiveness of a revolutionary régime that has just *overthrown* the Establishment. And the difference is a profound one, even though both forms of repressiveness are hateful.

AN HISTORICAL INSTANCE will serve to clarify the distinction. In 1798, as the United States drifted into undeclared war with the France of the Directory, the Federalist Party pushed through Congress a set of repressive measures known as the Alien and Sedition Acts. Though the American

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Bill of Rights, which had been ratified seven years earlier, forbade Congress to make any law "abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press," the Sedition Act of 14 July 1798 prescribed a fine of as much as two thousand dollars and imprisonment for as long as two years for any person who should publish "any false, scandalous and malicious writings against the government," or should "stir up sedition within the United States," or should "excite any unlawful combinations . . . for opposing or resisting any law of the United States, or any act of the President."[5] Some ten convictions were obtained under the act, and opposition editors served terms in prison. This was repression, and it was repression initiated by the Establishment, for the Federalist Party was the party of the Establishment if any ever has been.

All too rarely, however, is a comparison made between this repressive legislation, for which an Establishment must take blame, and the decrees on the same subject, promulgated in the same period, with the same war-time danger as justification, by a régime that had just *overthrown* an established order. The Declaration of the Rights of Man and the Citizen, adopted by the French National Assembly on 27 August 1789—at the very outset of the Revolution, and just one month before final passage by Congress of the American Bill of Rights—contained the following guarantee, far grander in phrasing than its American counterpart:

> The free communication of ideas and opinions is one of the most precious of the rights of man; every citizen then can freely speak, write, and print, subject to responsibility for the abuse of this freedom in the cases determined by law.[6]

Three-and-a-half years later war had begun, and on 29 March 1793 the National Convention adopted the following decree on the press:

> Whoever shall be convicted of having composed or printed works or writings which incite to the dissolution of the national representation, the re-establishment of monarchy or of any other power which constitutes an attack upon the sovereignty of the people, shall be arraigned before the extraordinary tribunal and punished with death.

The French decree of 1793 and the American Sedition Act of 1798 are documents as comparable as any pair that one is likely to encounter. Each was a war-time measure. Each was directed against the domestic opposition, and reflected a fear of subversion or overthrow. The first was the decree of a revolutionary régime and it carried the death penalty. The second was the statute of an established order, and its penalty was a fine and two years in jail. There is one other important difference. The American Sedition Act, by its own terms, expired at a fixed date, less than three years after its enactment, and has ever since been regarded by public opinion as unconstitutional. The French decree, on the other hand, set a precedent that was eagerly followed—and expanded—by the leaders of every successful *coup d'état* for decades thereafter.[7]

REPRESSION IS TO BE CONDEMNED wherever it occurs. But to say this is not to preclude a consideration of the diverse origins of repression and its varying severity. And the most atrocious repression we have knowledge of is that which occurred thirty years ago at the hands of the Nazis. In view of what the world went through at that time, we cannot be too vigilant in looking for evidence of any recrudescence of Fascism. But we need not be so simple-minded as to look only in the places we are told to look by partisans of the New Left. Their own tactics, after all, should be scrutinised with the rest for possible resemblances to those employed by the Nazis in successfully undermining and destroying the Weimar Republic and erecting their totalitarian dictatorship on its ruins. And it is pertinent to ask whether any sort of due process of law will exist for critics of the régime they wish to erect.

The historical parallels that the New Left and their militant allies have invented are wide of the mark, and deliberately so. Their allegation is that American society and the American government are moving, like the Weimar Republic, step by

[5] Sedition Act, 14 July 1798, 1 U.S. Statutes at Large 596–597.

[6] Frank Maloy Anderson, *The Constitutions and Other Select Documents Illustrative of the History of France, 1789–1901* (1904), p.60. This Declaration was subsequently incorporated in the Constitution of 3 September 1791, which also included another provision to the same effect in Title I (Anderson, p.61). This guarantee was reiterated with little change in almost all subsequent constitutional documents; *e.g.* the Constitution of 24 June 1793, Declaration, Art. 7 (p. 171); the Constitution of the Year III of the French Republic, 5 Fructidor, Year III (22 August 1795), Arts. 353 and 355 (pp. 251–252); Constitutional Charter of 4 June 1814 (by the Restored Bourbons), Art. 8 (p.459).

[7] See, for example, the Press Laws of 16 April 1796 (under the Directory), of 17 January 1800 (under the Consulate), of 1810 (under the First Empire), and of 17 March 1822 (under the Bourbon Restoration). Anderson, pp. 254, 282–283, 434–435, 488.

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step into a fascist dictatorship comparable to that of Hitler. But the simple and obvious historical fact is that the Weimar Republic did not evolve by slow stages into the Third Reich. The crimes that were committed in the name of the German Reich in the 1930s and '40s were not acts of the Weimar Republic. They did not constitute abuses of power by an established régime that had grown increasingly repressive. They were the crimes of a revolutionary régime that had deliberately subverted the Weimar Republic and repudiated its institutions, to which all along they had applied the sneering epithet "liberal." More than that, the massive atrocities which the Nazis committed once they had seized the power and resources of the nation were simply magnifications of the acts of terrorism they had employed when, as a disciplined minority, they commenced their career of intimidation, subversion, and ultimately genocide.

These considerations should teach us where we must look if we are to detect an "incipient fascism" in the American Republic or the West European societies today. Our attention should be focussed not so much upon the spokesmen of the so-called Establishment (greatly though we may oppose and even distrust their policies), as upon the various groups (whether they label themselves Left or Right) which frankly propose to subvert this Establishment—by simple disruption if possible, by outright violence if necessary—and to climb to power over its ruins.

WHAT I HAVE JUST SAID is not a digression. A totalitarian takeover of the state would threaten the continued existence of a free, open, fair-minded university, just as the politicisation of the university would threaten—ultimately if not immediately—the continued existence of a free, open, fair-minded society. Members of the university must be alert to both kinds of threat and must be ready to act to uphold and defend the ground rules upon which freedom, both in the university and in society, depend. This is *not* politicisation, but the opposite. The distinction will be clear if we shift our attention elsewhere. In the realm of sport an umpire or referee is not supposed to stand idly by while the rules of the game are broken. On the contrary, he is expected to exercise his authority vigorously and to impose whatever penalties may be necessary to prevent any contestant from breaking the rules and destroying the game by turning it into a free-for-all. To do so does not make the umpire a partisan in the contest. When he calls a foul on one side, he is by no means joining the opposing team. His impartiality, indeed, is his only reason for being in the game at all. The etymology of the word "umpire" tells the story. In Middle English he was a "*noumpere*," the word having been taken from Old French, where "*nonper* simply meant *not* one of the peers or equals or principals in the contest. The umpire has no business deciding that one side is, on the whole, the worthier. And he betrays his trust completely if he begins to favour it and to call fouls only on its opponents. Such perfidy is the analogue of politicisation.

To be impartial, objective, and fair-minded is not to run away from the contest. The umpire is not an ostrich burying his head in the sand. And the scholar who goes after objective data, who weighs evidence, who listens to arguments on both sides, and who is ready to revise his conclusions when an error is revealed—he is not avoiding the world's problems but facing them squarely and honestly. In doing so it is he who is the genuine activist. Moreover, the university is an activist institution, not on those occasions when it allows classes to be interrupted for mass rallies, but when it makes sure that its own proper work goes steadily forward in classrooms, laboratories, and libraries. As an institution of higher education it has an obligation to send forth its graduates in possession of something more valuable for the world than a headful of second-hand slogans. And as an institution for the advancement of knowledge it serves the world best by insisting that its members conduct themselves as scholars, not propagandists, and by protecting from interference and intimidation those who carry out honestly their professional duty of inquiring critically and objectively into the whole range of human concerns and announcing their documented, if often controversial, conclusions.

THE CONCLUSIONS, more often than not, *are* controversial. The allegation that American universities and their faculties have been timid apologists for U.S. foreign policy or credulous dupes of a military-industrial-labour complex will hardly survive a moment's serious examination. Over the past few decades no professional group in American society has come as close to being so fearless, so independent, or so critical as the university community in examining the great issues of foreign affairs and collective security, as

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well as the domestic problems of racial discrimination, poverty, and environmental pollution. In these highly controversial areas, universities have been able to exercise influence because, and only because, they have enjoyed public respect. And this respect has been given to the extent, and only to the extent, that the commitment of the university to the impartial and unbiased investigation of issues has been recognised by the public as a genuine commitment. Had the university sacrificed its integrity by succumbing to politicisation, it would have exercised no such influence. Pronouncements emanating from a "kept" university would have possessed no more credibility than the nondescript "scientific studies," so called, which hucksters foist upon the commercial television audience.

Objectivity, scientific rigour, and scholarly integrity are valuable, however, for a far more important reason than that these qualities obtain a respectful hearing for scholars and scientists. These qualities are indispensable safeguards in every situation where the welfare of society or of individual human beings depends in any way upon the accuracy and validity of the findings on which policies will finally be based. To the impatient activist, the meticulous testing of conclusions is so much academic mumbo-jumbo, standing in the way of an immediate and wholesale application of new insights and new ways of doing things—insights and methods that are still untested, to be sure, but that promise benefits too great to be postponed. The best commentary on this argument is the history of thalidomide. Impatience to put a hopeful new drug to use led to the by-passing of rigorous scientific procedures. Thousands of hopelessly deformed children, with long years of suffering before them, form a living and tortured monument to an irresponsibly activist pharmacology.

To look at the side-effects before rushing pell-mell into action—this could almost be a definition of the critical method. It is a method that ought to command increasing respect as we contemplate, in another sphere, the frightening ecological damage that has resulted from neglect of the principle.

A FINAL WORD as an historian. One function of a university is to keep alive and usable the knowledge and ideas of the past. This is not because the past has said the last word, but because it happens to have said the first. The facts and concepts and insights that are necessary for dealing with the exigent problems of a complicated world cannot all be found in one nearby, convenient cupboard. The scholar must ransack other places and other times. But everything he finds, whether in the past or the present, whether on this continent or another, is to be the object not of worship but of intense critical examination. And the motive, even of the historian, is to enrich and illumine the present, to answer and not to deny its needs, to encourage the expansion of knowledge, not to keep the intellectual activity of men within bounds that someone once thought proper to prescribe.

History

All in darkness, a sealed train speeds
Through Southfields, a village station.
It is destined for Waterloo,
It has come from Wimbledon.

What bearded brain does it bear?
Or what rough beast could it carry?
A dozen of us, fairly honest workers,
Are left at the platform's edge looking silly.

D. J. Enright

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Abdul Wahab al-Bayati

‘Ain-al-Shams: or the Metamorphoses of Ibn-‘Arabi in his *Translation of Desires*

I support Qasyūn.
A gazelle courses behind the green moon in the dark:
A rose, I pin on it the steed of the beloved:
A plaintive lamb, an alphabet,
I make of it a song: Damascus throws herself in its arms, a necklet of light.
I support Qasyūn
An apple I bite it,
A picture I clutch it
Under the shirt of wool.
I speak to the sparrow
And the Barada enthralled:
Each name I invoke, it is her I am invoking:
Each sunset house I call, it is hers I implore.
The One with all is made
One: shadow with shade.
After me was the world born and before.

Addressed me the Lord, the lover, the slave,
Lightning and cloud.
The All-Highest
Gave me, after unclouding, a gazelle,
But I let her leap after light in the cities of the depths.
Strangers caught her in the fields of the forsaken land;
They flayed even before they slaughtered,
Of her skin they stretched out lute-strings:
I pluck them. The trees of night put out leaves while weep
The song-bird of the wind
The lovers of Barada enthralled
The Master crucified upon the wall.

She leads me blind to exile: Eye of the Sun.
She enslaved me, as I enslaved her, under the sky of the east.
I gave her, she gave me, a rose: we pray in God’s kingdom waiting for lightning.
But she returned to Damascus
With the birds and dawn light
Leaving her slave in exile
Jesting, rebellious, for sale:
Dead and living:
Drawing in water books or on the sand
Her child’s brow, her eyes the flare of lightning across night
And a world that dies or is born before the cry of death or birth.

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O land on which decay
The flesh of steeds and women
The corpses of ideas:
O scant ears of corn—
This is the time of death and reaping.

Near is Damascus.
Far is Damascus.
Who staunches the memory of the condemned before execution?
Who puts on the robe of the saint and martyr?
Who is burned like me in the fire of longing?
O virgin town
O prophetess
Are death and separation, is voyaging, our decree?
On this earth with no water no grass no fire
Only the flesh of steeds and women
And the corpses of ideas.

To approach is forbidden:
On this earth, if you love, the law condemns you
At once to madness.

I return to Damascus after death
Supporting Qasyūn.
For on this earth, bound by sky and desert,
By sky and ocean,
Its dead pursued me, locked on me tomb's gate,
Besieging Damascus,
Arousing the All-Highest against me
Who, after unclouding, slew the gazelle.
Yet evading the besiegers I returned
Supporting Qasyūn.
An apple I bite it,
A picture I clutch it
Under shirt of wool.
Who will staunch the bleeding?
All that we love voyages or dies.
O ships of silence, O books of water: the wind arrested
Our meeting: a new birth, an age oncoming—
Now falls from my face, your face, shadow and mask:
The walls too are falling.

translated by Desmond Stewart

Turjoman al-Ashwaq, or *The Translation of Desires* is one of the 150 or so extant works of the Sufi poet Muhyiuddīn Abū 'Abdallah ibn al-'Arabi. Born in Spain in 1165, Ibn-'Arabi travelled widely in the Islamic world until he took up residence in Damascus, where he died in 1240.

'Ain-al-Shams is the name of his beloved, whom he identifies with everything in nature and perhaps secretly with nature's creator as well. ("Eye of the Sun" is also a name for the sunflower.) In Arabic the sun *(al-shams)* is feminine, while the moon *(al-qamr)* is masculine.

Qasyūn is the mount which overlooks Damascus; the poet's tomb lies at its feet.

"The shirt of wool" *(qamīs al-sūf)* was the uniform of the Islamic mystic; the term sufi probably derives from *sūf*, or "wool". Barada is the river of Damascus.

"The Master crucified upon the wall": al-Hallaj, put to death in Abbasid Baghdad for daring to claim that "I and the Truth are One". The poem was written in 1970.

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Column

THREE YEARS AGO, in its August 1969, issue, ENCOUNTER published an article, "Down and Out on the American Campus," by Ben Morreale, which presented a somewhat unconventional view of certain aspects of American university life. I am glad to see that the article has now been republished as the first chapter of a book, *Down and Out in Academia*,[1] in which Professor Morreale has been able to describe at greater length his rather specialised experience of the contemporary academic scene in the United States.

Professor Morreale's title, both of his article and his book, will no doubt remind many of his readers of George Orwell's *Down and Out in Paris and London*, and he makes it clear in his preface that the reference is intentional. For Orwell's book was an account of his experience as a *plongeur*, a dishwasher and general odd-job man, in the filthy and greasy caverns which were the kitchens of luxury hotels; it was an account of the poverty, degrading and humiliating, to which capitalism condemned large groups of workers in order that the rich might enjoy their pleasures, and in Orwell's hands the luxury hotel, with the privileged surrounded by the amenities of its upper floors while the poor sweated in its lower depths, became a peculiarly vivid image of a type of society in which rich and poor are as complementary to each other as the two faces of a single coin.

Something of the same kind, Professor Morreale suggests, is true about academic society as it has developed in the United States, though there is much in what he has to say which might apply, *mutatis mutandis*, to Britain or Europe or anywhere else in the world. Just as, in Orwell's experience, the *luxe, calme et volupté* of the luxury hotel flowered out of the poverty and degradation of the *plongeur*, so in Professor Morreale's the genuine intellectual achievements of the university at its best rest upon an infrastructure of intellectual frustration, impoverishment and boredom which often drives its victims into desperate efforts to escape from the vicious circle in which, like rats in a trap, they are caught. If capitalism has its seamy side, its underworld, its lower depths, so also has the academic world, and it is through these nether regions that Professor Morreale offers to conduct us, a contemporary Virgil who constitutes himself our guide to the academic Inferno on whose gates are inscribed; *All hope abandon ye who enter here.*

OF COURSE, to many, and especially those who regard the immense expansion of the universities since World War II as an unqualified blessing, the sombre colours of Professor Morreale's account will appear absurdly misplaced; how can it be that a system whose objective is to bestow the benefits of a university education on all those who wish to avail themselves of them should have engendered all the misery, desperation and intellectual confusion which Professor Morreale claims to have encountered in his academic travels? Could such a purpose lead to such a result? Professor Morreale would answer that it could and that it does, and even if one does not wholly agree with him there are certainly some aspects of the university system as it has developed in recent years that makes one feel that he is not entirely wrong.

One might consider, for instance, the astonishing fact that by today there are something like ten million students in the United States, rather more than the entire population of the continent of Australia and nearly a half of the entire age group between eighteen and twenty-one. Has there ever been any society with such an inexhaustible fund of intellectual ability that it could support a university population of such a size? Or perhaps we should consider the equally impressive, or perhaps disturbing, statistics for the output of higher degrees (it is almost impossible to think of such a system except in terms of the conveyor belt); according to Professor Morreale, "rumour has it that annual production might be up to 30,000 in all fields." Thirty thousand Ph.Ds every year! Of these the University of Berkeley already supplies an annual production quota of 1500 doctorates.

To achieve such results there has been an immense increase in the institutions and instruments of higher learning. Between 1967–68 and 1968–69 the number of schools granting higher degrees increased from 2,489 to 2,537; that is to say, 48 new schools were founded in a single year. Between 1946 and 1965 the number of learned journals multiplied from 86 to 186. It should be added, however, that despite the huge expansion in the number of graduate schools, and of the university system as a whole, they offer little prospect of employment to those who have presumably benefited by it. A sample taken by *Newsweek* showed that, in one year, 394 Ph.Ds were competing for 43 available academic jobs, and 347 Ph.Ds in Chemistry were competing for 29 jobs.

[1] Pitman Publishing Corporation, $6.95.

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One does not have to believe in the proposition that, in matters of university education, more necessarily means worse, to suspect that in a university system which is expanding at such a rate there must be a considerable maladjustment of means to ends; it seems, on the face of it, unlikely that the austere purposes and ideals which universities are designed to promote can be adapted to meet the needs of what is in effect a huge mass market. One would guess that such a system would be characterised, like an oil-refinery, by the number and variety of its waste products, only, alas! without the same possibilities of profitably exploiting them. They would be waste both from the point of view of society, which could find no use for them, and from the point of view of the individual, in whom the university has created exaggerated expectations which it has been unable to fulfil. What future could one predict for a student who, on being given a reading list, protested that since it took her 110 miles to drive to the university, it was unreasonable to ask her to read books as well; or another who, on a similar occasion, simply replied: "You didn't expect me to read all that crap, did you?"

It is on these waste products that Professor Morreale has concentrated his attention. He has nothing to tell us about the many great and distinguished universities which the United States possesses and which continue to provide an education in which both teachers and students can find satisfaction; what he has to tell us about is the far greater number of institutions which have long ago abandoned any serious pursuit of learning and desperately search for some other ideal of university education to put in its place. His book is based on his experiences as a peripatetic university teacher in "experimental" institutions in which learning is subsidiary to the development of the student's personality; in small liberal arts colleges which seek to develop a curriculum, and methods of instruction adapted to the needs and capacities of students who have never submitted themselves to any serious academic discipline; in isolated rural academies in which university education has become a kind of social engineering designed primarily to create an anti-society in which students and teachers alike can find a refuge from the pressures of contemporary American life.

Professor Morreale does not need to say that all American universities are like this; all he has to say is that such institutions exist in large numbers, constituting an educational limbo in which the true idea of a university lingers on, if at all, only as a pale shadow of what it once was. This applies as much to teachers as to taught, for both have succumbed to the insidious corruptions of a system in which aspirations, however vague and incoherent, are valued more highly than knowledge or ability, and academic freedom is interpreted to mean, not the freedom to teach and learn without any restrictions except those which the university imposes on itself, but the kind of freedom, or anarchy, which prevails when all genuine forms of intellectual discipline have been abolished. It applies most of all to the administrators, for whom the joys and rewards of organisation have become a substitute for frustrated academic hopes and ambitions.

In the kind of intellectual anarchy which prevails under such conditions, Professor Morreale identifies the source of the peculiar spirit of boredom, frustration and nihilism which he regards as characteristic of the institutions in which he has had the misfortune to teach; it is a spirit which is not alleviated, but rather exacerbated, by a genial tolerance of every kind of "experimentation" in drugs, sex or artificially stimulated forms of mysticism. It has its counterpart, however, in the equally peculiar spirit of repressiveness and intolerance which exhibits itself when students, for lack of any other intellectual authority, and under the guise of "restructuring" the university, take power into their own hands.

ONE OF PROFESSOR MORREALE'S saddest stories is of a small experimental college in northern New England, which he calls Brook Farm II, where the particular studies "of the individual pupils, whether old or young, male or female, are to be strictly regulated according to their individual needs," and where the faculty was expected "to care deeply for their students as human beings, to have a deep interest in each student as a whole person whose total experience is learning and whose motivations for that learning are personal." Professor Morreale did his best to teach history according to this injunction but found it slightly difficult to satisfy his pupils' deep and personal need for a class in "History and the Self." They wanted, a big boy from the Bronx explained, to talk about big things; "Big things that relate to me." Nevertheless, Professor Morreale persevered, but could not entirely exclude from his discussions with his class those minor matters of history which actually demand a little knowledge; as a result, he found that his class had been suspended by order of the EPC, the students' educational policy committee.

"In some colleges", says Professor Morreale, "if someone knocks on the door early in the morning, you know it's the milkman. At Brook Farm II, you can be sure it's the EPC." His own

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visitation, however, took place late at night, when he had already gone to bed, and was carried out by three boys and a stern-looking girl who explained that they were the EPC and were starting an investigation, the results of which would be given to the college President, who in turn would use it when Professor Morreale's contract came up for renewal. The investigation proceeded.

> The girl began to take notes, something I had never seen done at Brook Farm II; it touched me.
> "Is it true that you have begun to lecture to your group?"
> "Well, I talk for about twenty, fifteen minutes, about some period that—but only about something that I know very well. . . ."
> "Then you do lecture?"
> "I guess I do." I had to lower my eyes.
> "Is it true that you have regimented the thought of the group by giving assignments, constricting the vision of the students by narrowing the field to simple 18th-century history?"
> "We had to begin somewhere."
> "You don't begin; the students begin," she said, vexed and motherly.

It was explained to Professor Morreale that "this is a student-oriented outfit . . . we gotta self-express ourselves. You gotta see that, Ben—er—sir?" Professor Morreale explained that he was afraid he and his class might have been wasting their time, and received the stern reply: "It may seem wasted to you, but not to the group. Stop making value judgments."

This was really the end of Professor Morreale's attempt to combine a deep interest in his students as individuals with the teaching of history; "The rest of the year I listened to their personal needs, which seemed to orbit round sex." He left Brook Farm II in the same spirit as Nathaniel Hawthorne when he left the original Brook Farm, to return to Cambridge, Mass.: "and all those respectable blockheads who kept a death grip on one or two ideas which has not come into vogue since yesterday morning. . . ."

THE SHARPEST IMPRESSION left by Professor Morreale's macabre yet entertaining picture of what he calls "the Skid Row of academic life" is that for many students and their teachers the university is no longer an introduction to, and preparation for, adult life; it is rather a refuge and asylum in which adolescence can be continued indefinitely and they can hope to establish an alternative, a "counter-culture", to the form which society has taken in the United States.

It is, however, not only teachers and students who cherish such a hope. In an illuminating article, *O Pioneers!*, in the July issue of *Commentary*, Miss Sonia Rudikoff describes some of the wide variety of communities which have established themselves in the United States as a means of achieving a release from its dominant culture. Some are urban communes, dedicated to serving the urban poor. Others are rural ones, which have bought or leased land in depopulated areas and live by subsistence farming.

> Some groups are "revolutionary", some anarchist, some organised on specific Yoga, Buddhist, Sufi or other principles, some based on sexual reform, some on dietary reform, some on Skinnerian ideas, some on drugs, or encounter theory, or extra-sensory perception. There are women's communes, there are urban workers' collectives in various professions, there are recreations of Indian tribes, there are the Jesus Freaks the Children of God, the Havurat Shalom.

Miss Rudikoff estimates that the total membership of such groups may be as large as two-and-a-half to three-and-a-half millions, all equally dedicated to the principle that there is no health in American society as it now exists and that salvation is only to be found in a total rejection of all the values, including the intellectual values, which have made it what it is.

In this, of course, they resemble the academic communities, the Down-and-Out universities, which Professor Morreale describes. They are the realisation of the ideals of his Brook Farm II; and indeed one might say that the impulse to create a "counter-culture" on which they are founded has at least succeeded so far as to have created already its own form of university. Unfortunately it is not only in Skid Row, or in the United States, that its effects are evident.

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Thinking About the Past

The Management of Social Change — By ANDREW SHONFIELD

HOW DID WE ESCAPE from the subsistence society? At any time in the history of mankind until about 200 years ago there was a severe upper limit to the improvement that could be attained in the well-being of any considerable group of people settled in one place. The ceiling imposed on the standard of living by the material resources available was both low and inexorable. Of course there were communities which at various times succeeded in bettering themselves; they might build a road which opened up the supply of goods that they wanted, or construct a tank to provide themselves with a reserve of water for the dry season. But these were once-and-for-all operations. It is probable that they had something of the character of acts of God; it might well have seemed like blasphemy to allow oneself to expect to have them repeated often. The very notion of an established prospect of continuously rising living standards would have been regarded as strange at any time before the Industrial Revolution. People assumed that there was bound to be a stop—soon.

E. A. Wrigley has usefully described the mechanics of this process in pre-industrial societies in terms of a model of "negative feedback"—the increase in wealth produces an increase in the number of consumers which in turn halts the original process.

> Each period of economic growth was eventually cut short before reaching the point at which it was self-sustained and progressive. The period of industrial revolution is that period in which this restriction is overcome, in which the whole system of relationships between population, economy, and society is so changed that the process of growth no longer sets up barriers to its own further progress.[1]

But the way in which we emerged from this box is still very obscure, and the debate about it among historians is as fierce as ever.

There have been many interesting discoveries in recent years about the crucial period of change-over to modern industrial society; but as each new block of historical data is added some seemingly well-founded portion of the existing edifice of reconstruction wobbles and threatens to collapse. The doubts proliferate as rapidly as the new building blocks. One reason why the debate attracts so much passion and intellectual energy is its relevance to what is, with the possible exception of the threat of nuclear war, the most pressing issue of our time—the attainment of a decent standard of life for three-quarters of the population of the globe living in under-developed countries.

Many of these countries have in fact already begun to move away from the conditions of a subsistence economy; a rhythm of continuous growth has begun to be established. But the achievement is still tenuous. How can it be made more secure? We do not in fact know how societies are changed so that they can be relied upon to expand their output faster than their population and to go on expanding. It is not to be supposed that India or West Africa will follow the same course as that traversed by Europe and North America during the Industrial Revolutions of the 18th and 19th centuries. But if we understood more about the essential elements of our own experience of changing from one kind of society to another, we should at least be in a position to proffer some more useful advice than we have been able to supply to the under-developed countries so far.

THERE ARE OF COURSE, special difficulties about applying knowledge of this historical kind to practical situations in the contemporary world. Historians make constructs for their own intellectual purposes; they need them to impose some logical order on their over-abundant material. But these constructs, which are designed to serve as explanatory devices, do not necessarily work at all well when they are taken over confidently by policy-makers as predictive devices. This important distinction between the uses of a theory of history is emphasised powerfully in a recent remarkable work by Sir John Hicks,[2] which sets out to identify the causes of the main changes in

[1] E. A. Wrigley, *Population and History* (1969).
[2] John Hicks, *A Theory of Economic History* (1969).

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the organisations of men in society from the beginnings of urban living down to the emergence of the welfare state. The book is remarkable both for its brevity (170 pages of text) and the simplicity of its language, and I want to use some of its ideas to explore the question of the contribution of historical knowledge to the understanding—and ultimately the management—of social change.

Marx as Model

HICKS CONSCIOUSLY MODELS himself on Marx as a historian. It was Marx, he says, who showed how the methods and insights of economic analysis could be used to identify "the logical processes at work in history." Marx went so far as to assert that if one knew the facts about production and trade in a given time and place then one would be able to deduce logically what form of society and political organisation went with it. The capacity to make such a deduction he derived from the nature of economic theory, which is concerned with the process of optimisation—the identification of the most efficient means (*i.e.* those involving the least cost) with the technology available to achieve given output objectives. In Marx's view men in organised groups can be relied upon to behave in a rational optimising fashion in the long run, and the objective which will guide them is the production of more wealth. That is why feudalism had to give way to capitalism at a certain stage, and why capitalism will inevitably be replaced by socialism.

Hicks does not think that cause and effect can be identified in a simple one-to-one relationship of this kind. There is no unique ineluctable social outcome from a given economic situation. Therefore prediction is out. But economic explanation of the course of history remains very much in. That is because much (indeed, he believes the greater part) of all social organisation and change can be understood by means of a *model* of the relationships between people which are necessary for the efficient conduct of trade and production.

The model, it is important to notice, derives from knowledge which is not itself historical. That is what makes it such a powerful explanatory tool for the exploration of the grand processes of history. It supplies an independent check on the relative significance of the different pieces of data churned up by historical experience, and does so in a satisfactorily intelligible way. If one's judgment of the significance of the past depended exclusively on the examination of the records of happenings, it would be wholly dominated by the accidents of documentary activity, the making of the original documents and their subsequent discovery and assembly. And that in turn would put one at the mercy of the tastes and the selective bias of those concerned with the collection of the data.

Where does the independent knowledge which the economist brings to bear on historical material derive from? It is not *a priori* knowledge. It is based, Hicks indicates, on our experience of certain regularities in the pattern of behaviour of people engaged in production and trade. Some of this can be given statistical validation; but much of it cannot. There is a lot of personal experience that goes into the development of the key hypotheses which the economist deploys in his study of history. He has to ask himself, Hicks says, such questions as: What would *I* do in this situation, if *I* were the kind of person that a medieval merchant or a Greek slave-owner was?

Thus there is a two-fold psychological requirement, first a straightforward introspective one—it is necessary to know enough about one's own processes of action and motivation to envisage one's likely response to an unfamiliar situation—and second a capacity for psychological transference, modifying one's responses in the light of the imagined life experience of the historical types whose behaviour is being explored. These are large demands. But, fortunately, economic history is not concerned with the precise sequences and mechanics of particular events. The hypotheses about how a *representative* medieval merchant behaved cannot be invalidated simply by showing that a particular merchant of the period for whom records exist thought and acted in a different way. What the hypothesis is supposed to do is to provide a set of norms to which the behaviour of most merchants of the Middle Ages tended to approximate. It may even be that no single individual ever wholly conformed to the hypothetical model. How then is one to know whether it is a good or a bad model? The test, I would suggest, is a practical one. If two conditions are fulfilled—the deviations of individual instances from the model are on average small, and secondly are readily explicable in terms of the particular circumstances and characters involved in each case—the model's usefulness as an explanatory device is not impaired. The intellectual tool that is being employed in this kind of exercise is what Max Weber called an "ideal type".[3]

[3] I think that there are difficulties about this approach. These will be discussed later. For the present it will suffice to point to the fact that one is not generally looking for a model of behaviour which guarantees the smallest minimum average deviation from reality over the greatest number of individual instances, but one which provides the most accurate guide to what is likely to happen in the special circumstances leading to significant change in the situation. The two desiderata do not by any means invariably march together.

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"Command Society" & "Customary Society"

THE STRENGTHS AND WEAKNESSES of the method can best be understood by observing it at work in the hands of a master like Hicks. Of the two components of the economic model of social evolution—production and exchange—he attaches especial importance to the second. To see why, one has to go back to the earliest forms of social organisation. Hicks distinguishes two basic types of primitive grouping—the "command" society and the "customary" society.

In the first, social relations are determined predominantly by orders from above. This involves a high degree of explicitness about where power resides; and that in turn means that ordered responses can be changed from time to time even in dealing with the same type of situation. It has more flexibility in the face of emergencies than is possessed by societies whose behaviour is determined by customary rules. A command society in conditions of pressure from outside stands a much better chance of survival than a customary society. With success its principle of centralisation of power tends to be reinforced. Its natural form is a tyranny. But with success also comes the enlargement of the area covered by the social unit, an increase in the range of activities covered by it and in the complexity of social relationships. It becomes very difficult to manage the system solely by means of explicit orders from above. Indeed, even the most extreme kind of command society is never in practice so managed. The conduct of social life, even of the simplest kind, requires a measure of decentralisation, leaving room for personal judgment in the face of particular tasks whose detail cannot be entirely foreseen by those with the power of command.

Moreover, even if they could foresee it all they would not want to. The explanation of why this is so provides a good illustration of Hicks' psychological method. I give the passage in full.

> The need for delegation is commonly explained in terms of limited capacity for oversight. The manager cannot be everywhere at once; and he cannot know everything at once. That by itself is a sufficient reason for delegation. But it is probable that there is a further reason. The power to take decisions, even over a limited field, is a thing on which the normal person sets considerable value; he has to be called on to be something more than a mere automaton if he is to give of his best. He needs, at the least, a little freedom to do his own job his own way. It is only by the most iron discipline that he can be deprived of that freedom. Why should one take the trouble to exercise such pressure, unless it is needed? It is simpler to delegate.

The universal urge towards the delegation of *some* functions is in fact at the core of the explanation of the next crucial stage of evolution.

This stage is entitled by Hicks "The Rise of the Market", and its characteristic features are first the increasing sophistication and then the specialisation of the functions of exchange. Since the business of exchanging goods in conditions of shifting supply and demand is pre-eminently one that does not lend itself to being conducted by fiat, it tends to be the first thing that escapes from the detailed control of the rulers of the command society. There are powerful reasons why having once been let loose it makes good, and progressively consolidates, its escape. It is not just that fixing by order the prices at which a variety of goods are to be exchanged at different times and in different places is an extremely cumbersome business. It also interferes with the efficient conduct of the process of exchange, in which the rulers themselves are a closely interested party. It is usually the ruler who, because of his style of life and wealth, has an especially wide variety of wants to be satisfied; his aim is to get his tribute or taxes, which are collected in kind, exchanged against other goods on the most advantageous terms obtainable. Unless there is a place in which buyers and sellers come together systematically to haggle (*i.e.* to contemplate a variety of hypothetical bargains as a preliminary to making a transaction at a mutually agreed price), it will be impossible to ensure that prices are indeed being set at a level which brings out the maximum number of suppliers of goods that he wants and purchasers of those he has to offer. In other words, a number of potential exchange transactions that would have been acceptable to both sides will be frustrated.

RULERS WHO EXCHANGE GOODS with other territories outside their control are especially anxious to get their prices right. Without market-places in which independent buyers and sellers make bargains which *they* regard as satisfactory, the rulers will never be sure that they are arranging matters in ways that are most advantageous to them.

It is characteristic that the planners in Soviet countries today are constantly worried about whether they are selling their goods abroad on terms which fully reflect the "real" value of the work and the materials put into them. In the trade that they conduct among themselves in *Comecon*, they have arranged to price their goods at the levels set by transactions among capitalist countries. They go to great trouble to investigate precisely what prices are being paid for a variety of products in the capitalist world market.

One of the planners (non-Russian) once remarked to me jocularly: "We couldn't afford a

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world revolution—if capitalism didn't exist somewhere we would have to invent it!"

European Traders

IT FOLLOWS FROM ALL THIS that given the appropriate conditions—including such things as the capacity to transport goods over long distances to foreign lands and also the absence of a single effective government ruling over a very wide trading area, like China—a class of merchants is likely to emerge with considerable political power. In Medieval and Renaissance Europe the conditions were very favourable. The great expansion of European power and influence over the rest of the world from the second half of the 15th century onwards was carried forward by traders, people who specialised in carrying goods between distant places, who were expert at choosing products for exchange which gave them advantageous bargains, not by people who were producers with a line of goods to sell looking for profitable outlets.

On the contrary, as Professor Cipolla has pointed out in his book on European technology in an Eastern setting, *Clocks and Culture*, the balance of trade of European states with Asia and the Far East in the post-Renaissance period was persistently adverse—to the chagrin of the mercantilist writers and politicians of the time who complained loudly of the drain of gold and silver bullion from Europe occasioned by the trade with the East. Europe was a heavy importer of Eastern goods, with very little that was acceptable to its suppliers to offer in exchange. The European merchant impulse meanwhile expressed itself in the development of a substantial carrying trade in goods of local origin between the ports of Asia. Swift no doubt reflects a common situation of the time (he dates it 1707) in the opening pages of *A Voyage to Laputa:*

> . . . we went to Tonquin, where the captain resolved to continue some time, because many of the goods he intended to buy were not ready, nor could he expect to be dispatched in several months. Therefore, in hopes to defray some of the charges he must be at, he bought a sloop, loaded it with several sorts of goods, wherewith the Tonquinese usually trade to the neighbouring islands, and putting fourteen men on board, whereof three were of the country, he appointed me master of the sloop, and gave me power to traffic while he transacted his affairs at Tonquin.

Cipolla's case study of clocks in the development of European commercial relations with China and Japan in the 16th and 17th centuries supplies a striking illustration of the way in which merchants were converted into purveyors of home-made articles in which Europeans had a demonstrable technical advantage. It was not for want of trying other products of European manufacture. But as Cipolla says, "most of the European manufactures either did not interest the peoples of Asia or could not compete with similar products of Oriental making."

HICKS IN FACT SEES the demands coming from this active and powerful body of European traders with the East for new goods to sell to their difficult customers as one of the powerful impulses leading to the industrial revolution in the 18th and 19th centuries. His line of argument is another good example of the application of the economist's brand of thinking to the underlying processes of history. He starts from the law of diminishing returns in relation to merchants' profits.

The first generation of merchants who open up a new source of supply or uncover a new market for their products are quite likely to make a killing. But as more people come in, attracted by the high profits offered by the trade, prices at the point of sale will tend to fall. Equally, the favourable terms on which purchases were made from the new source of supply will gradually be eroded. Thus it is possible to make the generalisation that merchants as a class tend constantly to be seeking for new opportunities to enlarge the *volume* of their sales in order to compensate for the tendency for profit on each unit sold to diminish.

Their tactics may take two forms—either aggressive salesmanship leading to the conquest of new markets or diversification of the content of trade leading to extra sales of new types of products. In the late 17th and early 18th centuries, the evidence suggests, the European traders' search for new markets in the East was blocked. The barriers to trade erected by China and Japan at this period were one factor. So there was a stimulus to the output of new products in which Europeans had a productive advantage. As Hicks remarks, something like this, with the external trading interest pushing the development of home industry, had occurred before—in the ceramics trade of Athens in the ancient world and the woollen industry of Florence in the Middle Ages.

BUT OF COURSE MANY OTHER THINGS were required to convert the demand for some new products into the European Industrial Revolution. The advance of scientific and, above all technological knowledge was one decisive element. However, that by itself would not have been enough. What was characteristic of the new industries, Hicks points out, was the embodiment of large amounts of money in fixed plant and machinery. Previously the main uses of business capital had been to acquire stocks of finished

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goods or raw materials. As these articles were processed or turned over the businessman's liquid funds were constantly renewed. But an investment in machinery is subject to a much longer time cycle. Other things being equal, the rise of modern industry would have resulted in a tremendous loss of liquidity by business. They were not, however equal. Once again the traders (this time traders in money, in promises to pay, and so on) had developed new instruments and organisations for mobilising liquid resources. Capital markets grew up in Northern Europe (in London, Amsterdam and Paris), and banks were operating by the early 18th century on a scale not witnessed before. This made it possible to engage in industrial investment of a long-term character without sacrificing any part of the financial liquidity essential to the efficient conduct of business.

It will be observed that in Hicks' account of history the mercantile invention is primary. The enlarged and more active financial markets give rise to a class of professional speculators who make a business out of balancing their losses and gains, and that in turn makes it easier for ordinary investors with stocks and shares to convert their investments into cash in case of need. They are therefore willing to invest more. At the same time the banks use the resources provided by the mass of new customers, who need a convenient way of holding ready money, to provide some additional insurance cover for themselves, which they use to increase their scope for taking risks in commerce and industry. Together, these changes make a decisive difference to the way in which society produces the goods that it needs.

But the benefits of the increased output in this first phase of industrialisation are spread very unevenly. The living standards of the industrial workers do not rise at all. The cost of industrial investment at this stage of the process is extremely heavy and imposes an immense burden on the saving capacity of a society. "Saving capacity" is a way of referring to the answer to a highly political question—*who can most readily be forced to go without?*

Clearly not, in this instance, the new class of *entrepreneurs* who have the additional profits from industry in their hands. Their self-denial would in any case not be on a sufficient scale to make very much difference. In one way or another it is the working class which has to bear the burden of financing the installation of the new machinery, which will in the long run serve to absorb the surplus of under-employed labour into more productive activity. Once this surplus has been absorbed there is scope for a significant rise in the real earnings of the wage-earners. If the rise occurs earlier it is likely to be at the expense of industrial investment, and its consequence will be to deny the opportunity for productive employment to the poorest part of the population. This would condemn a poor country with social ideals to the opposite of a policy of fair shares.

The Effect of Birth Control

NOW CONSIDER a different version of the story. Mr E. A. Wrigley, in his previously mentioned study of demographic factors in historical change, *Population and History*, identifies a number of distinguishing characteristics of European populations which, he suggests, point to an explanation of why the industrial revolution occurred first in Western Europe and not somewhere else. His is not a systematic account of the process in the manner of Hicks; it is more in the nature of a list of powerful demographic influences working to produce the change.

Chief of these is the structure of the typical West European family. The traditional inhibitions on the multiplication of numbers are exceptionally strong. Marriage typically requires the establishment of a separate home away from the parents—the basic unit is a nuclear family, not an extended one—and that means marrying rather late, often when people are well into their twenties. This was certainly true in England of the 17th and early 18th centuries (on which Wrigley and his fellow members of the Cambridge Group for the History of Population and Social Structure have done pioneering work of village by village reconstruction). The conclusion is borne out by similar work in France. In much of Western Europe the situation seems to have been quite different from that in other parts of the world, including Eastern Europe.

THE NUCLEAR FAMILY not only tends to get started later, it is also a more hospitable context for the development of personal initiative. The fruits of any additional effort or risk undertaken by an adult individual are more likely to be retained by him or his immediate offspring, instead of being shared with cousins and uncles and aunts. And because of the immediate sense of responsibility to the members of the nuclear family, instead of the diffused obligation felt towards the much larger number of potential claimants in an extended family, there is also a stronger incentive to engage in the voluntary limitation of births. Each extra mouth to be fed is immediately noticed by somebody.

A society composed in this way, it is argued, is less likely to live constantly on the margin of subsistence than one in which numbers multiply, with only starvation or death by disease as the limitation on their further growth in size. No

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doubt many parts of Western Europe at various times after the fall of the Roman Empire fulfilled the description of an economy on the margin of subsistence, which has just been given. But Wrigley's contention is that the demographic brakes in Europe, which in turn depended on a number of special sociological factors that are only dimly understood, tended to produce a condition of homeostasis—a balance between the density of population in a given area and the resources available there to support it—short of the point where there was very great pressure on the food base. In such a society, he says,

> a smaller fraction of the population lived balanced on the Malthusian precipice. . . . Societies which succeeded in this respect may also have been those best able to make further advances in material technology and so to raise eventually both population totals and the standards of living attainable.

It is indeed plausible that in conditions where a considerable number of people earn enough to keep them some distance away from the margin of subsistence, opportunities for profitable innovation in the processes of production will be seized upon more readily than in circumstances of acute poverty and pressure on resources.

Sociological v. Economic Interpretation of History

THERE IS NOTHING HERE which contradicts the Hicks thesis. The demographic factors could be viewed simply as a means of reinforcing the process outlined above. Nevertheless, there is an important difference between the two approaches, which should not be obscured by the possibility of making the one compatible with the other.

The difference is that the Demographic school in the end takes the view that the determining factor responsible for locating the first Industrial Revolution in Europe and not in some other place was the character of European population growth and structure, whereas the Economic school finds the determining factor elsewhere. While the economists do not deny that the demographic characteristics of Europe may have played a part in the outcome, they would, if pushed, be prepared to offer an explanatory framework for the occurrence of the first Industrial Revolution which was independent of the population factor.

> It is naive [Wrigley protests] to treat the demography of society as a result of its economic constitution—as a dependent variable which can be read off from the economic functioning of a society once that is known.

Hicks does not go as far as that. But there is a revealing passage in a footnote which reflects the characteristic impulse of the economic historian. He is discussing the social changes that went with the emergence of a self-conscious and organised working class, rapidly multiplying in numbers, in the industrial revolution.

> It is tempting [he says] to associate this social change with the change in population behaviour that seems to have accompanied it. If that could be verified, it would enable us *to explain the population movement as part of the general change which we have been analysing, instead of bringing it in from outside*. . . . [My italics.]

Hicks goes on to say that, of course, this idea that the economic effects of industrialisation induced working-class people to want larger families is "only a guess" and that the causes of the upsurge of the population of England that began in the late 18th century are "still very much of a mystery."

THE CONTRASTING APPROACHES to historical interpretation emerge particularly clearly in the analysis of the great difference between the social and political development of Eastern and Western Europe.

In the East, Wrigley points out, the extended family was common in pre-industrial times. The comparative backwardness of the East European economy and of its social institutions may therefore derive in large part from this simple demographic fact. Hicks' explanation also goes back to the Middle Ages but concentrates on the profound change in the balance of social and economic power which occurred after the Black Death in 14th-century Europe. Whereas in the West the resulting scarcity of labour led typically to a change in the relationship between landlord and labourer, with the latter ending up with more freedom to move about, to substitute money for personal service to his landlord, and so on, in Eastern Europe it produced the opposite result. There the landlords on the newly colonised lands east of the Elbe knew that they would be finished if they permitted the farmers, who had come out of the West only a comparatively short while before at a time when there had been pressure on the available agricultural land, to move away at their will and return to their erstwhile homelands where they could now fill the gaps in the population. For them compromises of the type that were made between landlord and peasant in the West were not feasible. They had to enforce their power on the peasantry, and the conflict was no doubt that much sharper because many of the peasants had only recently been induced to come East and establish homestead farms on attractive terms. They were reduced to an especially degrading form of serfdom; and this set the general tone of social relationships in these East European societies for several centuries to

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come. The cult of immovable and extreme authority, the refusal to bargain between ruler and ruled, became firmly implanted.

It is worth examining the structure of this extremely interesting explanation in more detail.

Hicks concedes that matters might have turned out differently. It was not inevitable that the landlords east of the Elbe should succeed in imposing their tyrannical rule on the peasantry. They were aided by incidental factors, such as the geography of the flat open country of Prussia and the Slav lands, which favoured small bands of armed horsemen hunting down escaped serfs. The argument is not based on economic determinism; the actual outcome could not have been predicted. But there are deterministic elements in the explanation of what happened.

What could have been predicted, on the Hicks argument, was the different style of behaviour of the two classes of landlord in the East and the West of Europe. They had the same aims in common, but the means that they would choose to employ would be predictably different. Why? Because their bargaining situations differed. Here the economic mode of reasoning asserts itself. The underlying pattern, which is not explicitly spelt out, probably runs something like this.

It is very likely that most landlords used to the exercise of considerable power over the people who worked for them would, when faced with labour scarcity and demands for higher pay, endeavour to meet the situation by asserting more authority over the labourer. So the initial reaction to the situation would tend to be the same everywhere. But now take the extreme case: suppose that after successive encroachments of authority by a group of landlords there were an armed rebellion of the serfs demanding the remission of certain tasks, or more generally a new labour bargain governing work practices and payments which was more favourable to the labourer. The likely response, it is contended, of the Western landlords faced with the prospect of the destruction of property and the risk to life, would be to do a deal with the peasants which in practice conceded greater freedom to the latter in the disposition of their labour. It is not claimed that this would always happen—or indeed that the situation as outlined ever necessarily occurred—only that the underlying nature of the bargaining between the two sides, which in fact proceeded over many years over a wide area of Western Europe, is reflected in this model. And when the same model is applied to the East European situation, the rational judgment of the landlords in the face of equal threats and equal risks would be to refuse any compromise which favoured the peasants—the reason being simply that they could not afford to do otherwise.

IT IS WORTH DRAWING ATTENTION to two particular aspects of this argument, because they help to bring into focus important differences between the methodology of economics in the context of historical analysis and that of the other social sciences. Hicks implies that the method of economic history, with its overriding interest in *general* phenomena, its search for patterns of statistical uniformity to which individual, real life cases only approximately adhere, is common to the social sciences as a whole. It is in this sense that he sees himself as going back to an earlier epoch of history-writing, to the 18th-century view of the scientific approach to historical analysis. But the method of economics is not the method of social analysis at large, and I doubt whether the 18th-century Encyclopaedists would have so readily accepted Hick's contention that it is.

Firstly, in the argument above the contrast in the behaviour of landlords in the two parts of Europe derives exclusively from rational motivation. They both try to "optimise" some activity and in doing so are guided by clearly perceived self-interest. They do not necessarily choose wisely in each particular case, but a consistent logic can be identified in the broad pattern of their actions.

Secondly, the model that is used to elucidate their behaviour concentrates on the logic of key decisions—those that have to be faced in the extreme circumstances of threat and counter-threat. It is not the normal or average case which is being explored, but the "limiting case".

Use of the Limiting Case

THIS, IT SEEMS TO ME, is the special characteristic of the economic method. It is what makes so many of the cases that are used to elucidate some aspect of economic theory sound so *unreal.* They are not, in fact, intended to be an account of anything that ever happens in real life. They are a device for simplifying the structure of a problem by driving an identified tendency to its extreme limit, and then asking what choice would be made by a rational person, with limited means and a single objective, at that point. This is the method implicit in Hick's explanation of what happened in Eastern Europe when a qualitative change occurred in the exercise of authority by the local landlords over their peasants.

What I understand him to be saying is this. Whereas in the West the landlords jockeyed for position in a market for labour where "prices" were rising against them as a result of scarcity, in the East they simply refused to accept the conditions of a competitive market. The model used to explain the behaviour of the East European landlord is that of a monopsonist (*i.e.* a sole

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buyer), who is able to dictate whatever price is most favourable to himself—and he got into this position because he realised that if he had to face a competitive market situation he would *invariably* be outbid by the other buyers in his effort to secure the labour that he needed in order to survive. It followed that for him the choice was between monopsony and annihilation. He, therefore, set about creating a new political and social framework which consolidated his power as the sole buyer of labour.

Now, it is not argued that conditions in Eastern Europe in the late Middle Ages were ever in fact in the critical state which has just been described in the model of the ultimately desperate monopsonist. For one thing, the East European landlords were not in practice one buyer of peasant labour, but a number of buyers with variations in their ideas about the appropriate relationship with their labourers and with rivalries amongst themselves. Another point is that when we use the model we refer to the "competition" for peasant labour as if the West European potential employers were present there, in the same marketplace as the East European landlords. They were, of course, a long way away; and it is by no means clear that if there had been greater liberty for the East European peasant, the result would have been that all of these people and their families, or even very large numbers of them, would have upped sticks and made the difficult trek Westwards. They would have been even less willing to do so if the local landlords had been ready to offer them better, instead of worse terms for their labour. There were surely independent social and political factors which would help to explain why the bellicose landlords in Europe's eastern frontier regions were determined, and able, to impose an iron discipline on their peasantry and force them into deeper subjection to their authority.

Nevertheless, the point made by means of the economic analysis is useful and valid. It helps one to understand the broad pattern of the behaviour of these people to think of it in terms of the *limiting case* of the solitary buyer, the last of his kind, who, moved by the threat of extinction, asserts his complete control over the market.

THE LIMITING CASE is useful for this analysis because it makes it possible to pose the problem at the point where it becomes an *Either/Or* proposition—either extinction or the assertion of total control—and so to produce a determinate answer to a question whose elements are extremely indeterminate. And its value does not depend on whether any landlord ever in fact faced the risk of extinction as a physical fact. It is sufficient that at the moments when certain crucial actions were taken—which, in the end, influenced the shape of the social and political system of Eastern Europe—enough of the actors behaved in ways which were consistent with a view of the underlying realities of the market for labour which tended towards the situation described here. Because this is so one is able to understand better what these people were doing, better perhaps than they understood it themselves. The trick is done by inventing the model of a single rational man with a single clear objective and asking how he would behave in circumstances so extreme that only one answer is possible.

It is fair to say that the use of the limiting case as a handy explanatory device in the study of history is matched by its frequent abuse in the field of practical affairs. One of the dangers of the economic method is that it encourages the unwary (often, sad to relate, themselves economists) to slip too easily into endowing the end-product of some long-run trend which has been dimly perceived with the artificially sharp outlines of a limiting case. The border line between these two quite different concepts—the long run and the limiting case—tends to get fudged, especially in arguments about the grand strategy of economic policy. One suddenly finds that a device which is supposed to have the function of a bench-mark, invented solely for the purpose of making intellectual distinctions, is being treated as if it were the inexorable long-term outcome of some real-life situation. It is only a short step after that to carry the intellectual sleight-of-hand to the point where the highly simplified model of the limiting case enters into the folk lore of economic policy as if it were a workable approximate account —of course, with adjustments to be made here and there for the "imperfections" of the real world—of what is actually happening here and now.

We all recognise the familiar figure of the successful man of affairs with a natural gift for business judgment who allows himself to become, with no apparent sense of incongruity, the mouthpiece for categorical assertions about a number of matters such as the management of the economy, the working of the market, the motivations of workers and managers, on which he has the minimum of empirical evidence at his disposal. He is often, in his business life, a serious man with a proper concern for facts. This is how the trick of bemusing him is done.

Economic Mythology in Public Policy

IT IS NOT ONLY unwary businessmen who are entrapped by the opportunities offered by simplified economic theory for intellectual shortcuts through complicated problems of fact. It is

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worth considering by way of example the kind of advice that the experts have so readily offered in recent years on a subject as crucial as the policy for food and agriculture.

Keynes himself argued at one stage (in *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*) that there *must* be a long-term tendency for food prices to rise relatively to the price of other goods, because of the inelasticity of the supply of land on which the output of food depends. The argument has been echoed in more recent times by those who urged Europe on in the period following the Second World War to a determined effort to raise agricultural production and keep people on the land, on the ground that the terms of trade were bound to turn against the industrial countries—that they would be able to buy less and less primary produce for each unit of manufactures that they produced and sold—because of the ultimate limitation of the natural resource on which the production of food depends.

The forecast proved to be deeply mistaken! The agricultural countries in the post-War world have been pretty continuously at a disadvantage in their trade with the industrial nations; the prices of their produce have fallen steadily in terms of the industrial goods which they can buy.

But it would be wrong to see this merely as an error of empirical judgment on the part of some economists insufficiently equipped with information. The roots of the fallacy are much deeper than that. They go down into the fundamental notions of classical economics which distinguish between two different types of resources which contribute to the process of production—those whose supply can be increased by human will and those which are absolutely limited by nature.

Land is the most obvious example of the latter type, and traditional economic theory explains that it is on this ground that land attracts a special kind of payment, called rent, which can be commanded only by a factor of production whose total volume is fixed once and for all time. Now this is plainly a useful distinction to bear in mind. Soviet economists, for instance, have done some foolish things by failing to include a charge for rent in their costs of production, when they have been using up natural resources whose supply is limited. By not getting the costing right, irrational and ultimately anti-social decisions are made about industrial policy.

But, on the other side, the simplified picture of land, absolutely fixed in amount and determining absolutely on its own the limits of agricultural production, is an equally misleading application of what is supposed to be a heuristic model to the conditions of real life. It no doubt helps to clear the mind to think of a single product (food) which derives from a single resource (land) whose stock cannot be increased. The aim is to explore what happens in the limiting case when it has become impossible to wring an extra ounce of output from the soil however much additional labour or fertiliser or machinery is applied to it. At this point the marginal product of agriculture is zero. But there is no comparable limitation on the production of industrial goods or of services. Even if conditions in industry are unfavourable at this stage and marginal productivity is declining, still some extra output of goods and services will be achieved by the application of more machinery and more man-hours of work. And this leads inexorably to the conclusion that when the fixed quantity of food produced is exchanged against the increasing quantity of industrial goods, the price of the latter measured in units of food will decline.

IT IS QUITE OBVIOUS what is wrong with all this. People are constantly discovering new and more productive ways of employing land, in conjunction with other resources like fertiliser, water, and improved seeds. There is, in fact, no reason why productivity in agriculture should not go on rising just as fast as in industry; the outcome depends entirely on the pace of technological advance. The important theoretical distinction between the treatment of a fixed resource and of a resource whose supply can be increased does not affect this outcome. It is relevant to other considerations like the determination of the price of land, though even here qualifications have to be made about changing building techniques and tastes in housing. It is at least possible that, assuming that the growth of population does not overwhelm us, land as such will be no more thought of as an ultimately scarce resource than sea water is.

ARTIFICIALLY ASSOCIATED WITH THIS ARGUMENT about land and agriculture, which has had an important political influence in our times, there is a separate body of fact which has a historical basis. The historical evidence of earlier periods, when the technology of agriculture did not significantly change over long stretches of time, was that as the peasants spread their cultivation from the good lands to the poorer ones, the marginal product declined and the price of food tended to rise. However, that is precisely the model of the long run which ceased to be applicable to the societies which grew up after the Industrial Revolution.

In my view, the chief reason why the experts made the error was their ready inclination to confuse the *long run* with the familiar theoretical model of the *limiting case* in agriculture. It is a type of error to which clever people seem to be

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especially prone—perhaps because they are both impatient to achieve intellectual short-cuts and confident of their own personal ability to do so. One of the notable practitioners of this particular art of confusion in Britain today is Enoch Powell—whether his subject is the economics of Perfect Competition, the role of Government contrasted with the role of the Market, or the theory of a Natural Equilibrium between the poor and the rich nations without the intervention of a foreign-aid programme. I believe that it significantly helps to explain the Powell style of political argument—even if it does not provide a reliable predictive device for his next intellectual foray—to observe that his is the type of rigorous but uncritical mind whose natural impulse is to run to the limiting case. The rigour and the lack of self-criticism often go together. It is, I suspect, the sheer poetry of the limiting case which gets him.

Pictures of Society

BUT EVEN IF the technique is applied more cautiously, to the past rather than to the future, is it possible to arrive at firm interpretations of great events like the occurrence of the industrial revolution in the Western world during the 18th and 19th centuries? How would one, for example, set about testing an alternative explanation to that offered by Hicks—a non-economic interpretation of the origins of the event, like Wrigley's suggestion that the determining factor was the existence of a particular pattern of social conventions which shaped family life and population size in Western Europe?

Any attempt to pursue this line of thought soon comes up against the mystery of how people limited the family size—how much of the total effect was attributable to abortion, to infanticide, or to the apparently widespread European practice of *coitus interruptus*? It is tempting to think of the last, with its implied recognition of the ultimate male responsibility for the consequences of the sexual act, as having a specifically European cultural significance. But we have too little information about the most elementary facts of birth and population control even to begin to guess at the social and psychological mechanisms which determined what occurred.

The difficulty, however, about social explanations of historical events is not merely that we do not have as ready access to social facts as we do to the common facts of economic history. The persuasive power of the Economist as Historian, when he constructs what purports to be a comprehensive model of society, is grounded in causes that are more profound. To begin with, there is his superior theoretical equipment. There is no satisfactory general social theory relating the functions of the component elements of society to one another in a manner comparable to the economic model of behaviour. Yet this efficient economic model of economics is based on a process of intellectual exclusion which drastically reduces the range of material in order to make it easier to handle. (This is the trick of saying, *"other things being equal"*—when one knows only too well that they are not.) The result is that the system, although complete in its own terms, is also very narrow. Indeed, one eminent economic historian, M. M. Postan, has gone so far as to assert that on the crucial problem to which this article began by addressing itself—the issue of moving society from poverty to rapid economic growth—the economists have nothing whatever to offer. Postan says:

> . . . the regions in which the answers to the problem of growth lie hidden are well outside the economists' home country. They are all buried in the "social framework" of economics and are resistant to treatment by the conventional methods of economists. If so, it is difficult to see how and in what form economists, *qua* economists, can contribute to the historical study of economic growth.[4]

What Hicks has done, it seems to me, is to show how the economist can—so long as he is modest in his pretensions, which are perhaps what Postan intends to exclude when he makes the qualification *"qua* economist"—contribute something quite distinctive to the explanation of historical events, by drawing on the rich store of simplified models of behaviour which he has gradually developed as a means of understanding certain aspects of human relations. The art of the historian—and, I believe, of the social

[4] M. M. Postan, *Fact and Relevance* (1971), p. 68. However in a later passage in this book Postan himself asserts, surprisingly, in an essay analysing the deficiencies of contemporary economic planning in India, that the relative neglect of agriculture in favour of investment in large-scale heavy industry can be shown to be a deviation from the "historical optimum."

"The dictates of economic history", he says, provide "a rod for measuring the distance by which India's development has or has not travelled away from its historical optimum."

This is a large claim based on one particular model of development. It is worth saying that the argument presented by Postan, if it is viewed as a straightforward piece of economic analysis, is very persuasive. The historical data which he throws in seem to me to serve mainly to supply some additional verisimilitude to a case that chiefly depends on an examination of India's particular circumstances. If, for example, India had a population one-tenth of its present size and valuable natural resources, *e.g.* large-scale mineral deposits, the argument from history would have no necessary relevance. It might well be sensible in that case to invest in large-scale industry—or not.

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scientist at large—is to manipulate these devices with a high degree of psychological insight (thinking his way into another man's mode of thought) and of sociological knowledge (sensing his way into the conventions guiding relations among groups of people in other places and other times). These devices are not by themselves capable of supplying laws of historical development. Indeed, as I have already indicated, they are poor things on their own, positively needing to be filled out by social and psychological insights. It is worth reiterating that the devices themselves do not derive from historical data. They are applied to history, not drawn from it. They are bench-marks based on particular patterns of behaviour, concerned with the rational choice of means applied to clearly specified objectives.

But that still leaves unanswered the question about where the material for making these constructs comes from in the first place. I like G. L. S. Shackle's account of the matter. He describes the objects of economic theory as follows:

> The things which our deductive system talks about, the "consumers", the "entrepreneurs" . . . and so on, are not flesh and blood people in all their unimaginable complexity, or even inanimate objects and materials with the wealth of physical and chemical characteristics we can discern in them, but mere chess pieces with artificial powers, desires and reactive propensities tied round their necks by the economist.

And in answer to the question—"Can any results or conclusions, arrived at by a process which starts in such a way, have any bearing on the real world, any validity or applicability?"—he answers:

> Plainly they can have such relevance only in so far as the economist makes a successful selection, hitting on just those elements in his picture of the real world which are indeed the keys to its working.[5]

So in the end deductive economics depends heavily on the power of social imagination—just like the rest of the social sciences. The mathematical disguise should deceive no one. It does no more than provide an extra sharpness of outline, and hence a factitious clarity, to a particular set of pictures of society which it conjures up.

[5] G. L. S. Shackle (ed.), *A New Prospect of Economics* (1958).

Behind a Shut Door

I see a stone.
It makes a building, I see it rise
From a cloud of earth to its own invented skies.

I know a man—
A winding column of refugees
From the past, bowed under his chattel of centuries.

I hear a bird,
And testaments in a cage of song
Cry cruel love; they sigh and cry How long?

I watch a child
Whose weeping is all there is. I say Yes,
Yes, yes to that terrible loneliness.

I take no heed—
A crime that every day I commit
And hate and hate myself because of it.

Norman MacCaig

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POETRY

An Affable Misery

On Randall Jarrell — By DOUGLAS DUNN

RANDALL JARRELL was born in 1914, an auspicious year for a poet who was to write so much about war and the dehumanisation of 20th-century man. He was brought up in Nashville, but spent an important year with grandparents in Hollywood at the time his parents divorced, the particular time and place of childhood which he was to write of in "The Lost World." There are legendary touches to Jarrell's boyhood: how, for example, he posed as Ganymede, cupbearer to the Gods, for a figure on the pediment of an exact replica of the Parthenon in Centennial Park, Nashville, an enterprise the Old World might smile at without justification. He was eight years old and knew more about the Greeks and their mythology than the sculptors, who were so impressed they wanted to adopt him. This brilliant schoolboy of the Depression didn't go straight to university but worked for his uncle, studying book-keeping and shorthand at a secretarial school. Later his uncle sent him to Vanderbilt, a good place for poets in the early Thirties. Ransom and Warren both taught there, and Jarrell was invited to meetings of the Fugitives, where he met Allen Tate, although he had no faith in their Agrarian philosophy. Until shortly before graduation Jarrell's undergraduate interest was psychology, a speciality that must have made him appear even more brilliant: John Crowe Ransom is reported to have said at that time that Jarrell knew even more about literature than he did.

Apart from military service, and a year as literary editor of *The Nation*, Jarrell spent most of his life in the Academy. By all accounts he was an admired teacher; he was so clearly more a poet and man of letters than an academic in the dry, formal, over-researched sense. His autobiographical novel, a portrait of a women's college, is devastatingly funny and satirical, frightened into the upper reaches of comedy because it soon becomes clear that his anatomy of Benton is no localised entertainment but a "bedtime story from the Evening of the West." "Half the campus was designed by Bottom the Weaver, half by Ludwig Mies van der Rohe . . ." is how it starts, with such panache it seems we are beginning a book which cannot possibly keep up its introductory wit. But it does. *Pictures from an Institution* is the rarest of novels—a witty book that gets funner and wittier (and more disturbing) as you read it. An indication of his cruel sport with university leaders: "President Robbins was so well adjusted to his environment that sometimes you could not tell which was his environment and which was President Robbins." There are faults in the book—Jarrell tells us that a novel is a prose narrative of some length that has something wrong with it—and what is wrong with Jarrell's novel has something to do with how the narrator is sometimes a participating reporter and at other times an omniscient guide to psychology, absent from the scene. There are no faults, however, in the savage glee with which he despoils President Robbins, or the misanthropic southern novelist, Gertrude Johnson; and there is nothing wrong with the love and approval showered on Rosenbaum, an *émigré* Austrian composer, or Robbins' secretary, Constance.

Jarrell survived as a poet in the Academy because he knew why he was out of place there and was never able to relax in the knowledge of what made him different. A strident but beautifully composed passage from his essay "The Age of Criticism" endorses all I have ever seen inflicted on poets in universities, or heard of. The paragraph could be called Up the Line to Public Lectures:

> Critics may still be rather negligible figures in comparison to the composers and painters they write about; but when they write about writers, what a difference! A novelist, a friend of mine, one year went to a Writers' Conference; all the other teachers were critics, and each teacher had to give a formal public lecture. My friend went to the critics' lectures, but the critics didn't go to his; he wasn't surprised; as he said, "You could tell they knew I wasn't really literary like them." Recently I went to a meeting at which a number of critics discussed what Wordsworth had said about writing poetry. It was interesting to me to see how consciously or unconsciously patronising they were to—poor Wordsworth, I almost wrote. They could see what he had meant, confused as he was, layman that he was; and because he had been, they supposed they must admit, a great poet, it did give what he had to say a wonderful documentary interest,

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like Nelson's remarks at Trafalgar. But the critics could not help being conscious of the difference between themselves, and Wordsworth, and my friend: *they* knew how poems and novels are put together, and Wordsworth and my friend didn't, but had just put them together. In the same way, if a pig wandered up to you during a bacon-judging contest, you would say impatiently, "Go away, pig! What do you know about bacon?"

Jarrell's criticism is of secondary interest to this article—it *is* wonderful criticism, concerned and Arnoldian, but it deserves longer treatment—and it stands as exemplary notice that the poet on the campus has the simple function of remaining true to his art, a truth which might seem too obvious to need stating, but an important one for all that, and if the poet sustains it without passivity it not only makes it impossible for him to assume the black robe hanging on the hook behind the door but, by example, demonstrates the ways of literary art as opposed to the ways of scholarship. Jarrell's vigorous and readable appraisals of authors and "the taste of the Age" can be found in three collections: *Poetry and the Age* (1953), *A Sad Heart at the Supermarket* (1962), and the posthumous *Third Book of Criticism* (1969). A *Complete Essays and Criticism* is planned for American publication in two or three years' time.

PRAISE AND BEGRUDGEMENT of Jarrell's poetry[1] have always been extreme. Among his best supporters are Karl Shapiro and John Crowe Ransom. James Dickey, however, represents the Adversary readers must overcome. In a dialogue with the Defender of Jarrell, he says of Jarrell's *Selected Poems* (1955):

I must tell you then, that to me the book is dull beyond all dullness of stupefaction or petrifaction; that when I read it from end to end I know more of boredom than the dead do. "In plain American that cats and dogs can read" the poems are the most untalented, sentimental, self-indulgent, and insensitive writings that I can remember; when I read them I cry and laugh helplessly all night, over the reputation that has come out of such stuff.

More of this can be read in Dickey's *The Suspect in Poetry*, or in the memorial volume (for Jarrell, that is, not Dickey) edited by Lowell, Taylor and Warren.[2] Curiously enough, Dickey, another product of Vanderbilt, though nine years younger than Jarrell—was accused of inhumane sentimentality by Robert Bly in an issue of *The Sixties* which heralded "the collapse of James Dickey." When poets are accused of sentimentality it is sometimes an indication that feeling in their poems has been misunderstood. Bly's point was that Dickey glorified violence and power over others without arresting the poem's unhealthy implications with grief. It is well to bear this characterisation of Dickey's work (with which I agree) in mind. As a hardliner, a he-man of the hunt, Dickey's accusation might be said to be closer to Stephen Dedalus's definition of the sentimentalist: "The sentimentalist is he who would enjoy without incurring the immense debtorship for a thing done." That this lies close to a misuse of imagination and empathy and their little sister Sympathy is obvious. It has been the major complaint levelled at Jarrell and pressed home by, among others, such well known *entrepreneurs* as Donald Hall, and M. L. Rosenthal, who wondered if a New Sentimentality was arising "even more deadly than that of the nineteenth century because clad in the technical efficiency which is our dazzling legacy from Pound and Eliot." Even Robert Lowell's praise comes close to this. For him, Jarrell was "the most heartbreaking poet of his generation."[3]

Besides this slander of sentimentality, Jarrell's downgraders have been upset by a prosaic absence of plasticity in his language, a flatness of rhythm. Neither of these hammers has been wielded by Shapiro, himself prone in his later work to rhythmic loudness, a rebellious man and an iconoclast with a mind of his own, but an honest critic (see his *In Defence of Ignorance*). The instruments with which Jarrell is dismissed must, however, be taken seriously. Any generous critique of Jarrell must set out to disprove them, and in so doing clear the way for readers inclined to enjoy him.

JARRELL WAS INTERESTED in people and the mystery of what happens to them, the strength and hopelessness of their inner lives, a poetry of accepting the world for what it is, with regret. In much recent American poetry, the gradual estrangement of Man from Nature led to an exaggerated re-commitment to the Green World —Roethke, Dickey, Bly, Wright. Primitivist caricature, deep-dwelling among the vegetables and Indian ponies, is not to be found in Jarrell's work, nor, for all his understanding of Whitman, is Whitmanated song, or the blunt feeling of Edgar Lee Masters. While he appreciated these poets (they are too essentially and importantly American for him not to have) his recognition of

[1] *The Complete Poems*. By RANDALL JARRELL. Faber & Faber, £4.

[2] Robert Lowell, Peter Taylor, Robert Penn Warren, eds., *Randall Jarrell, 1914–1965* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1967).

[3] One wonders if Lowell was getting his own back. Jarrell had referred to the "senseless originality", "largely grotesque, grandly incongruous", "barbarous immediacy", of his poetry: truly, Johnsonian shacklings. It can be read in "Fifty Years of American Poetry" in the *Third Book of Criticism*. I always suspected *someone* had been appalled by Lowell's ambition.

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the inexplicable matters behind reality is rather different:

Outside the window
There were the chairs and tables of the world . . .
I saw that the world
That had seemed to me the plain
Grey mask of all that was strange
Behind it—of all that was—*was all.*

But it is beyond belief.
One thinks, "Behind everything
An unforced joy, an unwilling
Sadness (a willing sadness, a forced joy)
Moves changelessly . . .

Behind everything there is always
The unknown unwanted life."

"Unknown unwanted life" is often the burden carried in the meditations of Jarrell's characters. Recognition and regret is a trying but natural pattern in dramatic poetry—that is, it can be tiresomely unvaried, yet always true to the "reigning error of mankind," that we are never content with the conditions on which the goods of life are granted. (The Johnsonian quotation is not gratuitous: Jarrell is Johnsonian, a poet of the vanity of human wishes, although the wishes are everyday and essential, not the grand political ambitions imported from Juvenal.) "Too true, perhaps; and a great pity. But is that *all*?" is the standard rejoinder. The answer is "No." Jarrell's poems on this theme are important; and not only because they are good poems in themselves (and they get better more or less chronologically), but as his obsession is widened and matured it takes the form of a dialectic of unfulfilment and unhappiness. One does not always want to read about this; but it is impossible to escape the fact that it is what much poetry since *Prufrock* and *The Waste Land* is about, and that the subject is not only poetic but social, intellectual, and even political. In a way Jarrell is a precursor of Confessional Poetry; he is on the verge of what Alvarez calls "extremist poetry," like almost every poet sensitive to the contemporary situation, the intrusion of the social and cultural climate into the private life.

But unfulfilment *is* Jarrell's obsession, no matter if he chose to express it with the appearances of objectivity through the mouths of women. In these poems he dramatises the anguish closest to his own. Why write them otherwise? Sympathy is not all that unselfish. But why are his best characters women? Perhaps the real answer is that there is an unconscious pull in the male to objectify his unhappiness in the female; or perhaps unhappiness is more convincingly female in our times than male: the She is certainly more vulnerable. And again, perhaps biological interchange satisfies a basic need of the creative personality: empathy with a human opposite is the ultimate reach of imagination, although in recent times we have had empathy with stones, horses, butcher's meat and Crows. There is also the sense of affectionate preference: "Men are what they do, women are what they are." It's also the case, that as well as just liking women, he used them in his poems as a means to personal reticence and understatement, though not exactly as a disguise. I don't think he cared whether readers guessed that his use of monologues was a formal, private expedient as well as character study. In "The Face", the language is so real that Jarrell has not only become the character, but is still Jarrell, and hence the poem, ostensibly about an ageing woman regretting the fading of her beauty, becomes a poem about dissatisfaction generally:

Not good any more, not beautiful—
Not even young.
This isn't mine.
Where is the old one, the old ones?
Those were mine.

The apparent looseness of speech is like Sylvia Plath—those brief, saddening negatives and wonderfully controlled questions. Simply by being so rootedly human, the poem escapes from the empathic effort that made it possible, and becomes a poem of remarkable directness and yet such uncertain irony:

I thought: If nothing happens . . .
And nothing happened.
Here I am.
But that's not right.
If just living can do this,
Living is more dangerous than anything:
It is terrible to be alive.

It is too perplexed and honest to be sentimental; it is tentative as meditation, and yet, as writing, decisive in the way it reveals the helpless equivocation of self-knowledge.

A later poem "Next Day", about a "sad heart at the supermarket," rises out of the ashes of dramatic details and feminine particulars and assumes a more comprehensive impact:

But really no one is exceptional,
No one has anything, I'm anybody,
I stand beside my grave
Confused with my life, that is commonplace and solitary.

JARRELL POSSESSED the wounds of the vulnerable as his characters did—women, soldiers, children—and with a nobility of sense and taste that precluded the vicarious and proved his "debtorship" to life, what he had suffered. He goes as far to the edges of sentimentality and stricture as a poet can go without dealing in futile misanthropy, and sometimes he blurs these edges where qualified literary feeling and popular

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gush meet, an intelligent mastering of the commonplace. His realism is the kind that denies novelty, the far-off exotic subject.

Some of the ideas behind this practice can be criticised, however; he gives himself away so often that he seems to demand we examine these ideas, almost as if he felt guilty.

What some escape to, some escape: if we find
Swann's
Way better than our own, and trudge on at the back
Of the north wind to—to—somewhere east
Of the sun, west of the moon, it is because we live

By trading another's sorrow for our own; another's
Impossibilities, still unbelieved in, for our own . . .

"By trading another's sorrow for our own" is a chancy sentiment. It seems unwholesome, a bitter, rather stupid thing to say. The first person plural can be as exclusive as the first person singular. "But that's not true of *me*!" we often say of such statements. Jarrell's frequent use of the humane shorthand—"life", "lives", "the world", "us", "we"—is a too-comfortable rhetoric of self-evidence. As he says of Auden's "We" (as opposed to "Them")—"opposition loves company." So does misery. Unhappiness is in Jarrell's poems like an imperative standard of equality. Only when he reaches the majestic sweep of "The ways we live our lives are life" does the rhetorical brevity cease to be merely comforting and become insight—what might be called "over-insight", it is so broad. Elsewhere he can sound like a maudlin, sententious senior Senator from Tennessee warbling round his King Edward Invincible De Luxe.

The poem I have been quoting from ("Children Selecting Books in a Library") is really about books as examples and retreats and their use in life. Yet this only partially qualifies "we live by trading another's sorrow for our own." It is still a poem about life itself,

the capricious infinite
That, like parents, no one has yet escaped
Except by luck or magic.

The poem ends with ironic optimism, not entirely convincing and not meant to be:

"I am myself still?" For a little while, forget:
The world's selves cure that short disease, myself,
And we see bending to us, dewy-eyed, the great
CHANGE, dear to all things not to themselves
endeared.

In another poem about the value of life in books and life in life—"The Carnegie Library, Juvenile Division"—the hopefulness is denied:

We learned from you so much about so many things
But never found what we were; and yet you made
us that.
We found in you the knowledge for a life
But not the will to use it in our lives
That were always, somehow, so different from the
books'.
We learn from you to understand, but not to change.

This doctrine—prime in Jarrell's poetry as it is in the lives of all except the smug and the illusorily masterful—is even more explicit in "The Märchen" (Grimm's Tales):

Had you not learned—have we not learned, from tales
Neither of beasts nor kingdoms nor their Lord,
But of our own hearts, the realm of death—
Neither to rule nor die? to change, to change!

And his finest poem, "The Woman at the Washington Zoo", after a wonderful evocation of the woman's situation, and his most explicit symbolism of sexual repression urging itself to be gone,

Oh, bars of my own body, open, open! . . .
Vulture,
When you come for the white rat that the foxes left,
Take off the red helmet of your head, the black
Wings that have shadowed me, and step to me as man:
The wild brother at whose feet the white wolves fawn,
To whose hand of power the great lioness
Stalks, purring . . .

ends in this way,

You know what I was,
You see what I am: change me, change me!

Under the influence of Auden, Jarrell was attracted to the political themes of the Thirties poets—Spain, the refugees, Them. Most of the poems rejected from *Blood for a Stranger* (1942) (and now reprinted in *The Complete Poems*) show an Auden touch, and Jarrell of course wrote brilliantly of Auden in two essays (collected in *Third Book of Criticism*) and in reviews. In "The Emancipators" the idea of "change" is linked to social vision. Jarrell is unusual in being able to employ liberal notions without himself appearing to be one, without appearing to be an invention of *Partisan Review*. Galileo, Newton and Bruno, who free the world from ignorance with primary knowledge of the cosmos, are asked if they'd thought much about the common people, "the lives/Forgotten or clapped for by wigged Societies," and the consequences of invention:

You guessed this? The earth's face altering with iron,
The smoke ranged like a wall against the day?
—The equations metamorphose into use: the free
Drag their slight bones from tenements to vote
To die with their children in your factories.

Man is born in chains, and everywhere we see him
dead.
On your earth they sell nothing but our lives.
You knew that what you died for was our deaths?
You learned, those years, that what men wish is
Trade?
It was you who understood; it is we who change.

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THE PLACID INDIGNATION becomes harsher in wartime: "the ignorant countries where civilians die/Inefficiently, in their spare time, for nothing."

"Do you want to acquaint the larks with the fatuous music of war?" is a line of Kenneth Patchen's. Jarrell was no part of fatuousness; he was a lark for whom circumstances made war an inescapable concern: his poems of war are a necessary description and rejection.

Jarrell did not need to go to war. He could have stayed out like Lowell as a C.O. Whether war exercised its fascination on him, I don't know; latter-day Jarrell was certainly fascinated by sports cars, was a flashy dresser, had always played tennis and didn't like to lose, didn't drink, didn't smoke, didn't swear, and found jokes about sex distasteful: all of which makes him seem less a barrack-natural and more The Vision Before Eisenhower of What America is Fighting For.

There is still a lingering taste of the American classic as fancied by the defunct *Saturday Evening Post* about Jarrell's war poems. They *are* above that; but I think he found it hard. How could it be otherwise? He was on the right side, in a just cause, and the most American poet of his generation.

Ordinary men and boys are told by the State "Go!" and they go, just as they follow the impulses of private self and commonplace circumstances. "From my mother's sleep I fell into the State" is the first line of his famous—perhaps the most famous of all Second World War poems—"The Death of the Ball Turret Gunner." It is the indignation of acceptance, as in "A Lullaby."

For wars his life and half a world away
The soldier sells his family and days.
He learns to fight for freedom and the State;
He sleeps with seven men within six feet.

He picks up matches and he cleans out plates;
Is lied to like a child, cursed like a beast.
They crop his head, his dog tags ring like sheep
As his stiff limbs sink wearily to sleep.

Recalled in dreams or letters, else forgot,
His life is smothered like a grave, with dirt;
And his dull torment mottles like a fly's
The lying amber of the histories.

Jarrell's war poems never have the combat-clarity of the best of Keith Douglas's, Louis Simpson's, James Dickey's, Richard Eberhart's or Alan Ross's. Jarrell was an air force instructor, his experience was of the machines and the men he would train to die in them. When he writes about actual fighting and death, as in "Siegfried" or "Pilots, Man Your Planes", the imaginative effort, curiously mixed with documentary necessities, produces a baroque, other-worldly ironic but chivalric extravagance, rescued in "Siegfried" by more typical writing as the poem ends. A wounded airman is returning home:

If, standing irresolute
By the whitewashed courthouse, in the leafy street,
You look at the people who look back at you,
at home,
And it is different, different—you have understood
Your world at last: you have tasted your own blood.

"Losses", "Mail Call" and "Eighth Air Force" fit better with the nature of Jarrell's talent. In "Losses", the young men die like "pets or foreigners"; the bewilderment is hardly forgiving:

In bombers named for girls, we burned
The cities we had learned about in school—
Till our lives wore out; our bodies lay among
The people we had killed and never seen.

And in "Mail Call" the effort is clearly to reproduce the elegiac grace in what was observed or experienced:

The letters always just evade the hand.
One skates like a stone into a beam, falls like a
bird.
Surely the past from which the letters rise
Is waiting in the future, past the graves?
The soldiers are all haunted by their lives.

Their claims upon their kind are paid in paper
That establishes a presence, like a smell.
In letters and in dreams they see the world.
They are waiting: and the years contract
To an empty hand, to one unuttered sound—

The soldier simply wishes for his name.

A reader might be daunted by the suspicion that Jarrell set out earnestly and deliberately to cover most of the war situations—the airman suspended by parachute and about to be killed, the widow burning the letters, the return of the wounded, the troops leaving for the front, the ingenuous rookie from the Bronx, Jews in concentration camps and in Palestine, the war in Europe, the war in the Pacific, the griefs of the homeland, the routines of the camp, everything fulfilled as if according to a programme, like the itinerary of a poetical Glenn Miller. This is needlessly scurrilous: Jarrell's war poems reveal more achievement than they do opportunism. War and its ironies came easily to his sensibility, even if in the poems themselves it is something of a struggle for the nervousness of feeling and the natural ruefulness to survive the conscious formality of the writing. Nothing bothers the pen more than being too aware of what it is doing. They are not soldierly poems, but poems of an artist faced with his most immediate subject; and part of the same interests that fill out the work he had done before and was to carry on doing. In fact, in *Losses* (1948) the war poems were not gathered together as they are in *Selected Poems* (1955) but interspersed with writing about

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America, poems like "Money" and "Lady Bates." It would have been helpful if *The Complete Poems* had preferred not to reprint *Selected Poems* but reprinted his books volume by volume, or at least given some indication of which volumes the earlier poems (to 1955) came from. This is especially hard on British readers who will find such books as *Blood for a Stranger* (1942), *Little Friend, Little Friend* (1945), *Losses* (1948) and *The Seven-League Crutches* (1951) hard to come by.

JARRELL HAS BEEN CALLED "a satirical moralist of the tragic order," a portmanteau which can carry his fiction, criticism and translations as well as his poetry. Plaint is subdued in the poems about the "lost world" of childhood. But the "lost world" is not necessarily childhood; it is the happiness of the past, the going back in memory that is healthy and not nostalgic, as in the splendid last lines of Auden's "Goodbye to the Mezzogiorno":

though one cannot always
Remember exactly why one has been happy,
There is no forgetting that one was.

In his novel, Jarrell writes: "Back before the War, the Revolution, or the Fall, before we grew up or were born, before *something*, we knew the bliss of being without wishes, and would have answered the angel that guarded us, if he had asked, 'What is your blessing?'—would have answered: 'That things are as they are, not otherwise'." The sentiment is too aware of its deficiencies to be whimsical; and it is useful to bear that in mind as we read "The Lost World." And to bear in mind the poems that express his epistemology of self-knowledge.

"Children's Arms"—"O arms that arm, for a child's wars, the child!"—is a meditation on the warring importances of the life of realities and the life of the imagination, play and make-believe. In one of his last poems "The Player Piano", published after his death, and, significantly, set in Hollywood, like "The Lost World," an inadequate personality sits before the false instrument, the piano that makes its own playing, and says:

Listen. Look, the keys go down by themselves!
I go over, hold my hands out, play I play—
If only, somehow, I had learned to live!
The three of us sit watching, as my waltz
Plays itself out a half-inch from my fingers.

"If only, somehow, I had learned to live!"—it is a key line. Imagination is no textbook on the subject of how to live; it's just a beautiful substitute, a dispiriting satisfaction, as much as childhood is an innocent prelude before

The sooty thread
Up which the labourers feel their way into
Their wives and houses, is money; the fact of life,
The secret the grown-ups share, is what to do
To make money.

Coming late in his life, the recollections are not merely absorbed with technical mastery—"The Lost World" is stringently colloquial, almost invisibly rhymed as if to forbid sloppiness rather than be formally elegant—but there is no grim, intrusive, painful regret; the poem is so natural a culmination it is accepted genially by the poet, although the wit is understated:

A prelude
By Chopin, hammered note by note, like alphabet
Blocks, comes from next door. It's played with
real feeling,
The feeling of being indoors practising.

And the poem is leisurely enough to allow affectionate digressions; in the following sample it comes after yet another give-away, a reminder that Jarrell was always conscious of moral process, of how knowledge is reached, and that he thought this was an essential part of what his poems are about:

In my
Talk with the world, in which it tells me what I know
And I tell it, "I know—" how strange that I
Know nothing, and yet it tells me what I know!—
I appreciate the animals, who stand by
Purring. Or else they sit and pant. It's so—
So agreeable. *If only people purred and panted!*

The balance of humour and perceptions of grey realities—producing what might be called an affable pessimism—prevents self-indulgent excess: hard mind and soft heart spar fruitfully. Jarrell's art is one of rescue—intelligence and control, both moral and technical, arrest a melancholy tendency from the worst of cloying regret. It is almost like happiness in spite of itself. "Only man is miserable", and yet . . . there is something else, and Jarrell is never negligent of this vivid potential. It is what makes his poetry a tragic realism of experience and culture.

Realism flattened his language and rhythms to the appropriate pulses of story-telling and the spoken word, but did not preclude poetic richness or the density of dark revelation. From "90 North":

In the child's bed
After the night's voyage, in that warm world
Where people work and suffer for the end
That crowns the pain—in that Cloud-Cuckoo-Land

I reached my North and it had meaning.
Here at the actual pole of my existence,
Where all that I have done is meaningless,
Where I die or live by accident alone—

Where, living or dying, I am still alone;
Here where North, the night, the berg of death

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Crowd me out of the ignorant darkness,
I see at last that all the knowledge

I wrung from the darkness—that the darkness
flung me—
Is worthless as ignorance: nothing comes from
nothing,
The darkness from the darkness. Pain comes
from the darkness
And we call it wisdom. It is pain.

JARRELL'S IS A SPOKEN POETRY, a fusion of the Wordsworthian ideal of plain language and large passions with American awarenesses of what happens in modern life. It is wrong to say his vision of great poetry lay in the past. There is too much generous criticism of W. C. Williams, Wallace Stevens, Auden, Frost and Marianne Moore and the contemporary scene to allow that to pass. His master was Rilke, whom he translated; and he loved Goethe, whose *Faust, Part One*[4] has just been published in his translation in the United States. His love was for stories and effect rather than language, and hence his conscious risks with the prosaic. And hence, also, his children's books and translations from Grimm, Bechstein and Chekhov (*The Three Sisters*). He transcends limited resources of imagery and metaphor (stories and characters take their place, almost *as* images). With inspired realism, such colloquial depth of sound and rhythm through poem after poem, he seems to have willingly attempted to do without the examples of Pound and Eliot, much as Larkin (whom he evidently admired) succeeds in doing with no loss—except to literary historians—in contemporaneity. He comes out of Wordsworth, Frost and Hardy more than Eliot or Whitman or the *Spoon River Anthology*, and from a private synthesis of the culture of the West. He is one of the most heartening and critical spokesmen against that most crucial of all declensions—the failure of civilisation, the onrush of the shallow and vulgar. To read him is to want to read more and write better—practical eulogy and, I think, the best kind.

[4] *Goethe's Faust, Part One.* Translated by RANDALL JARRELL. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $7.95, paper $1.95.

Tamil

My tongue in English chains
I return, after
a generation, to you.

I am at the end
of my dravidic tether,
hunger for you unassuaged.

I falter, stumble.
Speak in a tired language
wrenched from its sleep

in the *Kural*,
teeth, palate, lips still new
to its agglutinative touch.

Now, hooked on celluloid
you go reeling
down plush corridors.

R. Parthasarathy

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NOTES & TOPICS

A Letter from Los Angeles

The Gestalt Doctor in the Elysian Fields

AMONG METROPOLISES, Los Angeles may be one of the most civilised to live in. That's not saying much. The globe offers a hundred cities better to visit; but touring isn't residing, which means keeping your seat with a minimum of hassling for the basic needs of comfort like fresh air, mild climate, variety of foods and peoples, and the quiet privacy on which amenable social customs may thrive. Why, right in the city limits a few miles from my house, there's a nudist resort, The Elysian Fields, and there for the small fee of $100 a year you can enter into membership, and sashay, do the funky chicken, or just swing to your somatic content—for touching's allowed. That is at least one good indicator of a potential for civilisation, perhaps even the beginning of wisdom. After all, how long can a social species survive when its members are starved of the merest acquaintance with their own physical being; that consciousness of the life of the body itself that seems to have been locked away in a cryogenic coma? (The masses of course are off at the roller derbies, football stadia, tracks, motor speedways, and perpetual plastic fairgrounds like Disneyland East and Disneyland West, or the mass gambling hotel cities of Las Vegas and Reno, and so on.) If this need for sheer contact weren't so desperately felt, the management and sales forces, the technicians and professions wouldn't be encountering themselves in eyeballing groups, grunting, cooing, gurgling, laughing, yelling, weeping, screaming, coming together now to seek each other out, to touch. Touch is the in-thing for the '70s: touching, brushing, stroking, patting, rubbing, pressing, pinching, scraping, slapping, socking, bashing . . . like a Loony Toons travesty of Walt Whitman's reveries as he basked in his soothing New Jersey brook, naked and alone. But Walt Whitman dreamed words, he made an epic mythos out of his solitary self and called it America. He could do that sort of thing: he was a poet.

Still, if spending weekends in the company of other inflated, talking skins *did* help, The Elysian Fields wouldn't have hosted a Gestalt psychologist last month, when a few dozen affluent couples got individual seminar hours with him, in addition to the general seances, at $100 per head. I should like to have been there to learn from them, and from him too, how to compose, or rather recompose sensible patterns and make human configurations out of the differentials of so many dissimilar nude identities. I can't clearly imagine what that Gestaltist had to say, poor poet that I am. All I see in my mind's eye are so many males and females stripped to their minimal surfaces: I visualise Bosch's paintings, realising how centuries of scrutiny have yet to disclose the mysteries expressed by those figures of his, the details of specific lives out of those myriads of contorted and cavorting, utterly commensurable and weak bodies, and I suspect an unarmed poet might go quietly mad in The Elysian Fields, those Elysian Fields, of joy and despair. Calmly, however, the good Gestalt doctor came and counselled, collected his enormous fee, and flew north again. He must have carried the moly of his disciplined insight with him into Circe's ingle, so as to keep two of his feet always on the ground. . . .

What Circe, and what ingle? The State of California licenses the retreat called The Elysian Fields. Today's democracy of topless and bottomless flesh has exposed us to the last shame: not only is the Emperor, Man, naked, but he was not even Emperor, just one of us forked walking radishes, and now, with his sovereign mind gone, as naked, alas, inside as he is depleted of real interest on his surface. We have lost even the illusion of language here. There are therefore no mysteries in The Elysian Fields: so perhaps touching will tell us what we have to know. Though Bosch said so much about the human spirit, the measure of our obtusity in his presence now is that today we have been reduced to paying through the nose for a Gestaltist to come and weave a web of life for us. Otherwise there is nothing there at all.

When, half a century back, Yeats determined to turn his work around, he declared he believed there was more enterprise in going naked. How things have changed. Everybody's raging round naked now on our all-frequency talk show. But, to apply my similes, the way to single out those who have something to say from the mob of actors with loudspeakers at their mouths, firebombs and tape recorders with video in their hands (or mandalas, roaches, ju-jus in their stashbags and a wheelbarrow with electronic guitar, amplifier and speakers, etcetera, yoked to their backs), is to listen for something that might be poetry: intelligible verbal structures that are the emanations of real interiority, forms that indicate living and full spirits, not half movie-

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screen, half bumpersticker. By spirit I mean an identity, the adumbration of a self that one can feel has been rendered singular by life, long or short, a whole life which if not "real," that being hard to expect today, or even "authentic," seems at least to have been experienced and somehow put into words. Not too easy in this Boschian landscape of ours when, as I think, our last illusions have evaporated, rather deliquesced into the general verbal torrent pouring its effluents of banal imagery and 4th-hand thoughts by starved, stunted and immature minds into the dying ocean of language. The interesting poets know beforehand that nakedness is not enough when we live daily face to face in a seething group-therapy situation. (So what else is new, besides your freaking out, hanging up, breaking down?) They have guessed that it is only by being flayed alive and hung on that singular oak-tree, like Marsyas, that the spirit will be made known or achieved in song. To get that, however, you must challenge Apollo. Tootling "neo-surrealist" phrases on a one-note homegrown flute won't do it, nor will mere mechanical parataxis of arbitrary and mal-juxtaposed images, or the assembly of random phonemes and morphemes by mathematical preprogrammed projection, or uniformed ecstasies sanctioned by bureaucratic planners or official finks, which are the predominant modes of too many poets from 15 to 50 these days, from many parts of the world—for functionality, functionariness and dysfunctionality are all gratuitous in a dysfunctioning world overpopulated by dysfunctional psyches. It takes something more, and that something cannot be had for the asking of it or the willing of it, not even when so many literally choose death or aggravated self-destruction as the way out, or through, or, as the poets will, rap about death as though the metaphors we deal in were the whole of reality and not a shadowy template of it. No, that something is a kind of fatality not easily arranged for. That is why Yeats, the grand Yeats, was always suspect, and probably suspected himself behind his masks; that is why so many "confessional" poets give one a bored headache; that is why so many selfstyled "revolutionary" poets, of whatever revolution, are compromised from the first dogmatic word: self-willed stripping and self-laceration and self-immolation do not quite add up to the assaults of our fellow man upon us, nor to being ravaged by the God, or subjected to the desires of the Muse. It might be interesting to learn what the Gestalt doctor would offer us; however, I don't believe he is here. Furthermore we are not yet, thank heaven, in The Elysian Fields.

Jascha Kessler

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A Verdict and Its Consequences

The Murder of Jean Jaurès — By RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

WHAT EVERYONE may be assumed to know about the murder of Jean Jaurès is that it took place only a few days before the outbreak of the First World War and that the murderer was "a fanatic" (Cobban) or "a wretched half-wit, impelled to this stupid crime by the calumnies of the adversaries of the great tribune" (*Encyclopaedia Britannica*, the article being by a post-war French prime minister, Herriot, a Radical Socialist). The date was in fact 31 July 1914; and Jaurès, with friends and collaborators from his magazine, *L'Humanité*, just across the way, was dining (a bit late, but at that time of year it was still light) at a small restaurant off the Rue Montmartre, his back to an open window. He was shot in the head from the pavement outside, with a Smith & Wesson .32 revolver. The murderer had been trailing him for the past two days and made no serious attempt to resist arrest by a policeman then at the corner on his beat.

At the station he refused to give his name and address. But after further questioning at the Quai des Orfèvres it transpired that he was Raoul Villain, 28, student (he attended courses in Egyptian archaeology at the Louvre) and younger son of the clerk to the civil court in Rheims. He was not "half-witted." Though without any marked ability, he had scraped through such examinations as he had taken, and he had worked as a teaching assistant at the Collège Stanislas. There was indeed madness on both sides of his family, and it seems probable that he was a virgin. He travelled in Switzerland, Greece and England. All this and more is admirably plotted in a recent volume[1] which further lists a startling series of "the calumnies of the adversaries of the great tribune."

That some of the worst of these were to be found in *L'Action Française* will surprise nobody; but it was new to me how vicious Charles Péguy, whom many think a very great writer, had been. In the *Cahier* published that April, there was, for instance, this:

> I must beg the reader's pardon for mentioning here the name of M. Jaurès. It is a name which has become so low and filthy that, when one sets it down to be sent to the printers, one feels that one may be exposing oneself to some legal penalty. . . . Jaurès, the representative in France of German imperialism, has sunk beneath contempt. . . . This born traitor betrayed socialism in the first place. He betrayed the cause of Dreyfus in the name of reasons of State and for profit. He is doing his best to betray France to the profit of German policy. He has indeed met with some resistance here, and he would do well to take warning. In time of war, there is only one policy, and it is that of the Convention. It means Jaurès in a tumbril and the roll of drums to cover his big voice. . . . Jaurès is a pan-Germanist. He is a German agent. He is working for greater Germany. It is always a handful of wretched intellectuals who in the end ensure that a people shall be massacred.

It appears from the reminiscences of another very considerable writer, Romain Rolland, that to him, at about this time, Péguy also said:

> At the outbreak of war, the first thing we shall do is shoot Jaurès. We shan't leave such traitors behind to stab us in the back.

But of course Villain cannot have known that. He had never been a member of the Ligue d'Action Française, but we know that he read their paper and that Péguy was his favourite author.

Péguy had been a Socialist himself and a friend of Jaurès. Le Clère says that he had turned spiteful in the first place when he was not invited to write for *L'Humanité* (founded ten years before with Aristide Briand). In her *Charles Péguy, a Study in Integrity*, Marjorie Villiers tells us that, on 31 July, Péguy was already in uniform as a reservist.

> Late that night [he] came to Madame Favre's house looking upset, and said in a low voice, "Jaurès has been murdered." . . . Afterwards friends questioned Madame Favre: "Wasn't he horrified?" "Didn't he say something about Jaurès?" "Didn't he condemn the murder? Did he show no sign of remorse?"
>
> Madame Favre stated the flat truth flatly! "No

[1] *L'Assassinat de Jean Jaurès*, by Marcel Le Clère (Mame, 1969). This is perhaps as good a point as any at which to point out that French *"assassinat"* is simply murder in (as Americans say) the first degree. It has none of the special connotations of the English word "assassination" which I understand to be meaningless in law and which seems to have no semantic equivalent in any of the European languages.

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> word of condemnation passed his lips. But he looked like a man prostrated by pain. My silence respected his pain."

In a footnote, Mrs Villiers adds:

> This seems to be the most probable of the various accounts of what passed between Péguy and Madame Favre when he told her of Jaurès' murder. In her *souvenirs* published in *Europe* she appears to suggest that he said *"Crime odieux!"* but when challenged she explained that the exclamation was her own.

To which I may perhaps be allowed to add, on my own account, the further linguistic note that, in French everyday use, unqualified (or qualified only by so purely emotive an epithet as *"odieux"*), *"crime"* means murder exclusively.

That it was an odious crime seems to have been felt in all quarters, no less on the Right than on the Left. That *L'Action Française* promptly disavowed it we may think no more than politic, but must find it rather splendid of Maurice Barrès to have gone round next morning to the house in Passy, its entrance guarded by Socialist Party militants and with Léon Blum taking charge of matters inside, to pay his respects to the dead man and offer condolences to his daughter. There was, of course, an idiot Right, just as there was an idiot Left which at once set about organising poorly attended demonstrations, but what might have been thought certain to divide the nation at that crucial moment seems rather to have united it. In his cell at the Santé prison, Villain continued to affirm the rightness of what he had done. Péguy was killed in action on 5 September, displaying the kind of incautious bravery about which ideas of suicide readily play.

RAOUL VILLAIN was originally committed for trial on 20 December 1915. It was argued before a grand jury that revelations made in court might disturb the unity of the nation, while not to make them would impede his defence. The case was postponed *sine die*. For two years more, Raoul Villain remained undisturbed at the Santé. At the beginning of 1918, the office of the Director of Public Prosecutions called for psychiatrists' reports and the prisoner was found fit to plead which was perhaps not what *le Parquet* had hoped. In August, he was transferred from the Santé out to Fresnes, where the prison air was more salubrious. On 4 March 1919, he was brought from Fresnes to the Conciergerie, adjacent to the Law Courts on the Ile de la Cité. His trial opened on the 24th, four years and eight months after the murder with which he was charged.

It was an odd trial. The indictment or act of accusation, equivalent to the opening speech for the prosecution in British courts but read by the clerk to the court, was the one drawn up in 1915 by an earlier Director of Public Prosecutions and omitted, as might have been only tactful at the time, all reference to such evidence as there was of complicity or of Villain's political affiliations. In early 1919, no general demobilisation had yet taken place; and the average age of the jury was exceptionally high, the youngest being 53. The number of witnesses had greatly increased, while of those originally cited some were dead, and some had been unaccountably dropped, including the policeman who had so promptly arrested Villain and a priest who one Sunday afternoon had watched him practising like a madman on the shooting range at a parish fair. The presiding judge's questions were indulgent, the concluding speech for the prosecution mild and ambiguous. The protracted irrelevance of the *partie civile* was barely credible.

Criminal and civil proceedings are kept quite separate in British courts. Halfway through a French murder trial, it is common for speeches to be made and, on occasion, for witnesses to be called by barristers acting on behalf of the victim's next-of-kin, the *partie civile*. The abuse that this practice most frequently leads to is that a black-gowned member of the Order of Advocates, who in theory cannot directly prosecute, will in effect be leading for the prosecution and sometimes doing it with a vindictiveness which leaves his red-gowned colleagues in the magistracy standing. In the Villain case that was not the trouble. It is known that Jaurès' widow had not been anxious to constitute herself civil complainant at all. She herself was not a Socialist, and the Party had taken the matter out of her hands. For three days on end, the trial ceased to be concerned with Villain's guilt and became a succession of tributes to the dead man, paid in turn by no fewer than seventeen eloquent gentlemen more or less of the Left. They included three former prime ministers, generals and a former Minister of War, a Nobel-Peace-Prize-winner and a future prime minister, Léon Blum, who compared Jaurès with Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, Mirabeau, Bossuet, Michelet and Rousseau. Leading counsel for the *partie civile*, Maître Paul-Boncour, was himself to become a prominent statesman and sounded that way set.

Leading for the defence was Maître Henri Géraud, a great advocate, at the age of 47 already long-bearded, who during the next twenty years would grow to look more and more like an Old Testament prophet (at the Weidmann trial in 1939, Fryn Tennyson Jesse would describe him as Elijah to the Elisha of Maître Zevaès, who

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was already with him on this occasion). I quote one fragment of his concluding speech.

> MAITRE GERAUD. . . . He knew nothing of the easy-going comradeship of editorial offices, the cosy humbug of parliamentary life. Those displays of moral indignation, the angry cries, the shaken fists, meant nothing, my poor Villain, except to you in your impossible chastity, your patriotic dream. Out of the public eye, those gentlemen were all the best of friends over their port. . . .

He asked the jury for an acquittal. In a French criminal trial, the last word is always with the defence. There exists, nevertheless, a "right to reply" (but then also a right to reply to the reply), which is not infrequently exercised by the red-robed prosecutor. Irregularly, it was in this case exercised by a *partie civile* lawyer, and the pleas ended with an angry exchange between Maîtres Géraud and Paul-Boncour, the latter pointing out that, when all was said about reconciliation, a man had been killed and another had killed him, the former insisting that he had tried to look beyond the grave.

There were two questions put to the jury. First, was Raoul-Marie-Alexandre Villain guilty of having committed wilful murder upon the person of Auguste-Marie-Joseph-Jean Jaurès? Second, was the said murder committed with malice aforethought, premeditation or lying-in-wait? The jury retired. The prisoner was removed. Those twelve old men were out for no more than half an hour. They returned with negative answers to both questions. Villain was brought back and informed that he would be immediately released unless he were required to face some other charge in another court. It was a bad verdict, and its consequences were to be bad.

TO BEGIN WITH, in the debate on the civil issue which followed the prisoner's discharge on criminal counts, not only did Mme Jaurès receive no damages (not even the traditional 1 franc) but costs were awarded against her. The award must strike us as iniquitous, but it was not due to personal iniquity on the part of the judges in that particular court. It was (as Le Clère explains) inherent in the Penal Code from Napoleonic times, no amendment being introduced till 1940. There was an element of logic in it. Since Raoul Villain was proved not to have wilfully caused her late husband's death, Mme Jaurès, in seeking damages from him, could be thought to be indulging in what a British judge might call vexatious litigation. As it was only Socialist Party pressure which had led her to constitute herself plaintiff in the first place and as it was they who had turned the *partie civile* into a three-days' political

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demonstration, with which she can have felt little sympathy and which must have put the jurors' backs up more than somewhat, one would like to think that Léon Blum dipped into party funds to relieve her of the expense. But the acquittal itself had created a dangerous precedent.

JAURÈS' BRAND OF SOCIALISM had been a wholly French product and anti-Marxist. The Marxists having gained their first great success in Russia (which Marx had declared to be impossible), Moscow became the Marxists' Mecca (an apt comparison, as was to appear fifty years later, when it finally emerged that Karl Marx had not been a Jew after all, but an Arab). The Third or Communist International or *Komintern* was set up by the Russian regicides in the month of Villain's trial, and national Communist parties sprang quickly into existence, that of Great Britain, for instance, in July 1920. The year ended with a Socialist Party congress at Tours, at which the moderates, led by Léon Blum, were outvoted by others whose leaders had recently been to Moscow for guidance. A French Communist Party still had ten months to wait for its formal constitution, but *L'Humanité*, founded by Jaurès and Briand to propagate a socialism with French roots, fell at once into the hands of the Muscovites. "At the Tours congress," said one of Blum's close associates, Sembat, "Jaurès was murdered for the second time." Not that it would save his name thenceforward from being taken in vain on the Marxist-Leninist behalf.

At that moment, Raoul Villain, convicted in October on a currency charge (the only blot on his *casier judiciaire*), must have been in prison. After serving a short sentence, he was to travel quite widely before settling where we shall find him sixteen years later. To all intents and purposes, he was a forgotten man. Jaurès was not forgotten, and the acquittal of his murderer was to be used as a trump card by advocates with clients of a different stamp, notably by the eloquent and persuasive Maître Henry Torrès on behalf, in the first place, of Germaine Berton. She was a girl born at Puteaux but brought up largely in Tours, where her father, who had come down in the world, worked on the railway until he died in the summer of 1919, his daughter being then 16. Mme Berton was a schoolteacher, with whom Germaine did not get on. Indoctrinated with anarchist views in Tours, in 1921 the girl went to Paris and lived a drop-out life with the comrades there.

She served sentences of three months and a fortnight for disorderly conduct, assaulting a policeman and unauthorised possession of firearms. With a firearm procured subsequently she decided, in January 1923, to kill somebody at the *Action Française*, preferably Charles Maurras or Alphonse Daudet. Having failed to get either of these in her sights, she made do with Marius Plateau, who was foolish enough to see her in his office. The second time he turned his back to her, she pulled out an automatic and put four bullets in him. At her trial the following year, Maître Torrès argued the curious view that the French jury was one and indivisible, like the Republic, and that, having acquitted Jaurès' murderer, it must also acquit Plateau's, in case it were thought that the latter had been the greater man. This plea was successful, and Germaine Berton was acquitted.[2]

PARIS BETWEEN THE WARS was the scene of much political murder by foreign exiles, commonly of their visiting compatriots. Three committed in the 1920s were those of Bonservizi, Paris correspondent of *Il Popolo d'Italia*, by an Italian waiter, Bonomini; of Hetman Petliura, former co-dictator of Ukraine, by Shalom Schwartzbard, Ukrainian Jewish cobbler; and of Vishapely, Soviet Georgian agent, by Merabashvili, an exile. Schwartzbard and Merabashvili were acquitted, Bonomini received a prison sentence, but the jury found not only that there had been extenuating circumstances but also that it was unpremeditated murder, despite the fact that the waiter had recently taken a job in that restaurant, at lower wages than he had been getting, purely because it was the one in which Bonservizi regularly dined and that he had then crept up and, through a *jardinière*, shot him behind the right ear while he was drinking his coffee. Bonomini and Schwartzbard were both defended by Torrès.

On 23 April 1925, in Montmartre, *jeunesses patriotes* were marching in procession after a meeting. Unarmed and behaving in no markedly provocative manner, they were fired on, from behind, by Communists with revolvers. There were many wounded and three dead. Two men were arrested in possession of weapons from which ballistics expertise (as infallible as fingerprints) showed that bullets in the dead bodies

[2] The *surréalistes* seem always to have entertained a fondness for young murderesses. This is especially remembered in connection with the cult they were to make ten years later of Violette Nozière, a Left Bank prostitute who had poisoned both her parents. (No less memorable was to be that practical *surréaliste* Jean Genet's championship of the Papin sisters, tried the same year.) In its first issue on 1 December 1924, *La Revue Surréaliste* featured a photograph of Germaine Berton.

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and cartridge cases picked up on the spot had been fired. The trial of these two men was attended by a great deal of uproar in the streets and intimidation of jurors. Two lawyers for the defence were themselves among the twenty-six Communist members of the Chamber of Deputies. A third was our old friend Henry Torrès. One defendant got off with three years. Torrès' client was acquitted.

Those were great days for the Left in Paris. It is not altogether surprising that, in the course of the next decade, the Right began to hit back, though not, it should be noted, murderously till 1937. The Cagoul was a criminal organisation. The Croix de Feu and the Ligue d'Action Française were not. The *cagoulards*, we may note, went in for cold steel. Their predecessors had used firearms. Merabashvili had fired through an open taxi window (and, thus, from the side). Schwartzbard had boldly confronted his man and demanded, both in French and Ruthene, that he identify himself. The members of the French and Italian Left had got their men from behind. So had Raoul Villain. The back is clearly an irresistible target to political zealots, irrespective of party. Pavel Gorguloff, who shot President Doumer at a book fair, did so from the front, but Gorguloff was a raving lunatic, with a tumour on the brain. This was removed with the rest of his head on 14 September 1932 at first light.

It was on the same date, four years later, that Raoul Villain breathed his last. By the time the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* was describing him as a wretched half-wit, he had settled in the village of San Vincente on the coast of Ibiza. He lived to the age of fifty in a weird house built by himself, devoted to a cult of the figure of Joan of Arc and assiduous in his attendance at church, where he was more than once observed to weep. They were not, however, tears of contrition for the crime which had gone so remarkably unpunished, let alone for the verdict which had set so unfortunate a juridical pendulum swinging. On the contrary, he always insisted that what he had done was duly chastise a man engaged in acts of treason.

The Spanish Civil War broke out on 18 July 1936. Among the incidents of its first two months was the bombing by some of General Franco's aircraft, whether from the mainland or from Majorca, on 13 September (a Sunday), of Ibiza, which had remained in Loyalist (or, as their opponents said, "Red") hands. By way of reprisal, the Loyalists shot 239 political prisoners and then, to make the number round, went looking for *el Francés*. On Monday morning, he was found with two bullets in him on the beach at San Vincente. He was still breathing but died that afternoon.

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The Longing for Persecution

An Intellectual's Dream — By HORST KRUEGER

OH, I KNOW all about it. It sounds terribly cynical coming from a country in which such evils are only too recent. After all, only yesterday mine was the land of victims and executioners, and I must say this right at the beginning. Nevertheless. Other times, other customs, and now there is the new society of the West-German *Bundesrepublik*, still so stable and still so liberal as we move well into the '70s—and yet I am haunted by that old nightmare of the writer, perhaps his deepest longing, the innermost secret of his heart, and so difficult to communicate to others. My dream is: *they're persecuting me*. Here. 1972. And why shouldn't they be hunting me down?

I observe, not without some envy, how the youth among us, especially the students who in the old days were nameless and unknown, munching their miserable little pumpernickel sandwiches between academic lectures in Giessen or Hanover, become in a flash the representative men of contemporary history. One knows them, especially from the pages of *Der Spiegel*. They emerge as the stars of the resistance, great authorities in their field. They have the marvellous luck to belong to one cell or another of the illegal Baader-Meinhof *Gruppe*; perhaps not to the cadres or the hard core, but still it helps, it helps one along enormously.

I marvel too at the career of Professor Ernest Mandel. I can't help thinking what great good fortune he has had. Only a short while ago I confess, not being very widely read in sociology, that I had not run across his name. I knew nothing of his existence, and with me in dark ignorance were some sixty million others of my countrymen. But then came one of our Ministers in Bonn, a man named Genscher, and he forbade Professor Mandel (a leading figure, as it turns out, in Trotsky's old Fourth International) to land in Frankfurt and to proceed to Berlin where he had been offered a new chair in Marxism. Suddenly overnight we had another representative man of our contemporary history, and it makes one ponder. Just how does one do it? Surely if one could learn to go about it in the right way one could really get ahead.

Would it be possible to arrange the beginning of at least a little persecution by next Thursday evening? Not any sooner, nor too much later, please. It should conveniently make Friday's extended news-of-the-week programme and Saturday's topical *feuilleton* pages. One should make sure that the news of the persecution gets into all of our TV magazine-shows: *Monitor*, *Report*, and the rest. There's a shortage of such items and the cameramen will be zeroing in. After all there is just too damned little injustice in this Republic of ours, and thank goodness for another *cause célèbre*. The questions will fly thick and fast—"Is it your intention, Herr Professor, to overthrow the Constitution, and can you tell us how much violence that would call for? . . . A little more precisely, *bitte*. . . . Do you want to make the Revolution within the legal framework of our system or outside it? With or without the working class, and approximately when? . . ." One can, I promise you, become a little Lenin overnight. One could even manoeuvre things to get on to some sealed train through to Berlin and be available there for great days that would shake the world. Thus can heroic figures be made in our land, with only a modicum of help from some minor Minister on the Rhine. They can be released like new pop stars and their latest hits, timed to make the top ten. My conclusion? Persecution is the only way. But only a little bit, please, just as with the others.

For a man of letters the whole matter can be arranged in quite a cultural way. There is a very clever German publishing house named März Verlag, with a keen eye for the popular book market, and they keep sending me copies of their new titles. Careful now, the stuff is dangerous, and the warning is there in big letters on the package: *Vorsicht, Strafsache!* The Public Prosecutor in Rüdesheim has started an investigation. But what is he investigating? Has some pious soul or other in the Rhineland taken exception to yet another piece of Porn, another manifesto for the sexual liberation of our repressed orgasms, without which no authentic man of the Left can safely mount the barricades? This, surely, is the book that will make or break the *Verlag*—oh, if the Public Prosecutor doesn't act too soon. The books have to get into the shops before the sales can be hotted up. There must be time for a statement to a press conference, a release to the *dpa* correspondent, a protest letter with at least a dozen good names. That's the way the storm has to break. It has to be as exciting as the Frankfurt Book Fair, and the title will be making the best-seller lists.

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Naturally, as a writer, I am strongly tempted—how does one get on to such Public Prosecutors? After a dozen books and a thousand articles I need a bit of public attention badly.

SO THIS IS HOW I came to have my dream, my dream of persecution. *Me*, being hunted down, not always the Others. How long does one have to wait before getting the big break? Who doesn't want to follow the example of that brilliant young West-Berlin avant-gardist, Klaus Wagenbach, to shout *Diese Scheissrepublik!* and then begin cashing in.

So I began to have Nightmare No. 1. I am driving in my car to West Berlin, and the most improbable thing happens, that which I used to fear deep down but it never materialised—I am arrested by the East-German *Volkspolizei*. What happens now? Will it make the front page or just a little paragraph in a *feuilleton* column? Will my publisher follow up on the case, and manage to get some of my back-list titles moving out of the warehouse? *Ach*, I suspect that all this just wouldn't make much of a splash. Victims of the Communist police state don't rate very high these days. There might be a brief notice in the press, and that's about it; the market in such items is quite saturated; it's not news any more. It was probably nothing but a bureaucratic mistake on the frontier, or perhaps the sovereign DDR had some technical reason, and anyway the fellow might have been up to some monkey business. My dream got me nowhere, for, you see, Communist policemen are allowed to persecute writers, and why not?

The point is simple: one has to be persecuted under capitalism. If we happen to be living in an open and liberal society, possibly the most free that the Germans have ever enjoyed, then this whole farce—a subtle bourgeois mystification of a rotten system of authority and repression—has to be exposed and attacked. I must learn to rip off masks.

NIGHTMARE NO. 2 had me at my desk, working on a new book, thinking and writing. The manuscript is a serious and even a devastating text, quite explosive and yet composed with eminent clarity. While I am developing my new model of Revolt in all its rich details, I note that my telephone gives out suspicious sounds and my mail doesn't seem to be arriving with the usual postal regularity. Once in a while I catch a glance of a man with a long leather coat, hanging around on my street corner. Once I saw him making a few notes as I happened to pass by. Another time when I returned from town I thought that some-

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The M.I.T. Press
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body had rearranged the pages of my manuscript —had they been photographed? Why has my charwoman been so strangely silent in recent weeks, and always smiling so darkly?

I feel my courage growing, my back-bone stiffening, and I become even more moral. My most secret dream is being fulfilled, and I gather new strength from the realisation that I am no longer writing something that nobody really wants to read, that nobody will ever get around to buying (apart from that loyal handful of Krueger-*Leser)*. No, this is a work of public importance, of burning interest, and even the highest powers are paying attention. The man in the leather coat now follows me in a most shameless fashion, and I cannot even manage to shake him by changing buses and taxis. I already feel myself in full flight, a refugee. . . .

Discreetly I let on to my publisher what has been going on. He passes the news to his publicity manager who then passes it on to the *dpa.* One or two reporters come to see me, quite discreetly of course—first, the representatives of the popular *Boulevard-Presse,* later the radio and television people. I seem now to be giving interviews all the time, indeed almost like Professor Mandel. And then in the evening I see myself for the first time on the television screen, in the middle of the *Aspekte* programme. I don't mince words—there are forces in our country, manipulators in the shadows, who are afraid of my book, and they will do everything possible to stop it. I am being persecuted day and night. And the TV moderator nods his head, at once smiling and earnest, even looking troubled, and adds that all this should be viewed with alarm, another case of persecution, and the victims are mounting. . . .

What overwhelms me is a feeling of the profoundest happiness I have ever known, deep, satisfying, somewhat perverse because somewhat masochistic—and it only grows when, lightning-like, the Powers-that-be make their strike. He may be only a minor Minister in Bonn but he makes his move just at the right time. I have completed my book, and the first freshly-printed copies are lying on my desk, the first hundred. And perfectly coordinated as our German Police are, they dispatched a *Hundertschaft* to take care of them, raiding my place in the dark of the night, beating even the milkman to my door. They came down on my books like a wolf-pack on the fold, shouting and snorting, breathing deeply (my staircase is a tough climb). Their leather rustled, their jack-boots creaked, their rifles and pistols and hand-grenades (fastened on to their belts) clappered. A whole troop was on the attack. When the neighbours awoke and came out to have a look they said, "*Ach so, ach so*—we just knew something like that would happen! What was the strange fellow doing up there in his apartment all the time? . . . It just had to end up this way. What is he anyway, an Intellectual or something? *Na also, na bitte,* take him away. . . ."

And I, vain dreamer, hear a policeman crying, as they proceed to take me away, "But do we have *all* the books? . . . " And I counter with a dignified protest, "*Aber, meine Herren,* we live in a Democracy, under a Rule of Law, and would you please show me your legal authorisation, the warrant for your raid-and-search party?" More than that. I go on to argue that there is a paragraph in our *Grundgesetz* which fully protects me—but the number of the paragraph escapes me for the moment and I try to rush back to my book-shelf to look it up. . . .

WHEN I awoke I was bathed in sweat, exhausted, disappointed. Nobody was there Nobody had come through the door Everything seemed to be so quiet. I walked through my rooms, peaceful in the early light of the morning. And then I knew —I would never ever make it with my vain dreams.

My longing for persecution was only a foolish detour. I would have to go on to write what I was writing, peaceful and content at my desk. My publisher would in good time get my manuscript and accept it, although not without a bit of hesitation (but only because they are nowadays doing "only politics and science fiction"). I'll just about manage to get by on the advance and the subsequent royalties. There aren't, alas, any easier pickings for me in these days. I look out over my typewriter through the window, but no tree of liberty is in sight. Isn't there anybody around who'll offer me a crown of thorns, a trial by fire, a little ordeal of any kind?

They just won't persecute me, and to have to bear that is the greatest burden of all.

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A Special Book Section

Education

The Currying of Itches

By William Walsh

THIS HANDFUL OF BOOKS—perhaps any handful of books on education—composes an expanded, sometimes convoluted, analogy of the complex activity of education itself, showing how it grows and changes within a given set of conditions (*Education* by John Vaizey, and *A History of Western Education* by James Bowen), how a certain theme or predicament is crucial in a particular period (*Humanism and the Rise of Science in Tudor England* by Antonia McLean, and *Classics or Charity?* by Richard S. Tompson), how it shapes and embodies itself in institutions (*Keele* by Sir James Mountford), how it is essentially a discipline of mediation affected by ideas generated from outside (*Education and the Development of Reason* edited by R. F. Dearden and others), and how it answers to a personal tone or to a personality (*Aubrey on Education* edited by J. E. Stephens). It will be seen that these books do not have much in common apart from being packed into the educational pantechnicon. One other thing they do have in common, however, and one is grateful for it in a time when educational writing, under the influence of undigested social science and the gurus of the mass media, aspires to the condition of mucilage, is a reasonable cleanliness of diction and a well-rinsed freedom from the usual jargon. Even if the quality of the writing isn't one of the main attractions of these books, being workmanlike rather than lively, one is at least spared the special educational experience of being put to munch the limpest of lettuce when not given positively unchewable hay. And, of course, Aubrey's essay has an agreeable, individual tartness.

JOHN VAIZEY's brisk fifty-page pamphlet, *Education*,[1] is a member of a series rather grandly called "Studies in Contemporary Europe", although the series looks more like the beginnings of a thumb-nail encyclopaedia. Mr Vaizey has the able lecturer's capacity to arrange a mass of information so that it is saved from clotting or knotting by being penetrated with his own sharpness of reflection. At the end of this tiny gallop around Europe one has a surprisingly clear grasp of the main statistics, lines of growth, and obstacles to progress. Post-war European education, he shows, is a story of enormous growth, a result partly of the rise of population and partly of the spread of secondary education to those who previously had been satisfied with elementary education. In most European countries the children of manual workers still take a relatively small part in advanced education, and Britain is far from being the most backward in this respect. Expenditure has risen correspondingly; in some countries there has been as much as a ten-fold increase. Mr Vaizey thinks that in the redefining of the curriculum and of teaching method, significant influences for the future will be the English primary school and the Swedish secondary school. In University education, if the ideas of the radical student movement are followed, there will be much more emphasis on self-directed studies and free seminars for which the students choose their own teachers as well as the subjects that they study. In other words, the forward roll of education will bring us in due course to a medieval conception of the form of university learning and teaching. In Mr Vaizey's plain dish there is a welcome pinch of the salt of thought as well as the pepper of individuality.

James Bowen, in *A History of Western Education*,[2] is concerned with the depths and wells of education. In a pleasantly clipped, unostentatious and thorough way he traces the development of education in the ancient world, in Greece, the Hellenistic Orient, and in Rome. He is particularly interesting about the beginnings of the theory and practice of Christian education and the scholarly mildness of his account is gingered up with sketches of the choleric Jerome, the angular Tertullian and that vigorously con-

[1] *Education*. By JOHN VAIZEY. Macmillan, 60p.
[2] *A History of Western Education*. Volume I. *The Ancient World*. By JAMES BOWEN. Methuen, £4.75.

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temporary character Augustine. James Bowen is the Kenneth Clark of education, cultivated, gliding rather than penetrating, eclectic and kind. His book may be a trifle deficient in the expected Presbyterian rigour of classical scholarship but its more mellow virtues as well as its splendid appearance make for its acceptability.

When educational arrangements in any society have been established, even in the informal and dispersed way in which they existed in Tudor England or in the more organised way of the 18th century, they are peculiarly open either to intellectual influences from the adult world towards which they are directed or liable to be upset by some contradiction within the system itself. In Tudor England this altering force was partly the rise of natural sciences and partly the invention of printing, and not, as used to be thought, the directing influence of the monarchy —Elizabeth being the cossetted recipient rather than the creative patroness of the intellectual production of the age. The scientists, with Bacon as their propagandist, changed man's picture of himself and the world, making the human more firmly the tonic central feature and pushing the divine to the outskirts of the composition. As Jean Fernel said, "this age of ours sees art and science gloriously re-arisen after twelve centuries of swoon." It was no longer to be a crime to swerve a hair's breadth from the well-established way, and men were no longer persuaded that God, in Raleigh's words, "hath shut up all the light of learning within the Lanthorn of Aristotle's brains." Moreover, the invention of printing gave men a successful technique and a means of achieving a working relationship with the time. Impressive and powerful ideas could now be rescued from their fleeting medium and dried of the condition of transience. As Antonia McLean explains in her calm and lucid treatment, *Humanism and the Rise of Science in Tudor England,*:[3]

> the impact of printing on society was decisive and irreversible. It forced the pace of change in every field of learning. The widening of education, the proliferation of ideas, the rise of experimental science would all have been impossible without the use of printing. It altered the world.

Her book is original in its organisation, if not in its material, and temperate in its account of the intellectual transformation of Tudor England in mathematics, natural science, medicine, education and printing. It documents convincingly the loosening of man from the handcuffs of scholasticism, and it shows incidentally how much literature, and therefore the whole of society, owed to scientists quite apart from the ambiguous gifts of science itself. Scientists were the first openly to defy the dominating influence of literary men like John Cheke who wanted an English "written clear and pure, unmixt and unmingled with borrowing of other tongues," and came out flatly in favour of drawing upon Latin and Greek. The infiltration of classical terms into English text gradually created the language of mathematics and science but it also profoundly enriched the capacities of English itself.

THE PREDICAMENT of the Grammar Schools in the 18th century was a more inherited and internal one. It came from their double character in having a charitable function and a classical curriculum, and it was exacerbated at the end of the period by Lord Eldon's famous ruling on the Leeds Grammar School case in 1805 which determined that the desire of the school for a more modern curriculum and extra masters offended their obligation to teach the learned languages. In his sharply focussed and strenuously researched *Classics or Charity?*[4] Richard S. Tompson aims to remove the coat of folk-lore covering the accepted opinion, part Whig, part progressive, about the 18th-century grammar schools. He is a spirited performer with the paint-remover, and he establishes with precise and concrete evidence a case for seeing the schools as by no means universally corrupted and, in fact, as making a notable achievement in the expansion of what they taught and in fitting themselves more to the times than conventional historians have allowed.

There are two views of the relationship of education to institutions. The one is represented today most eloquently by Ivan Illich, whose views, readers of this journal will remember, have received some attention here.[5] It holds that there is an experience, a moment of purity and intensity and truth; the rest of life, in the effort to organise that, falsifies it. There is the supreme, the primary and sacred quality of the individual person. Society is both the effort to organise that and the fact of suppressing and distorting it. Illich's solution is to disinter the spirit from the letter, the person from society, the act of education from the school. He wants Christianity without a church, health without medicine, education without a school. The other, the orthodox view, maintains that to conceive of human life without institutions is to mistake the essential nature of human experience which is, as George Santayana

[3] *Humanism and the Rise of Science in Tudor England.* By ANTONIA MCLEAN. Heinemann Educational, £3.75.

[4] *Classics or Charity?* By RICHARD S. TOMPSON. Manchester University Press, £2.76.

[5] See Sidney Hook, "Illich's De-Schooled Utopia", ENCOUNTER, January 1972.

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put it, "intrinsically dispersed, seated in its distributive moment." An institution is the inevitable means proper to human beings to meet the dispersion inherent in experience. You can abolish human institutions as easily as you can strip off human flesh. The view of the connection of education and institution in Sir James Mountford's *Keele: An Historical Critique*[6] is naturally the second and orthodox one. Naturally, because this is a semi-official work, supported by grant from a Foundation and commented upon from time to time during its composition by a group of senior academics from Keele. It is a thick book, thick I mean in the sense of being stuffed or dense with facts and figures—tabular, not literary ones, that is. But it is surely the definitive assembly of the facts about the foundation of Keele. One feels that the importance of that institution, the development of which is so minutely elaborated in this book, was above all emblematic. Forms of university education in Britain had fallen too rigidly into the patterns of Oxford and Cambridge, with their cult of individual brilliance, and of Manchester and Leeds, with their conviction that every human mind is best trained by severe concentration upon a single subject. The founders of Keele rejected both these ideals of brilliance and research. Keele showed that there are other solutions. But it was a therapy, a suggestion rather than an answer. The translation of the ideal into the palpable institution was open to the same amount of bumbling—in the early stages perhaps even more—of error and fatigue, as any other form of translation. But Keele's significance as a new departure is hard to exaggerate and something of this survives Sir James Mountford's commissioned "Life and Times."

POSSIBLY NOTHING would benefit more from a severe theoretical analysis than education, a clutter of individual aspiration and social bungling, and a mixture of rituals, routines, ideals and illusions. Fortunately, as the general editor R. S. Peters points out in the preface to *Education and the Development of Reason,*[7] "there is a growing interest in the philosophy of education among students of philosophy." Unfortunately, "students of philosophy" here means philosophers, expert or apprentice, and not students in a homelier sense, those preparing to be educators. One can hardly blame this latter class for their lack of enthusiasm. Too often in their experience

[6] *Keele: An Historical Critique.* By SIR JAMES MOUNTFORD. Routledge, £4.00.

[7] *Education and the Development of Reason.* Edited by R. F. DEARDEN, P. H. HIRST and R. S. PETERS. Routledge, £5.50.

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the philosophy of education has meant a long trot with an uncultured mind or the odd dip into a great goulash of items from Plato to Piaget. This new book, therefore, fills a vacancy. One might dare to say that it satisfies a need except that this would be to indulge in one of those cant phrases given a merited drubbing in this volume. The contributors include philosophers from the top of the first division as well as players from obscurer leagues: Ryle, Oakeshott, Price, Quinton, Passmore, Black, Mabbott and others, one might say. There are several specimens, as one would expect, of that peculiar philosophic exercise, at once hectic and insulated, active and intensely self-absorbed, in which the reader has the impression of watching—he can hardly be said to be participating in—an energetic trance. At the conclusion of such turns you may not be much the wiser but you are certainly less relaxed.

Still, the instances of the Greek dance or solipsistic agitation are probably fewer in this volume, given the acreage of space and the number of philosophers available, than might well have been the case, the discipline of a predetermined theme allaying to some degree the philosophical fever, and the necessity of working within the prescribed field of education connecting even these abstract intellects firmly to the world inhabited by others. The value of this book is the opportunity it gives us to see a few first-class minds, untroubled by the doubts and modesty which inhibit so many men, engaging seriously with problems which disturb the rest of us all the time, and to observe them refusing to be taken in by the usual truck and guff, the hallowed phrases, the received ideas, and the religiose assumptions which so often pass for educational thought.

The book is arranged in three sections, a critique of current educational aims, an analysis of the concept of reason and related ideas, and an account of special modes of reasoning and their relation to education. There are corrective, illuminating and individual pieces under each head, notably by R. S. Peters in the first part on Education and the Educated Man; on Reasonableness by M. Black, and The Foundations of Knowledge by A. Quinton, on Reason and Desire by J. D. Mabbott, on Belief and Will by H. H. Price in the second part; and on The Arts and the Education of Feeling and Emotion by R. W. Hepburn in the third part. But I found two contributions in particular, those by Michael Oakeshott on Education: the Engagement and its Frustration, and by G. Ryle on A Rational Animal, to have that special point and power which rock one out of one's usual mental sleep-walking. Each argues in his separate way against a dominating theory implicit in much contemporary education, that there is a progressive transition between the humblest sort of experiences which are relevant for children and the mature discoveries of genius. This is a theory of seamlessness, and it is clear that if an unbroken continuity of this kind exists, no generic difference separates the nursery from the university, and no new quality of understanding is required of the student. Keats was one who saw that this radical difference lay at the heart of graduating to intellectual adulthood. "I hope I am a little more of a philosopher than I was, consequently a little less of a versifying pet lamb." Ryle, a gifted and magnanimous brigadier, explains with irresistible force and in the kindliest manner that the line between the child who tries out a new strategy in hide-and-seek and Newton, the line between the kindergarten or the football field and the solutions we attempt in our capacity as scientists, historians, economists, scholars, philosophers, etc., is not continuous. "His [the young child's or the footballer's] thinking is . . . not a precursor of or a preparatory step towards his doing what he wants to do; it is an element, and an essential element in his trying to do it." "In strong contrast with this, the thinking or the reflecting which we are ready to classify as intellectual work, no matter whether of low or of high level, is thinking in which the thinker is necessarily at least slightly concerned to think properly." This is the thinking which it is the business of schools and universities to train and stimulate, and it is not something which simply develops, without intervention or discipline or having to bridge a gap.

Perhaps the most impressive of all the essays in this work is that by Michael Oakeshott. It is the expression of a mind at once authoritative and elegant in prose that is both musical and austere. It is moving because informed by a sense of near-despair at the transformation which the very notion of education has undergone. It is sceptical about the possibilities of learning how to be at once an autonomous and a civilised subscriber to human life in a world where education is confused with an accommodation to circumstances in which a newcomer learns the latest steps in the *danse macabre* of wants and satisfactions.

> It is now about two centuries since our educational engagement began to be corrupted by having imposed upon it the character of a school of dancing. This usurpation has been promoted by confused beliefs about the transaction itself, and it has been procured by "enlightened" governments. It is now far advanced. Fragments of an educational engagement, however, remain: relatively uncorrupt schools, universities which have not entirely surrendered the character of educational institutions, and teachers who refuse to become dancing-masters. Moreover, with some at least, the urge to destroy "School" by depriving it of its character of a

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ROUTLEDGE
Book News in Education

Checklist of recently published books

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Edited by R. S. Peters

Education and the Development of Reason
Edited by R. F. Dearden, P. H. Hirst and R. S. Peters £5·50

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Philosophical essays
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Philosophical Analysis and Education
Edited by Reginald D. Archambault
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* **The Evolution of the Nursery-Infant School**
Nanette Whitbread
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R. J. W. Selleck £2

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John Foster
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The only conventional feature of IEA Papers is that they are printed with black-ish ink on white-ish paper. . . . So do not read any of the following if you want to keep your fashionable prejudices intact.

★ If you believe that popular education came in with compulsory State schools in 1871—
avoid reading Professor E. G. West's classic:

EDUCATION AND THE STATE
(bound £2.50 paperback £1.25)

now in its second edition. Its first appearance in 1965 was described by one national newspaper as "a piece of intellectual dynamite".

★ If student loans seem to you to be an outrage to "progressive" thinking—turn your back on Professor A. R. Prest's

FINANCING UNIVERSITY EDUCATION
(Occasional Paper 12. 20p)

★ If you are stuck with the myth that higher education must be both financed and controlled by party men—
ignore the revolutionary Paper by Professor Harry Ferns:

TOWARDS AN INDEPENDENT UNIVERSITY
(Occasional Paper 25. 25p)

★ If amongst your other settled beliefs you think that markets are irrelevant, parental choice a luxury, and institutions ought not to compete in education—
here are some other radical studies which you would find highly disturbing:

EDUCATION: A FRAMEWORK FOR CHOICE
by A. C. F. Beales, Mark Blaug, E. G. West and Sir Douglas Veale.
Introduction by Dr. Rhodes Boyson.
(Readings in Political Economy No. 1. 90p)

EDUCATION FOR DEMOCRATS
by Alan T. Peacock and Jack Wiseman
(Hobart Paper No. 25. 40p)

ECONOMICS, EDUCATION AND THE POLITICIAN
by E. G. West
(Hobart Paper No. 42. 40p)

★ Above all, if you believe that parents don't (and shouldn't) want a say in the education of their children, don't upset your illusions by finding out what they *said* in

CHOICE IN WELFARE 1970
by Ralph Harris and Arthur Seldon
(£5.25p)

IEA

2 Lord North Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

serious engagement to learn by study may, perhaps, be interpreted as a misdirected attempt to escape the enormities of "socialisation": when to teach is identified with "socialisation", education becomes the engagement to teach nothing. Caught between these destructive winds of obliquely opposed doctrine our engagement to educate is torn asunder.

THE SAD AND CAUSTIC reflections of Michael Oakeshott on the idea of education in the 20th century are markedly in contrast with the expectations with which a cultivated man looked at education at the beginning of the modern world in the 17th century, as we see in *Aubrey on Education*,[8] a hitherto unpublished manuscript edited and arranged by J. E. Stephens. The editor's views of the 17th century have received some unfavourable notice from the experts, but most of us will be in his debt for making available this perky, spicy piece. Aubrey's design for a school is distinctly practical. He lays out the property, draws up the curriculum, specifies the staff to be engaged, offers advice on diet, exercise, punishment, prayer, and out-of-school activities. There is a medieval note of brightness and clarity in his vision of the property, "I would have a fair house with a little park, high-walled of about a mile about"; and a busy 17th-century sense of the omnivorousness of the youthful intellectual appetite in the programme he prescribes for the young.

> Let them be taught the first six books of Euclid . . . let them gradually with their learning be taught the use of instruments; for example, the theodelite, plain-tables, cross-staff, sector and circumferentor. . . . Let 'em practise to measure timber. . . . Let them be taught mechanics. . . . Let them be instructed in the rules of perspective. . . . Let 'em understand dialling for the natural way, first by the globes and afterwards by the sector.

And that is a minor part of his mathematical syllabus. There are innumerable more let them learns, let them peruses, let them understands, in politics and economics, mundane prudence, languages, civil law, logic, grammar. If only the modern teacher could discover the secret which apparently in the 17th century allowed children when they fell upon spherical trigonometry to be "ravished with celestial pleasure." The staff mustn't have wives or daughters because they might debauch the boys. The pupils mustn't eat white bread or milk which breeds worms. They must learn dancing of a French dancing master, play cards every night after supper, not be left ignorant in cookery, drink a modicum of pure, good wine since "those who are too severely prohibited to drink wine do generally

[8] *Aubrey on Education*. Edited by J. E. STEPHENS. Routledge, £2.75.

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prove drunkards." They must look after their health. "Young men do much want airing, especially those of sulphurious complexion: they are apt to kindle the fever without it." There is the usual splinter of Aubrey shrewdness amid the slightly touched, 17th-century gossip.

> For the honour of the school, and for that there should be nothing here of terror or gehenna to fright youths from the love of learning, I would have no such things as the turning up of bare buttocks for pedants to exercise their cruel lusts. That worthy and gentle schoolmaster, Mr. Gardiner of Blandford, was wont to say that the calling of a schoolmaster was next to that of a divine, but for that beadle's office of whipping.
>
> *As pedants out of the boys breeches,*
> *Do claw and curry their own itches.*

Aubrey's school was never started. It was too lively, thorough, cheerful and realistic: offensive to both the grim and the enlightened, as it would probably be now too.

The Schoolyard as Battlefield

Educational Crises — By GILLIAN PEELE

IN October 1961 T. S. Eliot wrote a new preface to his *Notes Towards a Definition of Culture*. In it he claimed that he had nothing substantial he wanted to alter in his essay despite all the changes which had affected British society since it had first appeared in 1948. At the time Eliot was looking at his essay again, the new University of Sussex received its first students amid much excitement and heady chatter about reforming the curriculum to make higher education "relevant" to the needs of the second half of the 20th century. And when, shortly afterwards, Lord Robbins added expansion to experiment, the theses were firmly nailed to the church door. The last strongholds of traditional liberal values were about to fall to the demands of an iconoclastic decade.

It is doubtful whether many of the observers of the educational developments of the early 1960s in Britain turned from the brash world which the mass media were busy creating to the sombre pages of Eliot's elegant monograph. Even those most adept at hunting down the educational heresies which emanated from Whitehall misread the writing on the wall and would probably have dismissed Eliot's warnings about the fragility of civilisation as effete squeamishness. To have cited his élitist opinions in that self-confident climate would have seemed almost perverse—and would certainly have seemed "undemocratic." Today the complacency is less complete; but there is still an unwillingness to admit that, if old-fashioned liberal standards clash with demands put forward in the name of democracy, there may be some merit in preserving the former. The liberal—so afraid of the epithets "bourgeois" and "soggy"—is irritated by criticisms which echo Eliot's sentiments in however modified a form:

> . . . And we know, that whether education can foster and improve culture or not, it can surely adulterate and degrade it. For there is no doubt that in our headlong rush to educate everybody, we are lowering our standards, and more and more abandoning the study of those subjects by which the essentials of our culture—of that part of it which is transmissible by education—are transmitted; destroying our ancient edifices to make ready the ground upon which the barbarian nomads of the future will encamp in their mechanised caravans.

If the intervening years have all the novelty and atrocity of a revolutionary era, it is as unnecessary to respond with the cry *"pas d'ennemis à gauche"* as it is to adopt an ultramontane position like Eliot's. But the middle ground has dangers of its own—not least its tendency to shift with the tide of political fashion. And our increased concern with the whole sphere of educational organisation and theory does not so much reflect the fact that the study of the sociology of education has increased in academic stature, but rather a belief that schools and universities can be fashioned into the vanguard of an ideological revolution. Four recent books which stimulate such reflection reveal different aspects of the threat which confronts not only the liberal character of our educational institutions but also the open quality of society as a whole. The more sensational manifestations of student violence have, on the whole, obscured the real significance of the eruption of protest during the period 1968–1970; the present hiatus may well lull the average commentator back into a mood of cosy apathy. For writers have speculated rather more fully on the origins of the disturbances than on why the "revolutionaries" should have met with so little resistance.

THE STORM OF ABUSE which met Charles Carter's attempt at Lancaster to evolve some kind of

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mechanism for ensuring that the day-to-day business of a university could be carried on, is symptomatic of the willingness of press and teachers alike to accept at face value the argument that the political dimension of education is the most important one. Why have so few academics been prepared to assert a conviction that in a university community the ideals of reason and tolerance rather than violence and dogmatism must hold sway? Why has a caucus of irresponsible *enragés*—whose conferences proclaim extreme intentions quite openly—been able to make humane and tolerant men ashamed of their own values? The answer is simple. Long before the students raised their voices or their fists, the ability of dons to unite in a defence of the university ideal had been undermined by a whole variety of intellectual, social, and political doubts about the role of education in a technological age. The British experience is paralleled in this respect by both the American campus crisis and the disintegration of higher education in France and Germany. This phenomenon is quite naturally a good subject for special paperbacks but it is depressing to find that the erosion of academic values has permeated the substance of university education as well. How else can one explain the inclusion in an otherwise well-chosen and imaginatively presented selection of readings on the relationship between School and Society[1] of the piece by Stephen Yeo about the adoption by Sussex of a so-called student-initiated course?

Perhaps the Open University appreciates the authentic semi-literate character of student revolt —which Mr Yeo's article captures beautifully— but if Sussex was really persuaded by the arguments which he describes, then all belief in intellectual judgment must long ago have been suspended in Brighton:

> Separation of study from politics, of university change from social change, was seen as the false bourgeois dichotomy of theory and practice.

Praxis—a news-sheet of the Sussex "committed" —discussed the dilemma posed by the division between the values of the academic community and the problems of social and political dogma:

> The inherent difficulty of that aim [of unifying the two], the felt lack of bearing of much of their study on it, and the necessarily constantly changing political environment at the local level, which alters any temporary balance achieved from day-to-day during a period of socialist struggle, were great causes of personal frustration among serious socialist students, causes of what appears to the university authorities to be "under-achievement" in "academic" work. The quest for the single, demonstrably correct theory, the wish, in this sense, to be "scientific" socialists while also intervening actively in the social process in a morally repugnant but complex world situation is a tough one.

It is indeed; but it is a great deal tougher to recognise that there are no fool-proof or easy solutions to the difficulties presented by social and political reality. They cannot be explained by all-embracing ideological frameworks of thought because understanding—the delicate balance of fact and theory produced by tolerance of all points of view in debate—must be almost instinctive and can certainly not attain any systematic precision. The "partial" and "unscientific" standards of the "bourgeois liberal academic world" are the products of humanity in its widest sense but it is these standards (and liberal academics too) which proponents of student revolt would like to eliminate.

MRS ROOKE'S CHRONICLE of the breakdown of resistance within the world of higher education during the last years of the '60s is a careful account of the pattern of student activism at the time and the response which it received.[2] Although primarily concerned with the British scene, the book links developments in this country with those in the United States and in Europe. Her detached tone allows the facts to speak for themselves, and they do so very effectively indeed. Ultimately it becomes impossible to ignore their implications not so much for the more junior members of the university and college communities—for their adolescence is presumably a weighty excuse for their behaviour—but for their seniors. *Sed quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* is a question which everyone concerned with the maintenance of a healthy society—not least the "bourgeois" taxpayer—has a right to ask, especially when confronted with an attack on academic freedom more direct than that involved in the Craig affair.

"Academic freedom" must not be interpreted as a licence to act in ways detrimental to the well-being of the university community (although a group of rather muddle-headed dons seem unable to distinguish between freedom of opinion and freedom to destroy the system which permits the expression of such opinion), but as the continuation of a spirit of disinterested and tolerant enquiry. Such a spirit demands the enforcement of a code of manners which allows the results of critical investigations to be discussed in a rigorous way, and this code must exclude all forms of violence and non-verbal pressure. The mode of rational discourse is the only one appropriate to a university unless primary importance

[1] *School and Society*. By THE OPEN UNIVERSITY SCHOOL AND SOCIETY COURSE TEAM. Routledge, £1.70, paper 85p.

[2] *Anarchy and Apathy*. By MARGARET ANNE ROOKE. Hamish Hamilton, £2.50.

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is to be accorded to the implementation of an explicit ideology. And the latter alternative way can—on democratic grounds—be accepted only when the electorate has signified its desire for such a change. The use of what Roy Jenkins called "bullying fascist tactics" by a minority of students ought not to be permitted simply because a number of their superiors are unwilling to incur the wrath of the "progressive" press.

Mrs Rooke herself rightly eschews the sociological and psychological terminology which can so easily blur the concrete issues for the universities and for the general public. The historically familiar tendency of the immature personality to submerge itself in the identity of some wider mass movement or cause is the perhaps predictable result of the concentration of large numbers of young people in a kind of environment which can prove extremely demanding for the individual.

> The aim of disturbance was a state of hysteria, a sense of striving against something and a condition of self-importance through self-escape. The hysteria had to be legally and morally licensed. What ideology did was to provide a nice reason for being nasty.

Certainly there was little intellectual substance in the causes which were the occasion for many of the troubles. On the whole the banality of the slogans employed matched the banality of the grievances. By pointing out the mentality evident in the illiterate pamphlets and choruses, Mrs Rooke successfully underlines her view that all those whose primary commitment was to the university ought to have taken a stronger line against the militants.

> There is nothing articulate about screaming "fascist pig"—especially when the screamer cannot, when challenged, define "fascism."

Of course there will always be the possibility that the ostensible cause embraced by the students will attract sympathy from faculty members. But the use of means inappropriate to academic activity deserves condemnation regardless of the ends which motivate the disturbances. Robert Liebert's study of the psychological implications of the Columbia riots, although it reflects an approach already made famous by Kenneth Keniston, adopts far too naïve an approach in this respect.[3] Optimistic assumptions permeate the book, and, even if one has not read the equally uncritical account of the same event prepared by the *Columbia Daily Spectator*,[4] it is difficult to believe that the tone of the author's conclusion is justified.

> In Hermann Hesse's *Demian*, Sinclair, the searching youth, says, "For us, humanity was a distant goal toward which all were moving, whose image no one knew, whose laws were nowhere written down." To move towards this ideal, the wisdom and strength of the political activists, the technical expert, the quiet scholar, and the adventurer in new life styles of each generation will have to join, each lending strength to the others.

Cultural and social anarchy have come to represent absolute norms which mean that any attempt to assert the utility of experience as a flexible guide to action and to its limitations is jeered at as "reactionary." The fetters have now been broken: we are all free to do our own thing in the comforting knowledge that all our things may ultimately and spontaneously fit together.

Eliot's essay at this rather dismal juncture may remind us that the fallacy which Dr Liebert seems to exhibit is but part of a more general weakness in contemporary thinking about political matters.

> . . . the kind of political theory which has arisen in quite modern times is less concerned with human nature, which it is inclined to treat as something which can always be refashioned to fit whatever form is regarded as most desirable. Its real data are impersonal forces which may have originated in the conflict and combination of human wills but have come to supersede them. As a part of academic discipline for the young, it suffers from several drawbacks. It tends, of course, to think only in terms of impersonal and inhuman forces, and thereby to dehumanise its students. . . .

IT IS NOT NECESSARY TO TAKE quite such a depressing view about the effects of the social sciences to believe that the student population could well be encouraged to adopt a more sceptical approach to much of the over-arching theory which flourishes in the sphere of these studies. Such an approach might be especially useful in the area where "educationalists" fill the book-shelves with material confusingly situated midway between ideology and empirical research. For if anyone doubts that "social engineering" is the besetting sin of writers in this field, the point can easily be proved by reference to the current stage of the debate about "comprehensive schooling." The well-known arguments about selection at the age of eleven have carried the day; but the degree of re-organisation effected has not satisfied those who support the change on grounds of social dogma rather than of educational necessity. The so-called egalitarians now go on to claim that their cause cannot triumph unless all forms of streaming are abolished within the comprehensive school.

[3] *Radical and Militant Youth: A Psychoanalytic Inquiry*. By ROBERT LIEBERT. Praeger, $7.95, Pall Mall, £3.25.

[4] *University in Revolt*. Edited by ROBERT FRIEDMAN. Macdonald, £2.50.

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As a result of this approach, the British educational system is deliberately proceeding towards the disaster from which the Americans are trying to retreat. Unfortunately, Ted Tapper's book does not reverse this trend.[5] His sample purports to investigate the role of the school in the process of "socialisation" but it is riddled with assumptions that are dubious to say the least. It is true that the concept of "socialisation" is of enormous descriptive importance in the field of political sociology. But Mr Tapper, like many others, uses it in an insidiously prescriptive manner when problems of educational structure and content are discussed. The "experts," however much they profess an attachment to democracy, never bother to make their value judgments plain and are rarely concerned about whether the public is inclined to accept them. "Give us your child until he is eighteen", say these latterday Jesuits, "and he will be harmoniously socialised forever."

A lack of harmony and equality is "proved" by reference to any number of dubiously verified "facts." Among them may be the alleged disparity of political interest and ambition in the working classes as compared with the middle-class and professional groups. And cannot educationalists do something about this alleged "Decline of Working Class Politics"?[6] They can if, as Mr Tapper asserts:

> One of the objectives of educational reform is to bring about certain sorts of social change.

But what if the working classes *object* to being manipulated in this way? What if they too value the present arrangements, or want to be consulted before they are destroyed by men who revel in the idea of reconstructing society and souls *de novo*? Well, there democracy ends or begins by forcing its subjects to be free of the constraints of a "bourgeois system." At any rate, the reader is never told *what kind* of "social change" it is proposed to effect, nor whether there is any good reason to believe that the brave new world thus created will be a more tolerable one than the present admittedly imperfect society. If that is the case, it may be best to prevent experiments in building social utopias with recalcitrant human material. And that requires a more active attempt to preserve the integrity and independence of our schools and universities than has hitherto been made.

[5] *Young People and Society*. By TED TAPPER. Faber & Faber, £2.75.
[6] *The Decline of Working Class Politics*. By BARRY HINDESS. Paladin, 60p.

Journal of Moral Education

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When They Are Very Young

By A. H. Halsey

AIMS:

> ". . . the schools have been the greatest civilising agency in our modern national history."
> *M. V. C. Jeffreys*

> "Everywhere not only education but society as a whole needs 'de-schooling.'. . . Neither learning nor justice is promoted by schooling."
> *Ivan D. Illich*

AND METHODS:

> ſhis is printed in ſhe iniſhial teeching alfabet, ſhe purpos ov which is not, as miet bee suppœsd, tœ reform our spelling, but tœ impreœv ſhe lerning ov reeding. it is intended ſhat when ſhe beginner is fleœent in ſhis meedium hee ſhœd bee confiend tœ reeding in ſhe tradiſhonal alfabet.
>
> If yœ hav red as far as ſhis, ſhe nue meedium will hav preœvd tœ yœ several points, ſhe mœst important ov which is ſhat yœ, at eny ræt, hav eesily mæd ſhe chænj from ſhe ordinary rœman alfabet with convenſhonal spellings tœ ſhe iniſhial teeching alfabet with systematic spelling.
>
> *Sir James Pitman*

WHAT IS TO BE DONE: Countries with hopes or pretensions to modernity now spend 6 or 7% of their income on education. Philosophers as of right—and economists out of duty—ask what is the return. The "knowledge industry" in the United States, we are told, accounts for a third of the work force. So we have to expect that the literacy trade will produce a large annual self-examination.

Nevertheless, eighteen books on the whys-and-wherefores of schooling were a daunting prospect for the summer vacation. My 14-year-old son watched me pack them with awed incredulity as we set off to walk in the Lakes. "All those words", he muttered. But perhaps the connection of words to things would appear more sharply in the context of observing his temporary de-schooling. We talked about them and him and his school as we walked. For me the words took controversial shape about things which for him were much like the rain and the terrain—too vast and permanent for comprehensible immediate change other than in phantasy; things, meanwhile, to be enjoyed or endured by an adjustment or resignation of self.

Whatever can be said for that kind of analphabetic wisdom—and a lot is said, not only by political conservatives but also by those educational progressives like Ivan Illich[1] or Caleb Gattegno[2] who preach one version or another of the doctrine of Moral (intelligent) man in Immoral (stupid) society—the words remain and the school transmits them. These eighteen books are then, so to say, this year's voices off stage, explaining, criticising, and re-writing the play. For inspiration and discipline they turn as usual to history, theology, philosophy, sociology, psychology, or pedagogical experience. They ask what are and what ought to be the aims of Education, for whom, by what methods, and with what results. It is, in short, a normal year; nothing of really exceptional quality but, again as usual, of greater bulk.

M. V. C. Jeffreys' two books[3] and Illich's *Deschooling Society* are concerned directly with the aims of education. The two authors are less opposed than might be supposed for both are Christian—the one conventional, the other errant. Illich would accept the double theme of Jeffreys' *Aims of Education*,

> that from the point of view of the individual, education is the nurture of personal growth; and from the point of view of the community, the function of education is to conserve, transmit and renew culture.

But these otherwise rotund and empty phrases take substance either in the context of a more general view of the meaning of life or through more particular and empirical statements about what does, or could, exist. Here the Christians divide. Jeffreys has no serious quarrel with the institutional *status quo*. He simply wants to persuade the students in colleges of education, to whom he writes down with homely little jokes between classical and biblical allusions, that Christianity makes sense of the contradictory good and evil which is there to be educated and that "human life and human history can be fully understood only when brought to the feet of Christ and seen in the light of his countenance." Illich, however, is in no way concerned to domesticate the revolutionary Jesus and demands total institutional change.

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[1] *Deschooling Society*. By IVAN D. ILLICH. Calder & Boyars, £1.95.

[2] *What We Owe Children*. By CALEB GATTEGNO. Routledge, £1.25.

[3] *The Aims of Education*. By M. V. C. JEFFREYS. Pitman Publishing, 90p. *Education: Its Nature and Purpose*. By M. V. C. JEFFREYS. Allen & Unwin, £1.50.

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> Since Bonhoeffer contemporary theologians have pointed to the confusion now reigning between the biblical message and institutionalised religion. They point to the experience that Christian freedom and faith usually gain from secularisation. Inevitably their statements sound blasphemous to many churchmen. Unquestionably, the educational process will gain from the deschooling of society even though this demand sounds to many schoolmen like treason to the enlightenment. But it is enlightenment itself that is now being snuffed out in the schools.

WHAT IS DONE: If we are to decide what is to be done, presumably we must first look at what is done. It is a tired old question, and none the less so for the repeated cliché of an introduction to so many of the more empirical books that "surprisingly enough in view of its great and obvious importance, we know next to nothing about *X*. This book is therefore offered as a modest preliminary contribution . . . etc." The collective self-justification and salesmanship of an established word industry to a captive market of college of education students is strongly and profitably at work here. Nevertheless, despite its wearisome inconclusiveness, the question has to be repeated if we are to understand either realised or prospective changes in the forms of upbringing.

Two of the most useful contributions are histories. J. M. Goldstrom has added, with professional competence, to the much demanded but slowly supplied social history of education in his study of the working-class school reader in Britain between 1808 and 1870,[4] and Nanette Whitbread has produced a lively account of the evolution of the nursery-infant school over the past century-and-a-half[5] which is well timed to enlighten the public and parliamentary debate looming up for Mrs Thatcher this autumn. Eric Midwinter's Lancastrian voice will also be nationally heard through his two books[6] on the Liverpool educational priority area projects together with the always audible Sir Alec Clegg and his colleagues in the West Riding who have put together a descriptive and analytical picture of their changing primary schools.[7] Material for debate about the future of nursery schooling is also offered from social scientists and psychologists. There is a second report from the National Child Development Study *From Birth to Seven*[8] and a working paper from the Schools Council reporting the views of a national sample of nursery teachers on the aims and objectives of nursery education.[9] There are books by H. S. N. McFarland,[10] Evelyn Beyer,[11] Boyd Crouch[12] and Caleb Gattegno on the psychology of learning and learning difficulties, and one by Geoffrey Yarlott on children's emotions.[13] And, to complete the list, Reese Edwards gives us a critical review of English experiments with the middle school (for children aged 9 or 10 to 13 or 14),[14] Emmeline Garnett reports on the practical lessons learnt from running a teachers' centre in Leicestershire[15], and Brian Rose has edited a collection of essays on *Modern Trends in Education*,[16] which includes Sir James Pitman's advocacy of the initial teaching alphabet.

Pitman's essay is also a comment on the part played by knowledge and ignorance in deciding what is to be done. He complains that even when we do know we do not act.

> How does it come about [he asks] that well-intentioned and intelligent men and women in the social sciences are prone to reject the results of research and continue what have been shown to be no more than professional prejudices, basing themselves solely on the ignorance of the past?

He bewails

> the almost generally professed mugwumpery of those who sit on the fence when debating innovations even long after the publication of authoritative investigations and of thorough research by people of unchallenged repute. Such a posture of so-called "open minded neutrality" is—while not open hostility rather one of veiled hostility or hypocrisy . . . but those professionally engaged in teaching some six million new entrants to school every year

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[4] *The Social Content of Education 1808–1870.* By J. M. GOLDSTROM. Irish University Press, £3.50.

[5] *The Evolution of the Nursery-Infant School.* By NANETTE WHITBREAD. Routledge, £1.80 and 90p. paper.

[6] *Projections* and *Social Environment and the Urban School.* By ERIC MIDWINTER. Ward Lock Educational, £1.00 and 50p respectively.

[7] *The Changing Primary School.* Edited by A. B. CLEGG. Chatto & Windus, £1.50.

[8] *From Birth to Seven.* A report of the National Child Development Study. By RONALD DAVIE, NEVILLE BUTLER, HARVEY GOLDSTEIN, *et al.* Longman in association with the National Children's Bureau, £10 hardback with papers and questionnaires, £2 paper.

[9] *A Study of Nursery Education.* By PHILIP H. TAYLOR, GAIL EXON and BRIAN HOLLEY. Schools Council Working Paper 41. Evans/Methuen Educational, 55p.

[10] *Psychological Theory and Educational Practice.* By H. S. N. MCFARLAND. Routledge, £2.25.

[11] *Teaching Young Children.* By EVELYN BEYER. Pitman Publishing. £2.

[12] *Overcoming Learning Difficulties.* Edited by BOYD CROUCH. Ernest Benn, £1.50, paper 90p.

[13] *Education and Children's Emotions.* By GEOFFREY *Yarlott.* Weidenfeld, £2.50.

[14] *The Middle School Experiment.* By REESE EDWARDS. Routledge, £1.20.

[15] *Area Resource: An Experiment.* By EMMELINE GARNETT. Edward Arnold, £1.70.

[16] *Modern Trends in Education.* Edited by BRIAN ROSE. Macmillan, £3.95.

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can hardly justify such irresponsible carelessness when results with T.O. (Traditional Orthography) are known to be as deplorable as they now are.

In fact, in this particular case, the spread of *i.t.a.* (Initial Teaching Alphabet) from its first 20 experimental schools in 1961 to over 4,000 British and 10,000 American schools represents an unusual *success* for the dissemination of social-scientific innovation in the world of educational practice. The thunderous abuse of the old fashioned positivist is welcome but naive. Where central government has no policy and a short pocket, neither good nor bad research can overcome the bland maxim that the news of good practice will travel on its own legs.

But, in any case, it is also true that we still know next to nothing about a whole series of educational *X*s. What, to take a massive policy question, if economic growth is an aim, is the relation to it of educational expenditure? The claim, based on the authority of social science, that this relation is directly causal has been perhaps the single most persuasive argument behind the huge expansion of state spending on Higher Education since World War II. Yet it is at best a crude and imperfect correlation among a set of complex inter-correlations. Or—granted Edward Shils' thesis in ENCOUNTER[17] that the "century of the child" with its invitations to permissive hedonism lies at the root of contemporary student unrest—what are the implications for the traditional liberal university of the upward thrust described by Miss Whitbread, from the nursery through the primary and secondary schools of "progressive . . . 'Froebelian' . . . developmental . . . and child-centred" educational methods?

What indeed are the connections between education and social order? Did 19th-century schooling tame the British masses? Is the school today, as Illich asserts, the new church?

> The school system today [Illich writes] performs the threefold function common to powerful churches throughout history. It is simultaneously the repository of society's myth, the institutionalization of that myth's contradictions, and the locus of the ritual which reproduces and veils the disparities between myth and reality. Today the school system, and especially the university, provides ample opportunity for criticisms of the myth and for rebellion against its institutional perversions. But the ritual which demands tolerance of the fundamental contradictions between myth and institution still goes largely unchallenged, for neither ideological criticism nor social action can bring about a new society. Only disenchantment with and detachment from the central social ritual and reform of that ritual can bring about radical change.

[17] Edward Shils, "On Plenitude and Scarcity," ENCOUNTER, May 1969, pp. 37–57.

Sociological writing of this kind has to be distinguished sharply from Pitman's social science. It contributes to change by undermining the conceptual legitimacy of established views and, as such, must expect no less legitimate ideological resistance. Pitman's research, by contrast, assumes a world of definably bounded problems with technical solutions justified by universally acceptable criteria of evidence.

THE DISILLUSION OF TRADITION: Two main themes are discernible in the common outlook of this year's educational collection. There is first a general mood of disillusionment wherever they appraise the past or present performance of education. Illich represents the most violent dismissal but Goldstrom too, though much more cautiously gentle, demolishes the pretensions of popular education as it slowly grew in the 19th century (as late as 1860 only one-third of 1% of the national income was spent on elementary education). He asks the same fundamental questions about the nature and purpose of British schools in this period, and he discerns abrupt shifts in response to social and economic pressures to mark three distinct phases—the religious, the secular, and the economic—in which the style and content of the elementary school reader marked different aims. In the first phase the readers were rooted in the values of a pre-Industrial age and the promotion of religious belief and practice was their primary aim. By the 1830s secular skills were added or substituted as more relevant to the social needs of an Industrial Society. And by the 1860s a third phase of simplified explanation and sanctification of the principles of political economy constituted the order of instruction. Did the schools thereby create a literate workforce? Did they successfully indoctrinate their pupils in acceptance of the Christian faith and respect for the social order? Did they promote economic growth? And did they integrate the nation?

The answer to all four questions is negative. Goldstrom is unequivocal on the last three. "But by their own reckoning they must be judged to have failed in every major aim." The pedagogues of the time held the view still suggested by Jeffreys. Thus, for example, the Reverend Prebendary Wade was writing in 1856 that "the schools have largely helped to promote morality, industry and respect for the laws: and these blessed results are now apparent. . . ." But Goldstrom's hindsight is:

> In one small section of the community only did they make an impression—among the children of the artisans, clerks and shopkeepers, these frequently

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> of Nonconformist background, and staying at school after the age of twelve. Most of these children in later life went to church, and some were familiar with the laws of political economy. However, even so modest a success as this must be further limited, since of those who went to church, many went because it was the respectable thing to do, and so far as political economy is concerned, the laws were reinterpreted when it was expedient. The respectable, church-going artisan was frequently a member of a craft union, in defiance of the political economists.

If by the middle of the 19th century the lower orders were generally peaceable and good-humoured their gentleness is more plausibly attributable to rising standards of living than to moral instruction in schools. After all, as Goldstrom points out, a much more thorough education for the working classes in Germany and France had *not* prevented revolution in 1848.

In respect of the spread of literacy Goldstrom is prepared to concede notable success to the monitorial schools, and he notes that, from the 1840s, even with a rapidly rising population, the literacy level rose steadily so that by the 1870 Act illiteracy was no longer a serious problem. But the case is thin even on his own evidence. True that 86·5 per cent of Englishmen marrying in 1881 (and therefore out-of-school in the late 1860s) could solemnise their vows by signing the register, but this was also true of two-thirds of them in 1840. The achievement of universal literacy had scarely been a dramatic triumph for the Victorian school-teacher.

As for economic growth, "the schools probably taught these skills to more of the population than was strictly necessary." And as to social integration, "we may say conclusively of the system that it perpetuated class divisions."

PRESCRIPTION AGAINST DEPRIVATION: This last point refers to the major legacy of contemporary British schools from their 19th-century origins. Reform and escape from that heritage is the second common theme of all these books. All of them in one way or another have explanations or prescriptions for "the deprived child." The euphemism is sometimes a tacit avoidance of Victorian plain language, though the National Child Development Study continues to tell the sad story of class differences already divisively apparent by age seven. At other times it is a recognition of the subtleties brought by social change to the hierarchy of power and advantage, and at yet other times it is a reference to inter-generational conflict as when Gattegno asks *What We Owe Children* and answers himself with the subtitle—*the subordination of teaching to learning*. Illich, characteristically, takes this line of thought to its extreme.

> In fact, learning is the human activity which least needs manipulation by others. Most learning is not the result of instruction. It is rather the result of unhampered participation in a meaningful setting. Most people learn best by being "with it", yet school makes them identify their personal, cognitive growth with elaborate planning and manipulation.

At all events the older language of orders and class is rapidly disappearing from the literature to be replaced by the sociological rediscoveries of alienation and freedom, power and powerlessness, advantage and deprivation. In the 20th-century history of education the agency (if not the causality) of schooling in the distribution of life chances has come to be taken for granted. After an interlude of attention to the supposed cure-all of educational expansion, the debate, in both theory and practice, has returned with renewed vigour to the problem of distribution, but with this difference: there is a greater sophistication about the social determinants of educability, and about the substance as opposed to the formalities of equal educational opportunity.

Crudely put, the faith of the reformers now rests on two slogans. First, he learns best who learns earliest. Second, the equal rights of children require deliberate public discrimination on behalf of the deprived. The autumn debate which I anticipate in Britain will centre on these propositions with all that they imply for the claims of pre-schooling and positive discrimination in educational priority areas and still further for welfare, housing, employment, and urban redevelopment policies. Thus the place of Eric Midwinter's proposals in the debate and the historical review of nursery education provided by Miss Whitbread deserve special notice.

I have set out my own version of the debate as it has evolved during the course of this century elsewhere.[18] The essential fact is that 20th-century egalitarian policies have failed throughout three broad phases of a developing debate about the way Education can be used as a means towards the political and social end of Equality. In the first phase, from the beginning of the century to the end of the 1950s, the definition of policy was liberal. The key concept was "opportunity" in the sense of access to the more advanced stages of education for all children irrespective of their social origin. Its practical expression was in such measures as the building of the scholarship ladder, the abolition of grammar-school fees, the end of the elementary code, and the build-up of a system of common schooling with secondary schools "end on" to primary

[18] *Educational Priority*. Volume I. *Problems and Policies*. H.M.S.O., £1.20.

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schools. The logical end of this first phase—when equality of opportunity is combined with national efficiency—is Meritocracy.

This liberal notion dominated discussion at least until the 1950s. But it was never unchallenged by those who wrote in the tradition of R. H. Tawney, and it was effectively lampooned in Michael Young's *Rise of the Meritocracy* (1961). The radicals in that phase sought an educational system which would be egalitarian in the much broader sense of providing a "common culture" as a counter to the more or less inescapable function of selection for different occupational and social destinies.

The failure of liberal approaches, and of the expansionist policy to which they finally led, still plainly shows in disparities of class chances to reach the more prestigious types of education. The problem had to be posed in new terms. Too much had been claimed for the power of educational systems as instruments for the wholesale reform of societies which are characteristically hierarchical. The traditional social pattern of selection had remained remarkably stable; and the retrospective disillusion which runs through this year's books is in part a recognition that the school is only one influence among others and probably a fairly minor one. Motivations and performances in school reflect children's general social milieu and family background as well as the expectations, built in by constraining custom, of his teachers. Hence the search for more powerful psychological and sociological theories of learning, experimentation with school organisation, and mounting protest against the tendency to treat education as a waste-paper basket of social policy—a repository for dealing with social problems where solutions are uncertain, or where there is disinclination to wrestle with them seriously.

So the second phase began with a new emphasis on a theory of non-educational determination of Education. "Educational opportunity" acquired a change in meaning—from equality of access to equality of achievement. In this new interpretation, which was enshrined in the American Coleman Report, a society affords equality of educational opportunity only if the proportion of people from different social, economic, or ethnic categories at all levels and in all types of education are more or less the same as the proportion of these people in the population at large. The effect of the educational process, on this view, should be to produce a convergence

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in the final performance of the average member of each non-educationally defined group. Traditionally the lines on the graphs diverged, thus denoting injustice.

THE PLOWDEN REPORT belonged to this phase of the development of debate over the egalitarian issues in education; and it was also at this point that Eric Midwinter and my other colleagues in the educational priority area projects began their work. But, before we had gone very far, Eric Midwinter forced us to realise that there were unsolved issues behind the equality debate even in its reformulation at the second phase. A third phase was opening which involved reappraisal of the functions of education in contemporary society. Education for *what*? The debate over equality had been essentially a discussion about education for *whom*. Midwinter's interventions in the schools of Liverpool 8 force us to question whether an EPA programme can be anything more than a new formula for fair competition in the educational selection race.

He asks what assumptions could, or should, be made about the world into which EPA children would enter after school. Could we be satisfied to introduce a greater measure of justice into an educational system which traditionally selects a minority for higher education and upward social mobility out of the EPA district, and which leaves the majority to be taught, mainly by a huge hidden curriculum, a sense of their own relative incompetence and impotence—a modern, humane, and even relatively enjoyed form of "gentling the masses?" Or could we assume a wider programme of social reform which would democratise local power-structures and diversify local occupational opportunities—so that society would look to its schools for a supply of young people educated for political and social responsibility, and linked to their communities not by failure in the competition but by opportunities for genuine choice in work and life? Midwinter is acutely conscious of the limits to a policy of widening the escape hatches. He is more concerned with the majority who are destined to live their lives in EPA districts. He insists, therefore, on an alternative curriculum realistically related to the EPA environment. It would be designed to equip the rising generation with that knowledge and skill which will enable it to cope with, to control, and in the end to transform the conditions of the local community. It is a dangerous doctrine, and it is vulnerable to attack from both the Left and the Right. But it is not, he insists, a policy which does disservice to the pioneers who campaigned for parity of opportunity.

The autumn debate is likely to focus on the pre-schooling element in the EPA programme. Miss Whitbread's history includes a numerical account of the rise and fall of nursery provision. By 1900, 43·1% of the 3-to-5-year-olds were enrolled in elementary schools. During the 20th century the proportion declined continuously (except under the special circumstances of war, and for a brief period in the '30s) until it reached 10·2% in 1965. The tide eventually turned with the beginnings of the urban programme at the end of the 1960s, and now popular demand is forcing the issue into Parliament. There has been a national campaign for nursery education with gathering strength since 1965. All political parties promised expansion in their last election manifestos. Miss Whitbread notes that the middle-class Women's Lib movement took up the demand, and our EPA projects have highlighted the issue in working-class districts.

Meanwhile, in the recent expansion, the map of nursery provision has changed. "A child's opportunity for pre-school education depends on where he lives and his parents' social class." While maintained provision is restricted, the private sector expands and play-groups multiply. A higher proportion of middle-class than working-class children attend nursery schools, and play-groups are predominantly middle-class. The effect, Miss Whitbread argues, is a

> *de facto* discrimination in favour of middle-class children whose home environment was anyway likely to be more favourable to early learning experiences. Restriction in the public sector combined with market forces causing laissez-faire growth in the private sector was widening the gap between the social classes in terms of pre-school learning, and hence imposed greater burdens on infant schools which had to try to equalise educational opportunity . . . the infant school had become the corner-stone for a comprehensive education system but its effectiveness and that of the school system as a whole was undermined without universal nursery education.

The drive towards a universal nursery system is now strong. But the crucial issue is: can it be harnessed to strong financial formulae of "positive discrimination" and so contribute not to the maintenance of unequal opportunity at a higher level but to the creation of a fair-and-equal start for all in the next generation?

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Perfectibility or Productivity?

Retreating from Certainty—By MAURICE KOGAN

WHAT DO WE WANT, and expect, from our public education systems? Most of the world, certainly, and most of its intellectuals until recently, assumed that education is a likely good, that it would produce riches, personal freedom, equality, and better inter-personal relations. But, since the mid-1960s, other and less hopeful assumptions have asserted themselves. They derive partly from a dour neo-Augustinianism that concedes no potential good to any earthly organisation, and partly from growing scepticism about whether economic growth is either feasible or desirable. The loss of hope affects recent writings on educational development in the five continents.

They all establish the weary truism that educational systems pursue varying and conflicting objectives. What is less certain is whether the conflicts and difficulties are pathological or are intrinsic to the hard truths about human existence —that man in society needs both freedom and control, personal autonomy and the ability to earn; and that it is difficult to be both dynamic and reliable. So simply to rediscover Marx's concept of "alienation" does not really resolve the question of what public institutions can do about it.

The historical procession of objectives begins, if we take Britain,[1] the Gold Coast,[2] and Kenya,[3] with the ameliorative purpose of God's work (though in the Gold Coast the missionary's impact has been exaggerated). The evangelical assumptions about how education might impose Perfectibility remain in harsh form in Russia and Eastern Europe as the new edition of Nigel Grant's indispensable work[4] and many of the essays in Margaret Scotford Archer's compilation on higher education[5] show. The objective of Productivity is roundly cursed in Shipman's essay on Britain and Japan, and discussed in Anderson's fine, and Graham's more sporadic, accounts of Kenya and the Gold Coast respectively. These are historical case studies in how multiple, but predominantly growth objectives need be advanced only in part by education. The objective of Individual Freedom is implied in all of these works but comes out most poignantly in the studies of universities in Archer's book, and in the succession of Penguin education specials—which mostly express American and British views of alternative educational patterns.[6] A fourth objective, that of Social Equality, is curiously muted in these works though important as background to African national advances and to the explosion in higher education.

From these largely historical and sociological treatments we can turn to the important offerings by Adams[7] and Vaizey[8] which discuss the instruments and assumptions that policy makers can derive from the social sciences.

And now the gentle reader had better take to the bottle, his bed or warm bath. For here, in all, we have an endless succession of good intentions gone wrong, honest motives misinterpreted, privilege overcome only to be replaced by new privilege. Is there really no still point in the turning world?

THE EVANGELICAL GOAL quickly gave way in Britain and its dependencies to the training of human tools for use in the economic and administrative machine. Education in the Gold Coast was first, indeed, intended for upper-class Africans. But, as in Kenya, British attempts to impose "useful" education failed "because the African desired European education in order to attain equality with, and even challenge the Europeans." Western-type education opened

[1] *Education and Modernisation.* By M. D. SHIPMAN. Faber & Faber, £4

[2] *The History of Education in Ghana.* By C. K. GRAHAM. Frank Cass, £3.50.

[3] *Struggle for the School.* By JOHN ANDERSON. Longman, £3, paper £1.25.

[4] *Soviet Education.* By NIGEL GRANT. Penguin, 40p.

[5] *Students, University and Society.* Edited by MARGARET SCOTFORD ARCHER. Heinemann Educational Books, £4.20.

[6] *36 Children.* by HERBERT KOHL. 45p; *Essays on Education.* By JULES HENRY. 50p; *School is Dead.* By EVERETT REIMER. 40p; *Compulsory Mis-education.* By PAUL GOODMAN. 40p; *Lives of Children.* By GEORGE DENNISON. 35p. All Penguin Education Specials.

[7] *Education in National Development.* Edited by DON ADAMS. Routledge & Kegan Paul, £2.50.

[8] *The Political Economy of Education.* By JOHN VAIZEY, with KEITH NORRIS and JOHN SHEEHAN. Duckworth, £5.85.

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doors to white-collar occupations so that technological advance lacked a skilled manpower base. Education contributed to the growth of African wealth and power and a readiness to come to grips with the colonial powers; but it also enhanced stratification. As Anderson's excellent account shows, come missionary, trader, governor, nationalist government or professor consultant-in-Aid, it is much easier to quadruple Kenyan secondary schools in five years after Independence than to reconcile black élitism with socialism, skill-training with white-collar ambition, or the need for strong government with support of self-help groups. Philip Foster and Don Adams join Anderson in showing how dependent the school is on other social institutions; they cannot innovate without adequate social sanction.

So new political, social and economic élites have emerged. Egalitarian entry to secondary education remains difficult; in Tanzania they insist that secondary schools respond to local community needs as well as to their own entry criteria. Social differentiation varies greatly between the new nations and the élite classes are still over-represented, but they now constitute only a minority of students.

If we move from the former dependencies to two of the most advanced industrialised nations, the lessons become less clear. After the deposition of the Shogunate in 1867, Japanese education became part of planned innovation, with all the power of the state behind it, and with virtually total social support until high school and university students erupted in the 1960s against the competitive and repressive educational system. By contrast, in Britain, a few reformers, within and outside government, had to fight hard to get any sort of national educational system together, and only succeeded at the beginning of the 20th century. British educational history is difficult to codify, but Dr M. D. Shipman turns difficulty into high mystery.

Even if the predominant mood of 19th-century government was to keep down the poor and to educate only for social control or for production—though the truth is more complex than that—it is difficult to follow Shipman's transpositions of this mood into the post-1945 period. At worst, there has been an air of muddled ameliorism (as witness the tone of every official report since, say, Hadow in 1926). To represent the schools as a sort of efficient slave owners' conspiracy against the masses is silly, doctrinaire, and ahistorical.

He concedes that the nature of social control is changing, but "so as to reconcile people to their adult status." While the system is vague it is dominated by instrumental purposes. It is designed (by whom?—my children's primary school teachers?) to ease the path from the home to the factory.

> Infant school children are taught to behave in an orderly way. Tears and tantrums are rapidly inhibited. . . . Bells, notices, rules, instructions, assemblies, routines and rituals direct them. . . . The main role of the schools has been to maintain not only social order, but a disciplined work force under changed circumstances.
>
> The new developments . . . can be seen as the replacement of overt repression by a covert, more sophisticated system, acting, not to ensure the continuing subordination of a majority, but to select and prepare an élite and to legitimate a changing distribution of power and prestige.

This sort of ideologised fluff is objectionable because it obscures the real problems of our society—and because its simplifications manage to divert attention from the enormous contributions that sociology has begun to make to educational thought. It has challenged the distribution of life chances and, more recently, has shown the ambivalences of values in education. It is trying to show, through the sociology of knowledge, how knowledge is affected by the organisation and values of those who produce and transmit it. It is analysing the relations between taught and teacher within the whole educational system. In each of these important fields it is empirically thin, and can do with help from historical and comparative data. For this, we can best look to the work put together by Grant and Anderson and, most explicitly, Margaret Archer.

DR ARCHER ABLY ANALYSES connections between higher education and the polity, the economy and social stratification, which are treated historically in the rest of the book. This is an excellent book that feeds the mind if it depresses the spirit.

It shows how the single set of institutions that have been licenced to advance knowledge, that can subject society to informed criticism, that can keep science on its toes by virtue of the right to test and refute, is subjected to attacks from two sides. The university is suspect to the bureaucratic state because of its freedoms. It is also attacked by the new radicals because it has to be a powerful institution.

In Eastern Europe and in Spain the universities have been kicked around by State and monolithic party apparatuses. It is small consolation that nowhere can such socialisation completely succeed—the compulsory student time spent on institutionalised Marxist twaddle in

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Russian universities is at least well recognised to be a time-wasting bore—"like compulsory chapel" as Nigel Grant puts it.

The Japanese student reaction to selectivist pressure and anomie, too, is excusable but also horrifying—for it has led to "no-go areas" in the universities. The Italian system has expanded at a fantastic rate but does little to reduce class privilege or the privileges of the professoriat. Colin Crouch shows how in Britain deterioration in conditions of work and tutorial relationships has been tied up with large political issues to produce one or two major confrontations but no fundamental overturnings. Among the radicals, the hard scientistic form of Marxism has partly rolled over to make room for the rediscovery of the softer Marxist concept of alienation. The French student's "loss of identity"—earned by a hopelessly academic system pretending to produce scholars while merely parcelling out inert academic stuff at mass lectures—centres on "the relationship between the student condition and the student destination."

It is, however, Martin Trow's elegiac essay on Berkeley that brings our story of educational development from its early days in Britain and the Gold Coast and Kenya back full circle. For the evangelicals are back. Here is a university put at risk by its own liberalism: attempts to seek out the more deprived blacks brought in the militants who only recruited more of their kind—a kind quite unrepresentative of their home communities (most blacks voted for Humphrey). The radical insistence that all issues must be discussed by folk moot means that the act of governing the vast university, already difficult and admittedly weak as a social institution, bids fair to become virtually its only activity; a regressive, participative narcissism thus begins to set in. Berkeley had almost pulled off a double—a state-funded and -controlled university performed, if somewhat mechanically, the service functions of higher education while yet becoming a major centre of free enquiry. It had managed to free itself of all but nominal control by the Governor's regents. But now administrators face a reluctant tax-paying constituency so that the nuts and the nihilists can show that they were right after all. University governance assumes that most students and teachers will exchange vicarious decision-making for the right to get on with their work. But these assumptions are now at the mercy of the radical evangelicals and of the red necks who are serving purposes opposed to those of free enquiry. Both Left and Right know all the answers.

JOHN SEARLE IS A PHILOSOPHER who also became deeply involved in the events at Berkeley. He chronicles[9] the familiar events but in striking detail. He provides a splendid analysis of radical tactics and of the inherent impotence of the university when faced with them. Liberals lean over backwards to negotiate with those who want to turn the university from a specialised institution devoted to free enquiry, to useful research, to training manpower (multiple objectives here, too), into what he nicely typifies as a Youth City. This experience leads him to a painstaking and valuable analysis of what are the constituents of general freedom—those that any teacher or student possesses by right of being a citizen, and the more restricted academic freedoms that can only survive if they take cognisance of the university's specialised functions. These two American essays bring out the fundamental issues which increasingly face all liberal societies. They suggest that democratic government is fragile and has to assume a tacit, but generally accepted, consensus that social arrangements will be allowed to exist without perpetual challenge.

Penguin Books' five education specials imported from the U.S.A. touch on similar issues. But they have been widely misunderstood, for they do not show that "school is dead" so much as that school is bad or inadequate. Goodman's book, which is written with the literary grace of a cement mixer, bemoans inflexible, mass-produced, and over-institutionalised education. But Herbert Kohl's classic and moving account of how a teacher, given no support at all by the New York City system, was able to help change the world view and to develop the cognitive skills of deprived children in Harlem, is really a plea that schools should be made stronger rather than weaker. And so is George Dennison's *Lives of Children*.

With this set of conflicting objectives to pursue, we look to analytical sciences for help.

IN RECENT YEARS, the analysis of concepts and thus of objectives in education has been pioneered in the U.K. by Richard Peters and Paul Hirst. This is now carried forward attractively by I. A. Snook[10] in his attempt to differentiate indoctrination from education. But those who read these authors will do well to see David Adelstein's able, if venomous, polemic in the radical *Counter Course*,[11] in which he deplores the generalisation implicit in the analysts' refusal to generalise.

[9] *The Campus War*. By JOHN SEARLE. Penguin, 40p.
[10] *Indoctrination and Education*. By I. A. SNOOK. Routledge & Kegan Paul. Students' Library of Education, £1.25.
[11] *Counter Course*. Edited by TREVOR PATEMAN. Penguin Education Special, 75p.

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I am not clear why either side need regard analysis as a way of life rather than as a tool. And Snook does, in fact, generalise by defining indoctrination as "teaching with the intention that the pupil believes regardless of the evidence" which he, rightly, assumes to be evil. The pursuit of this question through its one hundred pages is neither trivial, nor covert, nor a defence of the repressive *status quo* in the way that Adelstein in his final, excitable paragraphs, attributes to Peters.

Other analytical studies do little to relieve pessimism. Don Adams remarks that development is "fuzzy" and we are quite ignorant about the functioning of the educational system. "The ambition for education has changed from the conservative aim of producing élites to the ambition for vast social and economic change", Adams writes. Yet it is labour-intensive, impervious to improvements in productivity or, for that matter, technological change. As a process and a system it can be well encapsulated. John Vaizey, in an elegant essay, as well as in his *The Political Economy of Education,* shows how the concept of productivity in education cannot be well or usefully defined or used, since neither its inputs or, even less, its outputs are usefully measurable or assessable. This does not deter all of Adams' contributors from pursuing the measurable and the definable. And Philip Foster's essay, which does much to pull together the lessons of African educational history, shows that social equity may clash with economic growth and the effective use of resources. While education assists upward mobility it is not as important as the aggregate of other personal and social characteristics.

One new dismal science is concerned with alternative futures. Everett Reimer has come to the conclusion that two-thirds of the world's population cannot be educated at the present level of costs; and that most of what they are receiving is poor stuff anyway. So he would reduce the objectives of the curriculum, and thus enhance the cognitive element at the expense of custodial, selective, and value-formation functions. A bit difficult to separate these, one would think. What does the school need to do to get to this happy state? How can a teacher *not* look after a child (custody), or teach him values, while developing his cognition? There is, indeed, an air of low-level arithmetic about the argument "The typical elementary school teacher today has six subjects to teach with six to twelve objectives per subject per semester . . . this teacher has at least 1,080 specific learning objectives to teach each semester." Lawrence Thomas' enumeration of different types of school from which developing systems might choose is more promising although, again, somewhat barren and ahistorical in its assumptions about learning.

Indeed, this is the principal complaint about the planners' approach represented by the Adams book, good though it is. It is what educators think of as intellectuals' stuff. It is useful to know that fertility does not decline "in linear fashion" as education increases, and that "brain drains" may not be altogether harmful. But the nearer the argument gets to education itself, the more recondite and unreal it becomes. Some of the studies here might have got just a bit nearer the people involved. For example, the interesting study of migration does not tell us (in the way that Anderson's study of Kenya does) what have been the real effects of international interchange of people and ideas. Young Turkish planners take degrees at Michigan, and Koreans at George Peabody. What happens then?

PESSIMISM was my point of departure. Is it really as depressing as this? Certainly, we know only inadequately what education is or what it can do. The experience of the last ten years has done nothing to convince us that expansion in the education industry has made us wealthier or happier. And developing countries run into complexity before they have sprinted over the starting line. The only hope we still have lurks in the unscientific testimony of our own experience, or that of a Kohl or a Dennison or protagonists of British primary schools, that life is improved by contact with ideas and with the educative process. But how that process can take place extra-institutionally even the critics of institutions cannot say.

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POINTS OF THE COMPASS

On the Economic Progress of Black America

By Jonathan Power

THE AMERICAN BLACKS are moving—and moving up. But black poverty is growing and becoming more deep-rooted.

Between 1960 and 1970 the number of non-whites[1] in professional and technical posts—the highest paid occupations—more than doubled to about 766,000. But the number of blacks living in poverty-stricken fatherless families increased from 2¾ million to 3½ million. The black population is pointing in two directions at once. "There is a deepening schism within the black community", argues Andrew Brimmer, the one black governor of the Federal Reserve Board (the body that oversees the American banking system), "a schism between the able and the less able, between the well-prepared and those with few skills. . . ."

At one level this is welcome news: that blacks can "make it" and are making it at a pace that 15 years ago would have been thought impossible. Two more samples of the evidence. The 532,000 young black couples under 35 who live outside the southern states have an income that is 96% of similar white families. The number of young blacks in U.S. higher education is twice the total number of students in Britain.

In order to get a proper impression of the momentum of black economic progress we should return to 1961. In that year President John F. Kennedy took office at a time when there were 5·3 million unemployed—7% of the work force—and a tremendous slack in a severely deflated economy. The late 1950s and the early '60s were the time of the great liberal awakening in America. Martin Luther King's audacious and dramatic Civil Rights Movement had forced mainstream America out of its Joe McCarthyite fears and its Eisenhower slumber. Moreover, the political needs of a Catholic candidate in a predominantly Protestant country had forced John Kennedy to make West Virginia with its white Appalachian poverty into a key primary. These two developments firmly imprinted on the mind of the young President the need to commit his Administration to the solution of racial prejudice and poverty. Race and Poverty could no longer be ignored, singly or together; and they provided much of the emotional fuel for what was an exceedingly complex and sophisticated change in the American economic motor—the application of Keynesian economic theory to an underpowered economy. And for eight years there was unprecedented economic growth that took the American gross national product almost to the trillion dollar mark and brought unemployment down dramatically from over 7% to near 3%. It was only to come to an end when a new Republican Administration led by Eisenhower's protégé, Richard Nixon, decided inflation was a greater sin than unemployment and switched the engine off. Within two years of his taking office unemployment was over 6%. For millions this meant a return to the dole.

Even so, it must not be allowed to eclipse the foundations laid by the years of economic growth. For in those eight years an expanding economy, reinforced by the wave of Civil Rights laws and the increasing pressure of the Federal government against discriminatory practices, opened thousands of doors across the country. By and large they have remained open. And the blacks are continuing to push forward to go through them.

ALTHOUGH WE DO NOT have figures later than the 1970 census we can get from them a pretty good impression of the dynamic advance of the black middle class and the steady improvement of the employed working class.

Between 1959 and 1969 the gap between the median incomes of black and white families narrowed substantially. In 1959 blacks' income equalled 51% of whites'. By 1969 this had risen to 61%.

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[1] "Non-whites"—some of the available statistics do not break down this category into its constituent parts of blacks, Puerto Ricans, Indians, Mexican Americans, and Orientals. Negroes constitute about 93% of all non-whites.

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The non-whites' portion of the American income-pie increased in this time from 5·3% to 6·9%.[2]

Once broken down those figures become even more dramatic. During this decade the number of non-white professional and technical workers increased by 131% to almost 766,000, a rate that was two-and-a-half times the increase for whites. Non-whites now account for 6·9% of the total employment in the top categories in the occupational structure compared with 4·4% a decade ago. Moreover, black school-teachers achieved as proportional a position in the overall job market as whites. The number of non-white managers, officials, and proprietors (the second-highest paying category in the U.S. work force) increased by two-thirds to 297,000, compared to an expansion of only 17% for all employees in this category. Noticeable gains were also made in the craft industries; while the white-collar working-class occupations—clerical and sales jobs—have become increasingly occupied by blacks.

Certainly this is remarkable progress. It means a great shift in attitudes has taken place among white employers. It has also brought about a significant shift in the distribution of income affecting not only disadvantaged blacks but whites too. In 1962 the poorest 20% of the population received only 4·5% of the aggregate income. By 1968 the proportion had increased to 5·7%. In Britain, despite its welfare state and Labour governments, there has been no comparable shift.

The omens for the future look fairly good. Between 1960 and 1970 the number of black males aged 25 to 29 who had completed four or more years of high school increased from 38% to 56%. This 56% was almost the same as the white percentage in 1960. In higher education the so-called liberal rhetoric of the Ivy League colleges and the big state universities has actually come true. There has been a great increase in their black student intake. In the four years up to 1971 the number of blacks in colleges rose by 91% to 522,000 and four-fifths of this occurred in institutions other than predominantly black colleges. The new wave of black students is no longer being paced by the anachronistic standards of small-town Southern colleges but by the hot-houses of American educational advance. Even more encouraging is the improved educational standing of the up-and-coming generation. In 1970, 23% of black children (3 and 4 years old) were enrolled in school compared to 20% of white children. In the same year 40% of blacks in the 18- and 19-year-old age-range were in school. This is not too far short of the white proportion of 49%. (It is interesting to note in passing that the British figure for 18-year-olds in school in 1969 was 6·3%.)

Andrew Brimmer of the Federal Research Board has tried to estimate what all this means for the future. He arrives at his informed guess by considering these educational advances in the light of the progress made in the job market during the last 10 years. He estimates that by 1980 blacks will have an aggregate money income of $66 billion—7·6% of the American income-pie compared with about 5% in 1959. The number of blacks in college should rise from the present level of 522,000 to over 700,000. This would represent nearly 7% of the total enrolment as against 6% in 1968.

Although Brimmer himself is sanguine about this progress he is keen to point out how ill-equipped blacks are to manipulate the American economic machine and to make it more responsive to black needs. Only a handful of blacks, he argues, have had the opportunity to familiarise themselves with the production, financing, marketing and other economic processes which determine the structure of the American economy and condition its performance. A rather unusual measure of this deficiency, but none the less a revealing one, is a study made of the extent to which readers of *Ebony* (the popular black *Life*) read business and financial publications. 98·2% of *Ebony*'s readers do *not* read *Business Week*. 96·2% do *not* read *Fortune*. Only 1·9% of those reading the *Wall Street Journal* are black.

Another omen for the future is the quickening pace of black migration to the suburbs. The black population of suburban Washington increased by 84,000 during the last decade; of Los Angeles–Long Beach by 124,000. In the suburbs of the principal 66 metropolitan areas surveyed by the U.S. census, the black population increased by 800,000. This is not insignificant for a total population of 23 million.

THE DANGERS of an analysis such as the one I have presented is that it does overemphasise the "good news". For example, the figure given at the beginning of this article that northern black couples under the age of 35 have essentially, equalled the average income of their white counterparts is somewhat misleading. It is only true for black families in which both husbands and wives work. For those families in which only the husband works there was, relative to whites, no gain between 1959 and 1970. Moreover the harsh fact is that the centre of gravity of the blacks remains anchored in jobs requiring little skill and with little future. The heartland of northern black life is still the inner-city ghetto

[2] Non-whites are 11% of the labour force.

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with its garbage-strewn streets, broken windows, and badly-lit alleys where crime is rampant and life insecure. Almost one-third of the black population is living in poverty.[3] *The National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence* found that while blacks make up 11% of the population they are involved in about three-fifths of the arrests for murder and over half the victims were black. The pattern is repeated for rape, aggravated assault, and robbery. There is an increasing propensity for blacks to inflict pain, suffering, and economic loss on other blacks.

It is this environment—perpetuated by the high rates of unemployment, the still widespread discriminatory job practices, and an archaic and primitive welfare system—that is accounting for the visible deterioration of the habitat and the inhabitants of the big cities. Herman Miller, director of Population Studies for the Census Bureau, summed the situation up when he commented at a press conference on the 1970 census figures:

> What the figures suggest is that the young, better-educated blacks in the North have been able to get jobs, maintain stable marriages, and vastly narrow the income gap. But, meanwhile, female-headed households are increasing, and more of them are falling into poverty. As Negro families succeed, they move out of the depressed areas. As a result there is a concentration of misery in the hearts of our largest cities.

Between 1959 and 1968 the number of non-whites in poor "female families" *increased* by 24%. Moreover, there was an absolute increase of 609,000 non-white family members under 18-years-of-age living in poverty in female-headed families. Poor families headed by black females are the poorest of the poor. Their median income is $1,492 below what is considered the "poverty level". In 1970, of the 4·9 million black American families, 1·4 million (or 29%) were living below the poverty level: but of this number 820,000 (57%) were headed by females. The representation of blacks and other minorities in the welfare system is expanding at an accelerating rate—with a disproportionate share of the growth being accounted for by families headed by black females.

WHAT THESE FIGURES so obviously say is that under the pressure of a bitterly hostile environment large numbers of families are breaking up, and the deserted mother and her children are falling increasingly into the mire of poverty. The result of this sharp increase in the young poor is self-evident: more bitterness, more crime. Most violent street crimes are committed by young men between the ages of 16 and 24. Innumerable sociological surveys have shown that delinquency increases rapidly where there is dilapidated housing, fatherless families, low income, unstable employment, and little education. Social pathology is on the increase too.

Patrick Moynihan, the maverick liberal professor from Harvard who, for two years, was President Nixon's counsellor in Urban Affairs, has drawn attention to the phenomenon of fires as an indicator of social pathology. He wrote in a confidential memorandum to the President that was later leaked to the press:

> Unless I mistake the trends, we are heading for a genuinely serious fire problem in American cities. In New York, for example, between 1956 and 1969 the overall fire alarm rate more than doubled, from 69,000 alarms to 240,000. These alarms are concentrated in slum neighborhoods, primarily black. In 1968, one slum area had an alarm rate per square mile 13 times that of the city as a whole. In another, the number of alarms has, on an average increased 44% per year for seven years.
>
> Many of these fires are the result of population density. But a great many are more or less deliberately set. (Thus on Monday welfare protesters set two fires in the New York State Capitol.) Fires are in fact a "leading indicator" of social pathology for a neighborhood. They come first. Crime and the rest follow. The psychiatric interpretation of fire setting is complex but it relates to the types of personalities slums produce. (A point of possible interest: fires in the black slums peak in July and August. The urban riots of 1964–68 could be thought of as epidemic conditions in an endemic situation.) . . .

These problems are likely to be compounded by the continuing northward migration of the Southern blacks. They increase the pressure on scarce housing and the newer migrants are more vulnerable to the dehabilitating pressures of slum life. Ten years ago 6 out of every 10 blacks lived in the South. Now little more than half do. Unlike the previous large migrations around the time of the World Wars this migration is not being generated by the pull of vibrant Northern economy crying out for jobs. Rather the reverse. The blacks are being pushed out willy-nilly by the paucity of opportunity in the South. Increased mechanisation and the Federal agricultural policies which pay landowners to take land out of

[3] Poverty is defined by the U.S. government as an income of less than $3,553 per year for a family of four (1970). It was worked out by Mollie Orshansky of the Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare. To arrive at this figure she took the Dept. of Agriculture's low cost diet plan ($5.90 a week for a four-person family) in Jan. 1964 (how many British families could keep their food budget down to £2.5 a week?) and puts this at the centre of an imagined budget. It is interesting to note that the Bureau of Labour Statistics said in 1967 it would cost a family of four some $9,076 to maintain a "moderate standard of living".

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cultivation are forcing blacks off the land.[4] The appallingly low level of welfare payments in the South compels blacks to move North even if they have little, or no, prospects. The maximum monthly welfare payment to a family of four in Alabama in 1970 was $81. In New York it was $313! The New York payment is low but the Alabama one is impossible, and so the blacks come North to add to the growing *lumpen-proletariat.*

THE NORMAL WORKINGS of the economic system barely touch this alienated class. Even Kennedy's and Johnson's Keynesian economists could not get the unemployment graph below 3·3%—which is about the same as the extraordinarily high unemployment in Britain today.[5] And black teenage unemployment fell hardly at all—it hovered around the 25% mark. Needless to say, it was the teenage sons of the fatherless families who were the predominant group in this 25%. (One should insert a word of caution here. America includes in its unemployment statistics teenagers still at school looking for part-time jobs. Moreover, once the age of 20 is reached and if the young men get married the picture changes dramatically. Among married non-white men aged 20 and over, the unemployment rate in 1969 stood at 2·5%—well below the national average.)

At the time of the great dip in unemployment there was much talk among reputable American economists such as Robert Lampman (of the Poverty Research Centre at the University of Wisconsin) about how the *lumpenproletariat* was within reach. Enough blacks (and poor whites) were moving out of poverty thanks to the full-steam-ahead economy, so the argument ran, that the number of those left behind were of a size that could be reasonably helped by imaginative welfare policies. In January 1969 President Johnson's Council of Economic Advisers issued its annual report and pursued the argument. They suggested that now the United States was so prosperous poverty could be eliminated in six-to-eight years. Only an extra $9·7 billion a year—about 5% of the nation's budget—was needed to lift all Americans out of poverty. They called this $9·7 billion the "Poverty Gap"—the difference between the actual incomes of the poor and the incomes necessary to place them above the poverty line. In 1959 it had been $13·76 billion. The report said:

> If the approximately 85% of the households that are not poor and receive about 95% of the total income are willing to make only a small sacrifice of the estimated 3% yearly growth in their real income per capita, the prospects for poverty reduction can be greatly transformed.

Such a redistribution would be fair, the council argued, because the present tax system is harder on the poor than the rich.

> As a share of income, higher taxes are paid by households in the lower income classes than by those with incomes between $6,000 and $15,000. This reflects the heavy tax income on low income families from state and local taxes. Federal taxes also contribute to the burden through the Social Security payroll tax.

But President Nixon shattered these hopes. For him the moderate inflation that the Democratic Administration had initiated was more worrying than any other consideration. He and his advisers were convinced that inflation must be brought under control even if it meant pushing up the unemployment rate and increasing the "poverty gap". And they did. Inevitably all the fond hopes of ending poverty by 1975–77 went out of the window. In May 1971 the Census Bureau confirmed the gloomy predictions. Between 1969 and 1970 the poor increased by 1·2 million, an increase of 5·1% compared with an annual decline of 4·9% during the 1960s. It would now require $11·4 billion to close the "poverty gap". The government economist who announced the figures admitted that the rise in unemployment to over 6% was the determining factor in the increase in widespread poverty.

THE ONLY PIECE OF NEWS that took the edge off these harsh facts was the comparison made by the government economist between the number living in poverty in 1969 with the number in the mid-1960s. In the mid-1960s there were 35 million below the poverty line; in 1969 there were 25 million. Yet at both times unemployment was the same—at 4·9%. At least unemployment today is not doing quite the damage it did five or ten years ago.

Fortunately there is a limit to the extent to which even a conservative Republican Administration can go in pushing up unemployment. President Nixon's momentous decision in August 1971 to force a change in the parity of the dollar, to introduce wage-and-price controls and to reflate the U.S. economy was a realisation of the electoral weakness of his anti-inflationary strategy. Unemployment and the recession were

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[4] The *Congressional Record* reveals that one in every four persons in Lynn County, Texas, is considered "hard core poor", but that $890,000 was paid in Federal subsidies in 1968 to growers and landowners who were about equal in number to the poor. The income of these farmers from Federal subsidies alone was more than three times the gross income of the poor.

[5] *I.e.*, having taken account of the different methods of measuring unemployment.

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then biting so deep that he was in danger of losing an important section of the white vote. And although China, Viet Nam and Moscow have had the headlines in the last few months, economic issues are still likely to be the decisive electoral issue come November.

Despite President Nixon's weaknesses in economic policy his attempt to introduce the Family Assistance Programme is a major breakthrough. It is one of the most imaginative pieces of domestic welfare legislation since the New Deal. The brain-child of Patrick Moynihan, Nixon has trumpeted it as being one of the things closest to his heart. However at the moment its progress through Congress is being impeded by pressures from both left and right. The latter, led by the Senate's Finance chairman, Russell Long, think it is too "soft". And the liberals are hesitating because they do not like some of the bill's supplementary provisions; in particular its demand that welfare recipients make themselves available for job retraining. It may well be that the bill won't see the light of day until after the November election. Nonetheless, when it does come into effect—and undoubtedly it will sometime next year, or something very like it, whoever wins the election—it will revolutionise the role of welfare in the United States. It is based on the principle of the negative income tax. Just as people above a certain minimum level pay increasing amounts of tax as they get richer, so those below the minimum level would receive increasing government payments the poorer they were. One of the bill's most significant and path-breaking provisions is the extension of coverage to people in work if their income falls below a certain level ($3,920 for a family of four).

The FAP (as it is called) would replace most of the current piece-meal welfare programmes. The present programmes like *Aid to Families with Dependent Children* (the backbone of the present welfare system) have manifestly been inadequate. For most of its life AFDC has been an instrument in breaking up poor families for it was usually only available to fatherless families. Men were driven to abandon their families to make them eligible for relief. AFDC has also failed because it is too much subject to administrative whim. How much a family would receive is all too often left to the decision of an unsympathetic welfare bureaucrat. (Though it must be added that many of the new breed of militant younger social workers will lie through their back teeth to get more money for a family from their superiors.) Some states, particularly the Southern ones, do not even provide subsistence payments. Today in the South $70–$80 a month for a family is not an uncommon AFDC rate. Finally, AFDC did not, except in a few states, help the working poor. President Nixon voiced a general criticism when he said soon after taking office that the present system "has fostered family break-up, has provided little help in many states and has even deepened dependancy by all too often making it more attractive to go on welfare than go to work."

WHAT EXACTLY would FAP do? First and foremost, in terms of level of allowances, it would represent a considerable improvement in about 21 states, compared with the present arrangements. In 1968 the average annual family payment under AFDC in 14 Southern states was approximately $1,116. Under the new plan a family of four would get around $1,600. In the remaining 30 states it is hoped that the state and local government will continue to provide what they did under the old programme (they provided half). Together with the new Federal system this would give a family of four $2,536 compared with the present $2,195. In addition to this, in both the North and the South the food stamp programme would continue. This would give a family an extra $700 a year. Of course, this floor is still some way from the minimum required to lift a family out of poverty—$3,553 in 1970. Indeed it has been estimated that only 1·5 million[6] of the present 25 million poor would leave poverty as a result of the new scheme, though it should be added millions will find their position remarkably improved. Although the cost of the programme—$4·7 billion—will double Federal welfare expenditure it is still much less than half the "poverty gap" of $11·4 billion. Robert Lampman has estimated[7] that an income maintenance plan that would take everyone out of poverty could cost as much as $20 billion. (The War in Viet Nam is costing $30 billion a year.)

Despite the shortcomings the FAP is a significant step forward. For the first time America will have accepted the principle that there should be some sort of floor under human misery, and that it is up to the Federal government to lay down that floor and finance its coast-to-coast construction. And once this principle is established it should be easier for succeeding congresses to raise this floor.

THE IMMEDIATE QUESTION is: just how much effort will the Nixon administration make, assuming Nixon wins a second term in office, to push this floor up? Many observers have rather naïvely looked at the Defence budget,

[6] "Nixon's Welfare Reform: A Guaranteed Minimum", by M. Rein and T. Marmar, in *New Society*, 28 May 1970.

[7] "Four Years Against Poverty", by Robert Lampman (a cylostyled paper of the University of Wisconsin Poverty Research Centre, 1969).

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convinced once the War in Viet Nam was over there would be a great liberation of funds. In the economic report that President Johnson sent to Congress in January 1969 he predicted that the annual dividend from the end of the Viet Nam war and from the natural growth of the economy would be approximately $16 billion, eighteen months after peace was restored. But since then the optimists have been confounded. Immediately after he took office President Nixon directed Herbert Stein (a member of his Council of Economic Advisers) to establish a committee to study what the economic consequences of peace might be. In August 1969 the report was ready. Presidential adviser Pat Moynihan speaking at a press conference argued that the Johnson prediction was "clearly not realistic." He said that built-in costs in already existing programmes, plus new Nixon programmes, plus some rise of prices, would eat up the savings. Four months later, in typically colourful Moynihan language, he announced from the West-coast branch of the Executive Mansion: "I think the peace dividend turned out to be evanescent like the morning clouds around San Clemente . . . ." So much for a peace dividend in the Nixon Administration.

But why? The new social programmes (like the Family Assistance Programme and the Revenue Sharing plan) are likely to take only a moderate amount of government funds.

The answer of course, is found in the Defence budget itself. Charles Schultze, President Johnson's director of the Bureau of the Budget, writing in the *Progressive* in June 1970, predicted "there is a high probability that the non-Viet Nam military budget will have risen by an amount sufficient to replace what we are spending in Viet Nam. So if peace is achieved in Viet Nam and the United States withdraws, the defence budget will be unchanged." Schultze's[8] projections, he himself admitted, do not take into account significant new weapons systems. To get an idea of the pent-up military demand for non-Viet Nam new expenditure one should compare 1962 with 1971. During these nine years non-Viet Nam defence expenditure has not significantly changed in money terms and has declined by over a quarter in real purchasing power. The Armed Forces are pushing for a replacement for the B-52, a new strategic missile to be put in hardened silos, a new Army main-battle tank, a new Navy attack aircraft, a new anti-submarine plane, a new Air Force fighter, a new undersea long-range missile system, a sea-based anti-ballistic missile, a long-range missile system for surface ships, and (most expensive of all) an ABM shield to "defend" missile sites. They are not likely to get all of those, even from Nixon. But if they get one or two it will take care of any hopes one might have for radically increased social expenditure. The military-industrial complex still has formidable lobbying powers, despite the efforts of Senate committees in recent years to cut it down to size. After all, more than 360 of the 435 Congressmen in the House of Representatives stand for Districts with private defence plants. Most of the top 200 defence contractors are found among America's 300 largest corporations who together control 70% of her total manufacturing wealth.

Besides the demands of the military there is the general change in emphasis of the Nixon Administration. The Tax Reform Act of 1969 and more liberal depreciation rules both reflect the judgment that private spending should take priority over public. Consequently the automatic expansion of resources available to government from what economists call the "fiscal dividend" (a gain in revenue that accrues even with an unchanged tax structure as the economy generates larger taxable incomes) will be about $10 billion less in 1975 than it would have been without the tax changes. In short, the likelihood of further resources being allocated to the attack on poverty by the Nixon Administration are not too good.

AT THE END OF A LOOK at the economic progress of the black American we are left with a distinctly mixed impression. Tremendous progress on the one hand. A great well of poverty on the other. And although a solution to this poverty is within the reach of the American economy, the political will as yet does not exist. Still there is hope for the future.

The last two years have seen the beginnings of what could be a profound transformation of the Democratic Party. Part of this is due to the War in Viet Nam and the general revulsion it has produced against military adventures. Part is due to the rising influence of the black vote. Both are good omens.

Of course, the Democratic Party, however much it is reformed, even though it is now led by McGovern, is unlikely to produce an administration that would do more than "tinker" with the economic system. But it is ironic how much tinkering can achieve in a society that is as rich as America is. For those who want even "more"—because they believe that there is something in the nature of a profit-led society that is inimical to man—this mere "tinkering" will not satisfy them. But, at the moment, they are a small minority of both the blacks and the whites and they will have to do a lot of hard work before their ideas gain any kind of acceptance.

[8] See also, C. L. Schultze *et al.*, "Setting National Priorities: The 1972 Budget" (Washington 1971), Chapter 7.

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Letter from Germany

The Social Democrats & the Young Left

By Günther Gillessen

FRAU LENI NIEBLER of Munich, in her late fifties, mother of two children of whom one died young, has been an SPD member for eighteen years. After her husband's death she supported her surviving child by taking an unskilled job at the Agfa factory. That was when she joined the party. She did all kinds of unpaid work for the SPD, handing out leaflets (and getting herself accosted in the process), distributing election campaign literature, collecting money. She was always there when the party needed her; and she, in her turn, needed the party. The evening functions and gatherings were a substitute for family life. She also belonged to the Social Democratic women's association and became a delegate to the *Kreisparteitag*.

Frau Niebler was recently in the running for a seat on the electoral board of examiners, but one of the Young Socialist leaders now on the Munich committee launched a whispering campaign to the effect that Leni Niebler "wasn't quite up to the job." On one occasion she stood there unobserved as he said so. Another time, at a meeting of her own section, she was sitting at table with some members from St Joseph's home for old people. Towards 11 p.m. one of the Young Socialist leaders turned up just in time to vote, and was heard by Leni Niebler angrily complaining to a friend that "the old folks are still here." He had been hoping that they would have gone home by that time and missed the vote. Leni Niebler has now resigned all her minor party posts. "It's no pleasure any more," she says. "They just didn't treat rank-and-file members like that in the old days. . . ."

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Many a little case like Frau Niebler's, all taken together, goes into the making of the celebrated affair of *Oberbürgermeister* Hans Vogel. A man of numerous civic merits (if also a few personal failings), Vogel has been mayor of Munich for ten years. His competence and popularity surpass that of any other mayor in the Federal Republic, now or for many years past. The inhabitants of Munich re-elected him at the last poll by a far greater majority than the SPD usually obtains in other Munich elections. In the field of local government, concerned with all the problems typical of a large modern city (*e.g.*, traffic congestion, infrastructural improvement, slum clearance, underground railways, schools, soaring property prices and a corresponding boom in property speculation), Vogel had won a name for practical common sense and non-ideological reform. He was a shining example of the Social Democrat who appeals to non-socialist voters.

In recent years, however, the Party fell prey to internal difficulties with its Left wing, which increasingly draws its recruits from the young neo-Marxianised Socialists. The latter, who had long existed in the form of a "ginger group" of party members under the age of 35, began—and not in Munich alone—to think and form themselves into an opposition fraction inside the party. In Munich they took only two years to win the committee elections in so many sections (basic party cells) that they were able to control the Munich party with a Left-wing committee. From then on, the gulf between the *Rathaus* (Vogel and the Social Democratic bloc in the City Council) and the Munich party committee grew ever wider. Cooperation eventually became so difficult that Vogel pronounced it impossible and decided to resolve the conflict by standing for the chairmanship himself and winning a reduced majority of what are known in Munich as "prudent comrades" (*besonnenen Genossen*). He just managed to win the party vote in the dramatic election of January 1971; but within a year there was a new and even larger Left-wing majority in the district. Vogel's downward slide within his own party organisation was not offset by the fact that he was promptly elected chairman of the entire Bavarian SPD. It is obvious that the young militants of the Munich Left will pursue their campaign, and that Vogel will have no easier a time with them because he now lives one floor up. What is more, he received virtually no backing from Chancellor Willy Brandt and Party Boss Herbert Wehner, for whom he deputised in these clashes with the Left-wingers.

Vogel's defeat demonstrates how easily a minority of activists can wield majority power in a party which is largely uninterested in local

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developments. Vogel's appeal to his Munich voters to join the SPD (and thus consolidate the moderate line) went almost unanswered. By and large, the party drew its new recruits from the younger generation, often from the University and almost exclusively from the Left. Vogel's downfall is that of someone who enjoyed a silent popular majority which could not be mobilised, even in the face of a party crisis. This realisation also helps to explain the cautious policy of appeasement pursued from Bonn by Willy Brandt in face of party-wide dissension.

WHAT IS THE PARTY'S New Left after? Publicity has been given to its demand for a "zero tariff," that is to say, free travel on all municipal trams, buses, and underground trains. Incidental as it may appear—and absurd though it is in view of the near bankruptcy of most German cities and the steadily rising cost of all services—this demand supplies a pointer to the aims of the party's radical wing, the activist nucleus of Young Socialists or *Jusos* (pronounced *You-soes*). There is, for example, a manifest prejudice in favour of "collective" rather than individual solutions of social problems, also a discovery that environmental pollution, whether by consumers (in the case of urban traffic, by cars) or by the "mode of production", lends itself to the renewed discrediting of *Spätkapitalismus*—not, it may be added, that anyone questions whether today's economic system may be defined by "capitalism" as a Marxist term of abuse, still less whether "socialist" economies treat natural resources with any greater care. Last but not least, free tickets are a splendid weapon in the demagogue's armoury, especially as the cost of most single fares is now in the region of one DM.

It may, in general, be said that large numbers of Young Socialists (and certainly the activists in their ranks) either belonged to Left-wing groups of university students a few years ago or were in close touch with them. This student movement no longer survives in its original form. The raging fashion of "anarchism" is virtually a thing of the past. The bulk of the movement switched to organised socialism, either entering the Communist Party direct or joining the SPD under the banner of "a Long March through the institutions." Socialism and the "transformation of society" could not be brought about by disturbances and street fighting, it was now conceded, but by systematically manning political key-positions with fellow-believers. These key-positions comprise schools, public administration (especially at municipal level), university staffs, editorial boards and publishing houses, and—needless to say—the party hierarchy of the SPD itself. The restoration of the party's old and oft-rejected "imperative mandate" over its Members of Parliament and city councillors represents a typical conflict. In many towns, the appointment of police commissioners and directors of education rests no longer with the Mayor and City Council but with the Left-wingers who have come to power at party headquarters.

THE AIM OF THE MOVEMENT remains the so-called "transformation of society" as construed on a higher socialist plane—if necessary against the will of the majority of that society, whose reluctance merely shows that it lacks the proper awareness, the Hegelian "true consciousness", to know what is good for it. The same "true consciousness" invests the avant-garde with a right, if need be, to set itself above the rules of a democracy which is, in any case, merely "bourgeois."

Wherever this controversy has erupted within the party, "socialism" can no longer be defined in practical terms. It is impossible to tell whether the relevant organisation inside the SPD still subscribes to the "libertarian socialism" of the Social Democratic parties of Western Europe, like the SPD as a whole, or whether it masks a reorientation in which "socialism" signifies roughly what it does to the Communist parties. It is this neo-Marxist modification of language and ideas (as well as the power-conscious nature of the controversy and systematic development of a hard Left core of officials inside the old party organisation) which is alienating many older Social Democrats after three or four decades of membership. The case of Munich is only part of a conflict-pattern which is unfolding in many other places, similar in form and effect but often far less dramatic.

AT NAUHEIM, a working-class community near Gross-Gerau, south of Frankfurt, about 20 old-age pensioners hold a regular weekly get-together. They all turn up punctually, but they no longer attend party meetings as they used to. The local branch, totalling 200 members, has a *Juso* chairman. Thirty to 45 members attend its functions and a somewhat greater number participate in committee and delegate elections. The circle of the old *Stammtisch* could carry considerable weight at Nauheim if only they attended party functions, but they no longer feel "at home" there.

It is the same story in more and more SPD branches. Middle-aged and elderly members are withdrawing after many years of membership. They seldom resign because too much of their own lives is bound up with the party, but they simply cease to put in an appearance.

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The party organisation at Rüsselsheim, a textbook example of an *Arbeiterpartei*, boasts 1,200 working-class members of which about 300 are of Young Socialist age. There, too, some 10% of the membership participate. Only 30 or 40 of the 300 members under 35 years of age are active *Jusos*. Their hard core, 16 or 17 strong, makes life hell for other party members and representatives in the urban delegate assembly. At the recent committee elections for the district (which includes Rüsselsheim and neighbouring industrial working-class communities in the Rhein-Main area) not a single worker was elected to the committee! In response to complaints by Opel workers, a *Juso* spokesman claimed that workers' interests could be far better safeguarded by the *Jusos* than by the workers themselves. "Still," said one member of the Opel labour force, "at least we're integrated into the party in town, in Rüsselsheim itself."

What has happened inside the SPD that workers should console themselves with the thought that they are at least "integrated in the town"? To quote a pertinent *Juso* retort voiced in Munich: "shop-floor fetishism is out—workers should get on with their work and leave planning and leadership to the *Jusos*. . . ."

ALIENATION AND DISGUST are proliferating in local branches and districts where the *Jusos* have become virulent. This is not so throughout the party, but it generally applies in and around university towns. There is no fixed pattern; it depends very largely on local conditions whether a branch succumbs or not, on whether a handful of people can provoke a clash. Nor can any simple relationship to economic conditions be discerned. At Tuttlingen and a number of local branches in Dortmund, peace reigns inside the party; at Fürstenfeldbruck it does not. If a few publicised resignations from the party in Bavaria may be regarded as a pointer to such controversies, their regional distribution displays an absence of definite socio-economic preconditions. The resignations have included three municipal councillors from Olching and the mayors of Germering, Aschheim, and Altenerding (all in the vicinity of Munich), but also the chairman of the county council at Wasserburg am Inn, the governor of Grafenau rural district, the mayor of Lauf (near Nuremberg), and members of the Bavarian Parliament (*Landtag*) from Günzburg.

ALMOST 110 years old, the SPD's history is studded with internal squabbles and controversies over ideology and policy. It has also witnessed bitter personal feuds and historic ideologised animosities. In general, however, these manifested themselves at major party meetings and in the party press, not among the local branches. The doctrines of party intellectuals, *e.g.*, the theory of Class and of Historical Laws—such things found no echo among the workers down at branch level. They listened to lectures and picked up the odd fancy term, just as church-going peasants had done with Latin before them. The jargon sounded familiar and belonged to the party; it did not have to be understood.

Despite its Marxist programme and revolutionary language, the old party was held together not by an ideology but by common interests, above all a desire to improve personal living standards and to gain a political place of power in bourgeois society. As long as bourgeois society failed to assimilate the working class, the workers created their own world inside the party and around it—in trade unions, in consumers' cooperatives and housing cooperatives, in workers' educational associations, in nature and gardening groups, workers' welfare organisations, and sports clubs.

All these party-based associations expressed the working-class desire to become bourgeois, or rather a *Bürger*, a citizen, through education, through the ownership of a small house or a tiny *Schrebergarten*, through participation in bourgeois-romantic rambles in the newly discovered *Natur* of the countryside, through improvements in living conditions. This sentiment conflicted with German Marxism from the outset. However, the SPD's real watchword was not the class struggle but solidarity, togetherness, mutual care and assistance. The old party had a code embodying the commandments of solidarity which, summed up by the slogan "comradeship", could happily stand comparison with aristocratic notions of exemplary conduct by a nobleman or with the dictates of military etiquette.

No longer to be a peasant on the land, nor yet a citizen of the town in whose industry one worked, was a temporary and exceptional phase in working-class history (though it has now recurred among West Germany's post-war foreign workers). This alien condition was bound to breed behaviour-patterns of mutual assistance which disappeared when the general social situation became "normalised." The SPD's internal sense of solidarity was equally bound to wane, attendance at meetings dwindle, and the desire for a secure niche within the party decline as social integration progressed and the party membership became pluralistic. Nevertheless, the unwritten rules of internal conduct in the national SPD party survived from the time of the *Arbeiterpartei*. One of them was respect for membership of long standing; another was mutual tolerance and consideration, and yet another deference to the will of the majority. All these are readily identifiable tokens of "socialist

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solidarity". Even after a heated debate it was customary for opponents to speak to each other, to linger over a beer when the meeting broke up, to celebrate each other's birthdays. Communal Sunday outings were held until a few years ago, and internal dissension prior to the passing of the Godesberg Programme[1] remained within the traditional bounds of solidarity.

FOR THE PAST FOUR YEARS OR SO, this has ceased to apply in those areas of the SPD's party organisation which are being conquered or contested by the *Jusos*. The Social Democratic mayor of one rural community in the Rhein-Main district complains that the *Jusos* have succeeded in "politicising" all local, parochial affairs and that the practical problems of small communities, which used by common consent to be solved in a "down-to-earth" manner, are now viewed "ideologically." Nor do the *Jusos* waste much time on cultivating a congenial atmosphere. Instead, they unceremoniously seek offices of political power in the party.

Elderly and middle-aged members are repelled by the cold quest for power and vitriolic tone which *Jusos* introduce into meetings. True, the *Jusos* are active in recruiting members for the party, but—to quote a Munich chairman—they teach new members nothing about party history, merely the best way of quickly voting a committee out of office.

On the other hand, they have evolved practices capable of application throughout the party. If a mere 10 or 15 per cent of members take part in meetings and elections—*e.g.*, 30 or 40 out of a local branch membership of two-to-three hundred—few votes are required to sway an entire section. It is usually sufficient if five or ten members meet in advance and arrange to drag out the proceedings. Most of those who have to be at work by seven the next morning go home at 11 p.m. They do not have unlimited time like the *Jusos*, who can rehearse for their weekly meetings and decide what course to pursue in the party section or municipal assembly.

MUNICH PROVIDES the best-known examples. The local Young Socialists more than doubled their numbers in the two-year period November 1969-November 1971 (from 1,890 to 4,075). In many of Munich's ward associations, two-thirds of the delegates are now students. Seven or eight of the eleven ward associations in Munich are firmly held by the party's Left wing. It was the delegates elected by ward associations to attend the district party assembly who decided the Mayor Vogel issue.

The Left wing does not rely solely on midnight votes for its manipulation of votes and elections. In the Rhein-Main area, meetings of this kind are frequently held on Sunday morning. They used to be over by lunch-time. Now, the *Jusos* employ filibustering tactics to spin out the "discussion" until late afternoon. Most of the married party members go home for lunch and few return afterwards. Come afternoon coffee-time, the remainder begin to wriggle on their hard chairs. The vote is not taken until the Left-wing bloc considers its chances favourable, and few chairmen venture to wind up a debate while many members are still present for fear of provoking an outcry against the "undemocratic suppression of dissenting views."

ANOTHER METHOD OF MANIPULATING local branches is suitable for urban use and has been tried in Munich. This is the "multiple address system." Anyone who has belonged to the party for at least four weeks and paid his dues is entitled to vote at meetings and elections. In Munich, payment is made to district headquarters, but the individual member is entitled to vote only in the section belonging to his residential area. If someone has several places of residence in the city, he can, from one day to the next, turn his secondary address into his principal address. The district office usually takes some weeks to register such changes of address, but the *Jusos* had a secretary in the Vollmar-Haus who pushed them through in a matter of hours. The same vote could, thus, be used within the space of a few days to influence delegate elections and pass resolutions in several local sections. Cases came to light in Munich where six or seven people used the same apartment as a second—and even a third—address of residence. In one instance, no less than 22 *Jusos* were registered as using the same mail-box. Although this procedure is technically within the rules, there are clear grounds for considering it a breach of loyalty and good faith as well as a violation of the mutual trust on which local branches depend.

Yet another method which has proved itself in debate is to greet criticism of the Left with extreme sensitivity and to launch a barrage of violent counter-attacks. The aim is simply intimidation. Most party members cannot defend themselves in the new *Juso* jargon, are not nearly such fluent speakers, and lack the *Jusos'* brutally direct approach. They suffer from decent Social Democratic inhibitions and a long-ingrained sense of "solidarity." In the old days, no one ever laughed a fellow-member to scorn because he expressed himself clumsily. Having experienced what it means to be ridiculed or made the butt of fierce accusations and abuse,

[1] See F. R. Allemann, "Farewell to Marx", ENCOUNTER, March 1960.

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eloquently directed from several quarters, many who would otherwise be critical are effectively reduced to silence.

MOST SPD MEMBERS are repelled by three things in particular: the new-style animosity and—as one worker expressed it—"unfairness" of internal debate; the practice of cutting speakers short; and the juggling with procedural rules in which workers are insufficiently versed. All this may be ascribed to an arrogance born of élitism. As one indignant trade-union secretary put it: "Along they come, these youngsters who've never known hunger, cold and suffering, and decide to play *Revoluzzer* for a year or two. . . ." They talked incessantly about the struggle of the "wage-slavery of the proletariat," he said, but their true aim was to crowd out the workers in the party and brand them as either stupid or "petty-bourgeois."

Other failures of traditional SPD loyalty and good faith may be cited. Many party organisations have sought to close the breach by means of compromise. This is characteristic of the "prudent comrades", moderate people of practical bent who have been reared on trade-union politics. If the *Jusos* penetrate far enough an accommodation must be reached—*e.g.*, in delegate elections or district committee elections. A joint list is agreed on the basis of reciprocal support for candidates of both wings. The moderates duly vote *Juso* candidates on to the committee but discover, when it comes to the count, that the *Jusos* have cheated them by failing to support the moderate candidates.

To take another instance: party rules prescribe that a local branch should, for every thirty members, nominate one delegate to the ward branch for election to the district party assembly. The party section in Munich-Freimann was entitled to nominate six such candidates. The ward branch, already under Left-wing leadership, selected only one of the six candidates from Freimann and the remaining five from lists put forward by other sections in the ward association. Voting regulations permit this; but it used to be normal party procedure, where the election of ward delegates was concerned, to accept section recommendations rather than deprive individual party members of their chosen representatives.

An even clearer violation of loyalty and good faith is the *Jusos'* now celebrated "double strategy." Crudely defined, this is a maxim based on double moral standards: *Juso* observance of the rules inside the party or group so long as it pays, but, if the majority proves obdurate, a resort to the external incitement of outside "civic initiatives" against one's own party. This form of double strategy amounts to calculated disloyalty. Trivial as the following example drawn from municipal politics may appear, it is infuriating for those involved

At Rüsselsheim the SPD bloc—which has an absolute majority in the city council—proposed that a "sour" meadow owned by the municipality should be rented off for little private gardens. The resolution was duly adopted by a majority of the SPD bloc. The *Jusos*, for their part, backed "a group of citizens" who wished to preserve the area in its existing role as a public recreation ground. It is irrelevant to the present context that preservation may have been the better policy. The *Jusos* were doubtless motivated by other considerations as well, *e.g.*, an ideologically inspired contempt for the "bourgeois" delight of ordinary people in their own small patch of garden and a corresponding preference for the "collective" use of land. Perhaps, too, they picked this fight with their party elders for tactical reasons, in expectation of wide public support. What enraged the elders was not so much the thing itself as the fact that party members should refrain from backing a majority decision in public and actually help to foment opposition to their own bloc. To them, the incident touched on party solidarity, not scenic conservation. If the *Jusos* had sought a review of the bloc proposal within the party rather than extraneously and by plebiscitarian methods, that would have been another matter.

IN GENERAL, the *Jusos'* vocabulary gets them nowhere at the factory gate. Their original aim—an alliance between the Left-wing intelligentsia and the Proletariat—very soon foundered. The bulk of the factory-based unions have proved too strong and too hard to manipulate because their position inside factories is far stronger than that of the *Jusos* inside the party. As far as the ability to mobilise their members is concerned, the trade unions are vastly superior to all other groups.

But as for the "upward route" through the SPD—once considered so exceptionally difficult by the German Left—this has turned out to be surprisingly easy.

Inside the party, as opposed to the trade unions, young Left-wing radicals have been able to gain office without reference to their personal way of life. Their rise within the party was not hampered by the absurd contrast between their words and deeds. In Munich, ordinary party members wax irate at the extravagant life-style of the *Juso* leaders, with their sports cars, their de luxe limousines, their golf or riding clubs, their fancy flats in the Arabella, or their appearances at meetings complete with what one worker, by a significant slip of the tongue,

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described as an *"Aktienkoffer"* (share portfolio) instead of *"Aktenkoffer"* (document case). Although it is unnecessary to labour such incongruities (particularly in Bavaria with its traditional immunity to Puritanism) there is some truth in the observation that these radical Left-wingers regard themselves as the leaders of the "wage-dependent class" but do not cleave to it. The *Klassenkampf* is waged either from the freedom of student status or from the security of a well-paid and pensionable post in the public service. It is an old revolutionary story: such Left-wingers lack the existential prerequisites for the role in which they have cast themselves. The role is a sham, and the working-class audience, which includes people like the despised Frau Leni Niebler, promptly see through it and remain wholly unconvinced.

THIS CREDIBILITY GAP is a new experience for the Social Democracy—not new to its senior officials, who have often and bitterly wrangled over the party line, but new to the small local branches throughout the country. An exceedingly unpleasant atmosphere has descended on many places where comparative peace once reigned among party members. Alienation is spreading. The *Jusos'* main achievement has been to terrorise and browbeat moderates into withdrawal.

The SPD is not suffering from a simple "generation gap", as Horst Ehmke has innocuously defined it in *Der Spiegel* recently. Nor should its difficulties be ascribed to local incidents stemming from personal vendettas, as the Bonn leadership tried to pretend in the case of Mayor Vogel. The people who want "a totally different society" want a totally different SPD as well. The present situation does contain the germ of a major party split, but there is no great likelihood that it will come about. Chancellor Willy Brandt issues routine warnings against "divisive tactics" and justifies his rather indulgent, conciliatory line as party leader by pointing to the ominous alternative of "Italian conditions." It would not be desirable to have several socialist parties in Germany, and the spectre of the Italian Left haunts the German Social Democracy. Yet could it not be it maintained that "Italian conditions" have already set in when *correnti*, or rival factions within the same party, emerge openly in a struggle for power?

En Route

Every Sunday about ten
The cattle-truck with its living load,
On its way from Eynsham to the abattoir,
Parks at the café across the road
For the driver's tea break, when,
Between slats, liquid eyes fill
With the only light
In a darkness still
Redolent of fields and bright
Pastures. The morning air broken
By an alien lowing,
A lament, not so much
For where they are going
As for what they have left behind.

John Cotton

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LETTERS

Criminals & Victims

SINCE Professor Sidney Hook's thoughtful article ("The Rights of the Victims," ENCOUNTER, April) by its very nature could not address itself to every aspect of the problem on hand, I would like to add one further dimension to his discussion. I think it is important to note that the current upsurge of concern with the rights of criminals and those accused of crime is directly related to an increased emphasis on *defining the criminal as a victim*—a Victim of Society, whose actions, no matter how reprehensible, are socially-culturally determined. In short he is not responsible for his behaviour.

It should be added that this view is only applied to crimes committed by those belonging to the lower socio-economic, or disadvantaged, groups. Those invoking sociological determinism to mitigate punitiveness or moral indignation will not apply the same perspective to the crimes of those who belong to the privileged groups of society, *e.g.* price-fixing corporation executives. It is an interesting social-scientific question whether or not a more privileged social position in fact reduces or removes the social "determination" of one's behaviour, or rather substitutes one type of social pressures for another.

If criminals, even when convicted, are seen as *essentially* innocent—*i.e.* they had no choice but to become muggers, drug-pushers, rapists, or hold-up men because of the environmental pressures bearing on them—then concern with their rights indeed redoubles.

The new emphasis on the Criminal as Victim is also closely related to the intensification of social criticism in the United States. Those strongly alienated from the major values and institutions of American society cannot help being sympathetic toward those whom the "System" seems to victimise (by depriving them of the opportunity to avoid becoming a criminal, etc.). More important, the criminal (or certain types of him) is increasingly redefined as a political dissenter; more and more frequently crimes committed seemingly for personal gain or pleasure are represented as political acts. More and more critics of American society find it difficult to draw the line between "ripping off the system" and holding up a bank or to condemn the ambush shooting of a policeman if justified by revolutionary slogans.

In this perspective, the criminal is transformed into an authentic Rebel who raises his hand against the established order and values (police, courts, officialdom, property, security, respect for law, etc.). Overcome with hatred of the prevailing social institutions and sympathetic toward the criminal striking out against them, it becomes easy to overlook the specifics of criminal acts and the pain, suffering or indignity they inflict on particular victims.

PAUL HOLLANDER

University of Massachusetts, Amherst

Wyndham Lewis & Aldous Huxley

WITH RICHARD MAYNE [ENCOUNTER, February] I had plumped for Wyndham Lewis as the original of Lypiatt in Aldous Huxley's *Antic Hay*; and found confirmation, clinching as I thought, in Geoffrey Wagner's book on Wyndham Lewis (1957): "and one suspects that Lypiatt . . . is a cruel parody of Lewis himself". But this assumption was upset by the best possible authority: Aldous Huxley himself.

On the occasion of his receiving an award from the American Academy of Arts and Letters (1959) I asked, among other questions, whether Lypiatt was based on Wyndham Lewis. The reply, prompt and flat, was that it was not; rather on Robert Nichols.

If the response was made in all candour some of the Lewis touches—"Heavenly Mews" in *Antic Hay*; his actual address in the early 1920s, Adam and Eve Mews (*Letters of Aldous Huxley*, Number 207)—were part of a diversionary false scent. After all Nichols was a friend, an intimate of Huxley's, however trying. ("One was very fond of Robert, despite the fact that he was impossible." *Ibid.*, Number 910).

Another deflection may well be the verse Lypiatt declaims as Chapter IV opens, "Tlacopan and Chalco . . . Tenochtitlan and Iztapalapan" would appear to be gently parodic of W. J. Turner's "Romance", verses haunted by Chimborazo and Cotopaxi. Both sets of verses rhyme dream(s) and gleam(s). "Romance" appeared in Turner's collection *The Hunter and Other Poems* (1916) and reappeared in subsequent collections. It was therefore well within Huxley's ken. W. J. Turner was, as a matter of fact, a friend of Huxley, who wrote the "critical appreciation" that accompanies Turner's portrait in William Rothenstein's *Second Series*.

As for Lewis it would seem his withers were unwrung to judge by his reference to Huxley in *Rude Assignment*. Amiably he wrote that "his proposals [referring to proposals advanced in Huxley's *Science, Liberty and Peace*] are humane and sensible, but. . . .

"These remarks do not mean that Mr Huxley is not worth reading: the more people that read him the better. He is a good and sensible man and he does help to chart the horrors."

This is not the tone of one who thought himself victimised by a cruel parody unless Lewis was notably magnanimous.

GOODWIN G. WEINBERG

New York City

Laqueur's "Violence"

IT IS a rash man who crosses swords with so cautious and judicious a scholar as Professor Walter Laqueur. But here goes, if only to see what he says in reply.

"There were no 'rising expectations'," says he, [ENCOUNTER, April] "in Russia in 1917 . . . and certainly no rising gratifications." Well, perhaps in 1917 there weren't. But what about 1913? The freeing of the serfs, and Stolypin's land reforms; foreign investment, the first half of an industrial revolution, a bounding growth rate; the beginnings of Parlia-

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mentary government; the spread of education—one could go on. Did these engender no "rising expectations" or gratifications? And did not the disasters of the Great War conceivably constitute just such a "sharp reversal" as Professor Davies may have had in mind?

One other point. There are certainly guerrillas in Chile now, and I am assured that there were well before the extreme Left came to power there. "Sizeable," I agree, is a relative term: they seem to have been sizeable enough to grab a lot of land and do a lot of damage.

COLIN WELCH

London

The Failed Barmitzvah Boy

On Joel Carmichael's "Trotsky's Agony"—JACK WINOCOUR

WAS LEON TROTSKY really congenitally "shy"? Was he a drop-out from *cheder* (Jewish religious school, literally "room")? Did he abandon his barmitzvah (confirmation) studies with a rabbi in Odessa? Did he avoid the use of his true name, Bronstein, because it sounded too Jewish?

Possibly trivialities. But these questions have been raised with a knowing air by Mr Joel Carmichael in his new biographical study of Trotsky (ENCOUNTER May and June) in which he states his intention "to excavate the living Trotsky . . . from the dense medium of his major works, from the 'dialectical' discussion of his career." Excavate like a fossil or an archaeological artifact, or exhume "living", resurrected from the tomb?

The questions Mr Carmichael puts, with his customary polemical verve, vitiate in fact his historical method. Mr Carmichael reduces Isaac Deutscher, Trotsky's biographer, to the base level of an "apologist and hagiographer." But it is a bold and ambitious scholar indeed who seeks to shake the monumental edifice of Deutscher's trilogy.[1]

I shall not pursue Mr Carmichael into the morass of disputation about the lateness of Trotsky's return from the United States to Russia in May 1917 (a bare month after Lenin's arrival), save to point out that Lenin had the benefit of the "sealed train", provided by courtesy of the Kaiser's Imperial General Staff, through the manoeuvres of that slippery double agent, Parvus (A. L. Helfand). Trotsky, on the other hand, was held for a time under arrest in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and had to wait for a ship to run both the Allied and German blockades. One might also recall that while Lenin dallied and brooded in exile in 1905, Trotsky was stage-managing, directing and acting in the curtain-raiser in St Petersburg to the October Revolution of 1917. This arid controversy will go on for ever for a diminishing number of disciples or diabolisers.

The evidence for Trotsky's alleged "shyness"—a very personal, psychologising judgment by Mr Carmichael—just does not stand up. His close collaborator in the October days, Anatoly Lunacharsky, describes him as "prickly and overbearing", stresses "his juvenile bumptiousness", his "aplomb", his "nonchalance."[2] After a brief encounter in Switzerland, Chaim Weizmann, the Zionist leader, later first President of the State of Israel, called him "arrogant."[3] Sukhanov (whose journal of the Revolutionary Year Mr Carmichael himself translated from the Russian) speaks of his "showiness." Peter Nettl in his biography of Rosa Luxemburg, writes: "Like Trotsky, Jogiches [Rosa's lover and political mentor] suffered from two unforgivable defects in Plekhanov's [the Grand Old Man of Russian Marxism] eyes: self-assurance aggravated by youth, and being Jewish." Rosa herself could not stand Trotsky; they were too much alike. She always referred to him "like an enemy." Lunacharsky again: "His colossal arrogance contributed to a certain loneliness." Indeed, Trotsky may have been a loner—but shy? Unless Mr Carmichael's psychoanalysing leads him to the questionable conclusion that "shyness" is the necessary obverse of "arrogance" and one serves to conceal the other.

Mr Carmichael's evidence is banal. So Trotsky didn't like salons and cocktail parties. Many people, who are certainly not shy, avoid such "social" occasions like the plague.

It was "shyness", Mr Carmichael declares, "that inhibited him from presenting himself to the public, even the Party public, under his own name [Bronstein] . . . ." But what about Lenin, Stalin and a host of other non-Jewish revolutionaries,[4] who adopted *noms de guerre* to avoid detection and arrest by the Tsarist secret police, let alone Jews like Sverdlov (Lunacharsky naively, certainly not maliciously, refers to "his slightly African looks"!) or Radek? To their party comrades, Lenin was Vladimir Ilyich, Stalin was Josef Vissarionivich. No one would have dreamed of referring to them as Ulianov or Djugashvili. Surely Mr Carmichael with his undisputed command of Russian knows something about patronymic nomenclatures, still in vogue in the Soviet Union, although they have disappeared in Jewish life except for services in the synagogue or at the cemetery. Or is he honing up this blunt scalpel for his eventual dissection of Trotsky's renegade "Jewishness"?

In fact, Trotsky had no fewer than eleven pseudonyms during his revolutionary career. Three of them were pen names, the rest were adopted at various times as precautions against arrest, imprisonment or

[1] *The Prophet Armed* (1954), *The Prophet Unarmed* (1959), *The Prophet Outcast* (1963).
[2] *Revolutionary Silhouettes* (1967), passim.
[3] *Trial and Error* (1949).
[4] As for example, Molotov/Scriabin.

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deportation. Ziv, whose slim 96-page memoir appears to be one of Mr Carmichael's principal sources for his new interpretation of his anti-hero, says that while he was on the run from Irkutsk after four-and-a-half years in prison and Siberian exile, Bronstein was furnished with a phoney passport by his comrades which he mischievously signed with the name of one of his former gaolers in Odessa—Trotsky! To the British and American ear, the name sounds like an expectoration, and much of this unfortunate association was made in later years to the pseudo-Trotsky's detriment, when his enemies didn't use "Bronstein" against him. Trotsky himself never enjoyed his adopted name, but he was stuck with it for life.

NOW LET ME COME, with some weariness, to some other of Mr Carmichael's animadversions on Trotsky's alleged ambivalence about his "Jewishness", which, he says, may have contributed to his alienation from "his historic surroundings". Mr Carmichael charitably concedes that Trotsky's *My Life* generally is "an honest and frank document, despite, to be sure, its blind spots", but that it contains "some suggestive discrepancies."

What exactly are these "suggestive discrepancies" with which Mr Carmichael makes great play (the Yiddish *tsimmes* is, perhaps, a better word)? Did young Trotsky really go to *cheder* (Deutscher russifies it as *kheder*) in a *shtetl* (Jewish village, literally "townlet")? Did he abandon his studies for his barmitzvah? Mr Carmichael attaches importance to these alleged episodes and, I'm afraid, lets his fantasies run somewhat riot. For good measure, he suggests that Bronstein's parents really spoke Yiddish at home instead of the mixture of broken Ukrainian and Russian that Trotsky mentions.

Let us examine more closely these epoch-making discoveries or deductions. "My father," Trotsky writes in *My Life*,

> ". . . as a little boy left, with his parents, the Jewish town in the Province of Poltava . . . to seek their fortune on the free steppes of the South. There were at that time about forty Jewish *agricultural colonies* [*my emphasis:* J.W.] in the provinces of Kherson and Ekaterinoslav, with a total population of about 25,000 souls. The Jewish farmers were on an equal footing with other peasants, not only as regards their legal rights (until 1881 [*when Tsar Alexander II was assassinated*]), but also as regards their property. . . . On the boundless steppes of Kherson and of all South Russia was a kingdom of wheat and sheep, living by laws all its own."

In his milieu, I see no reason to question Trotsky's statements about his parents' conversational language or his disavowal of any knowledge of Yiddish.

To turn to Trotsky's "religious" education. "In my father's family, [he writes] there was no strict observation of religion; on holy days my parents journeyed to the synagogue in the colony. Mother abstained from sewing on Saturdays—at least within the sight of others. [Mr Carmichael omits the qualification.] But all this ceremonial observance of religion lessened as years went on—as the children grew up and the prosperity of the family increased." A very common phenomenon in the West.

By Any Other Name

London

SEXY: *The British Board of Film Censors has banned a four-letter word from film titles. The word, which may never again be seen outside a British cinema, is . . . Sexy.*

When Mr Anthony Balch, a film distributor, took his film "The Importance of Being Sexy" up before the Board, the censor, Stephen Murphy, was shocked. It wasn't the film itself (a simple story of a young man who, while living with a family in Vermont, has affairs with the mother, the two daughters and the homosexual son). It was the title. "Sexy will have to be deleted," said Mr Murphy. "You must be mad," said Mr Balch. He's still trying to think of a new title.

Mr Balch feels he is the first victim in a new wave of British censorship. "Why has Murphy picked on me?" he asks. "There are films with 'sexy' in the title all over London. There's 'Sex Nest' and 'Sexy Susan Knows How.' In 1947 Ian Dalrymple had a film called 'The Weaker Sex' and I made a film called 'Heterosexual'."

As Mr Murphy is usually attacked for his liberality, this sort of criticism makes a change. "There's nothing sinister about it," he says. "Anthony has had three titles for this film. First it was 'Loving and Laughing.' Then it was 'Hippy Girls' and now this one. I had to put my foot down somewhere. We are concerned about this sort of re-titling."

Mr Balch says that re-titling is an old, respected custom in film distribution. "There was a film called 'Hot Rock in America'. When they brought it to Britain they called it 'How to Steal a Diamond in Four Uneasy Lessons'."

The title of Mr Balch's film was a good deal more sexy when it did the rounds in Quebec. The French title was "Il n'y a pas de Trou à Percé (There is not a Hole to Pierce)." "A double-entendre actually," explains Balch. "Percé is the name of a rock in a Canadian lake."

Mr Balch feels there is a puritan wind of change blowing through film advertising too. Barely a single bosom is being exposed outside a West End cinema after the Greater London Council clamped down on salacious posters.

The GLC has also threatened to give cinemas only three-monthly, instead of annual, licences unless front-of-house advertising is toned down. The industry has now formed its own self-censoring committee (The Kinematograph Renters Society Poster Censorship Committee). "People walking through the West End who do not want to see bare breasts should not have bare breasts thrown at them," says Basil Clavering, a committee member.

SUNDAY TIMES

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At Easter, Bronstein *mère* baked cakes and painted eggs for the peasants and farmworkers. Further west in Russian Poland, Easter was the time for drunken pogroms. The older children came home from boarding schools at "the Christmas holidays"! It would be interesting to learn where *they* went to school. Perhaps Mr Carmichael can enlighten us.

The child's formal schooling began at the age of seven. It is quite possible that his father and mother for atavistic or religious reasons wanted him to learn some rudiments of Hebrew, but there were other and secular subjects taught in the so-called *cheder* at Gromokley, about three miles from Yanovka. Trotsky calls it a "colony." Mr Carmichael severely suggests it was really a *shtetl*, but the *shtetl* was classically an almost exclusively Jewish townlet to be found in large centres of Jewish population, such as Russian Poland, Lithuania, Latvia, Bessarabia and Moldavia. Gromokley was, in fact, half-Jewish and half-German, split neatly down the middle. Certainly not a *shtetl* in the customary sense of the term. And at the *cheder*, besides learning some *Chumash* (Pentateuch—Five Books of Moses; the class probably didn't get beyond the first chapters of Genesis), the boy "first traced the letters of the Russian alphabet" on a blackboard and learned some arithmetic.

In the generally accepted meaning of the word and in practice the *cheder* taught Hebrew and other *Jewish* subjects in Yiddish, which the boy didn't understand. He couldn't understand his playmates either and not unnaturally he left Gromokley after only a few months. One presumes, as Trotsky was only seven, that this was by parental consent. "And yet Shufer", he writes, "—that was the name of the Gromokley teacher—had taught me to read and write, both of which stood me in good stead in my later life, and for that reason I remember my first teacher with gratitude." Read and write—Russian.

Two years later, Trotsky was sent to study in Odessa, through the persuasion of his mother's nephew, Shpentzer, with whose family he lived for many years. Shpentzer, later a successful publisher, had just married the principal of a secular Jewish girls' high school. In this highly sophisticated home, in the most sophisticated city in Russia outside St Petersburg, with its cosmopolitan Pontine atmosphere, Trotsky emerged from the cocoon of Yanovka. Shpentzer busied himself with translations of the Greek tragedians, wrote children's stories, "studied Schloesser and other historians." Hardly a *Jewish* environment. "In the Shpentzer family, religion was not observed at all, not counting the old aunt who did not matter." From Shpentzer, he "learned that scores of words which seemed beyond question at home were not Russian, but Ukrainian jargon." But perhaps Mr Carmichael will insist the Ukrainian jargon was really Yiddish!

Mr Carmichael pursues his will o' the wisp with the strong hint that Trotsky's few months of Hebrew studies with "a very learned old man in Odessa", were really preparation for his barmitzvah. The old man was really a rabbi! But Jewish boys who study for confirmation do not necessarily have to have the benefit of rabbinical tuition. Mr Carmichael should know that there was and is a man called a *rebbe*, who is not a rabbi, who does not revel in the glory of a diploma (oral or written), conferred by a rabbi on a neophyte, but who may be just a plain *talmid chochom* (scholar).

In the early chapters of *My Life*, Trotsky's Jewish origins are never in question. He could not get into the *gymnasium*, because of the quota system which restricted Jewish entry and had to settle for St Paul's *Realschule*, originally a Lutheran German foundation, attended by Russian, Polish, German and Jewish boys. During Russian Orthodox religious instruction, he left the class together with the Roman Catholic and Jewish pupils, "sometimes under the very nose of the Russian priest", whose "contempt was only slightly softened by true Christian forbearance," as Trotsky ironically adds.

The various prejudices of some of his schoolmasters against his Polish, German, and fellow Jewish schoolmates hurt him. "This national inequality probably was one of the underlying causes of my dissatisfaction with the existing social order, but it was lost among all the other phases of social injustice. It never played a leading part—not even a recognised one—in my list of grievances."

What more is there to be said by way of comment on Mr Carmichael's thesis on Trotsky's "Jewishness"? Trotsky was married to his first wife, Alexandra Lvovna, according to Jewish rites, in a Moscow prison. With Martov, as a *Jewish* socialist he led the attack on the Bund (Jewish labour organisation) at the second Russian Social-Democratic Party Congress in Brussels in 1903. He declined the post of Commissar for Home Affairs in 1917, because it might lead to a resurgence of anti-Semitism among the peasantry, became War Commissar instead, and as such established his commanding place in the history of our century—in spite of his "shyness".

In his turbulent political life, Leon Trotsky made some terrible blunders. Kronstadt was a grievous mistake. His acquiescence in the execution of Dora Kaplan and the Social Revolutionaries paved the way for his own eventual destruction. Perhaps, he was just the St Just of the Russian Revolution.

In my own view, Trotsky's universalism does not transcend but complements his essential Jewishness. With Spinoza, Heine, Freud, Einstein, even Marx, he remains in the forefront of those "International" Jews who have set an indelible stamp on modern history.

Why not settle for that, Mr Carmichael?

Carmichael Replies

MR WINOCOUR sounds very *annoyed*. I thought my remarks on Trotsky rather innocuous.

To explain the contrast between Trotsky's masterfulness—his celebrated "haughtiness"—and the remarkable passivity that I maintained characterised his so-called "struggle for power" in the Twenties, I felt obliged to hazard the suggestion that he might have been "shy" *despite appearances*. Mr Winocour, rather superfluously, makes much of just those clichés I was trying to analyse.

I thought it of interest that for all his high spirits Trotsky needed the umbrella of Lenin's authority and of Bolshevik prestige. Since he couldn't avow this he

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Life & Letters Today

Washington

EVIDENCE: The conversation [writes Robert Craft of Stravinsky's dinner in the White House with President John F. Kennedy, January 1962] turns to politics. And here the President shows both his skill as a debater and his ability to bring an argument to a head. He even shows evidence of reading, calling an article on the Berlin crisis in ENCOUNTER **"playing to the gallery."** THE OBSERVER

New York City

LOVING THE BOMB: *Lyle Stuart is the big new name in American publishing, a maverick whose flamboyant stunts have sent tremors of fear through the traditional tweedy world of books. In the last few years he has produced more best sellers in proportion to the number of books he turns out than any other publisher, and made a blizzard of money while most of his rivals have been merely ticking over.*

How could he publish a book without reading it? "I don't read most of the books I publish. I have a package and I know what the message is."

Stuart prefers the kind of writer he calls the "honest illiterate". Currently he has high hopes for "The Anarchist's Cook-book"—a do-it-yourself manual on making Molotov cocktails and marijuana pie, blowing up a police station or dynamiting a bridge. The book has been condemned as irresponsible. Stuart says everyone in his office opposed publishing it. "But I went right ahead and it's selling splendidly, 3,000 copies week after week."

DAILY TELEGRAPH

London

LITERARY MURDER: Edna O'Brien volunteered to appear on BBC-2's *Film Night* **when the film** *Zee and Co.*, **for which she provided the script, was discussed. In the event she was not in the programme which went out on Tuesday night—because, she says, Columbia, the film's distributors, disapproved.**

"Had I appeared", says Miss O'Brien, "I intended to say only one thing, and that was that if I ever meet Brian Hutton, who directed the film, I will kill him. They rewrote, they removed scenes, they added scenes. Hutton butchered and killed my script, and if I meet him again I shall kill him." Miss O'Brien adds, charmingly: "I would have smiled before, during, and after saying it."

THE TIMES

New York

SALAD DAYS: *Yevgeny Yevtushenko, the peripatetic Soviet writer, had just gone shopping for food for the first time. "I make salad like I write poetry, I put everything in—onions, lettuce, cucumber, oil, grapefruit juice. In poetry, classical styles, folk styles, sad things, happy things. But in both poetry and salads I have one rule: Everything must be fresh."*

Later he returned to the snub by Eugene McCarthy. He said the Minnesotan had shared the stage with him at his Madison Square Garden reading and had agreed at rehearsal to read a part of a Yevtushenko poem on the assassination of Robert Kennedy.

But at the performance that night, Mr Yevtushenko said, Senator McCarthy surprised him and in front of 5,000 people told the Russian to read the poem himself.

"Mr McCarthy went to my reception afterward and was very nice but I felt betrayed. Later I read in Time *magazine that he said he did not want to be associated with garbage . . . ."*

INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE

Paris

LE GRAND CHIENLIT: At one point in André Malraux's conversation with de Gaulle, which Hamish Hamilton are publishing in translation this week as "Fallen Oaks", the General makes the improbable remark that his only international rival is Tintin, the celebrated boy-hero of innumerable French cartoon stories.

De Gaulle engagingly adds that people do not see the resemblance because of his own height, but he and Tintin "are the little ones who don't let themselves be taken in by the big chaps."

In the English version, this is rendered, not once but three times, as "Rin-Tin-Tin."

DAILY TELEGRAPH

New York

FAILED PHALLUS: *Claes Oldenburg came as close as he ever got to actually building a monument when a group of Yale graduate students asked him in 1969 to design one for "the second American revolution". They had been inspired by the New Left's guru Herbert Marcuse, who, having seen Oldenburg's drawings, announced that "there is a way in which this kind of satire, or humour, can indeed kill. I think it would be one of the most bloodless means to effect a radical change". Oldenburg's response took the form of a vast red lipstick which telescoped up and down, stiffening and softening, from Caterpillar tracks. It was polemical, a mixture of cosmetic, phallus and rocket carrier—the ultimate weapon. The fate of this work was as appropriate as its original message: removed from the Yale campus, it now lies disintegrating in a Connecticut factory yard, along with the Yippies' fantasies of instant revolution.*

TIME

London

VICTORIAN PIGS: Peter Paterson is wrong when he states in his study of The New Left that the word "pig" (for police) is imported from America. The term was in use in England in Victorian times—see "The Victorian Underworld" by Kellow Chesney, text and glossary of colloquial and cant words.

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

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was reduced to explaining all political behaviour by "social forces" while admitting, in another context, Lenin's utter indispensability for the October *putsch* and in general the voluntaristic uniqueness of the Bolshevik Party in picking up the "power lying around the streets", in contrast with the subservience of the Mensheviks, etc.

Mr Winocour's blindness to my point about Trotsky's sensitivity with respect to the "Jewish question" remains bewildering. He himself merely confirms my own remarks, to be sure inadvertently.

Mr Winocour points out that Trotsky and his schoolmates in the *cheder* might well have learned Russian. But then why does Trotsky say he made no friends there because he spoke no Yiddish? when he was, moreover, living in a Jewish village where everyone spoke Yiddish, which we know since their children in the *cheder* did? Also, with respect to the barmitzvah, Mr Winocour, by emphasising the non-Jewish atmosphere of the household Trotsky was living in at the time, makes it all the more baffling that at the age of 12 or so he started learning Hebrew *once again* with a "learned old man" because of his own father's "parental ambition."

Mr Winocour seems blind to contrasts. It was *because* there was no need for Hebrew studies that I thought them significant, and Trotsky's glossing over of the episode still more so, just as it was *because* Trotsky's "arrogance" was so well-known that I thought it worth looking into. The point is no doubt a small one; I tried to extricate it from mythology to buttress my view of Trotsky's underlying uncertainty.

In saying that Trotsky was "inhibited" from presenting himself in public "under his own name" the context makes it clear, surely, that I meant not his name as such but his identity. (Mr Winocour again bursts through an open door on this question of names in the Russian revolutionary movement; I suppose everyone knows that practically *no* revolutionary used his "right" name.)

All I meant, after all, was that on a national, indeed a world stage, Trotsky's feeling of himself as a Jew (which Mr Winocour himself points up, to my mind exaggeratedly) fused with his personal shortcomings —his inability to establish a footing of animal communion with his peers—and helped disqualify him for leadership.

Mr Winocour calls my evidence "banal" (I should have thought that if evidence is really evidence one can ask no more of it) and rushes for reassurance to the "monumental edifice" of Deutscher's trilogy. How odd to mistake monumentality for integrity!

JOEL CARMICHAEL

New York City

MacNeice

IN THAT excellent and vivid portrait of Louis MacNeice "In a Green Grave" by Mr Dan Davin [ENCOUNTER, August] there was one inaccuracy. Louis MacNeice died on a Tuesday, Tuesday, September 3rd 1963, and not on a Wednesday as Mr Davin asserts.

HEDLI MACNEICE

Kinsale, Co. Cork, Ireland

AUTHORS

Andrew Shonfield, who will deliver the 1972 BBC Reith Lectures on the future of the European Community, is Director of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. Among his books are *British Economic Policy Since the War* (1958), *The Attack on World Poverty* (1960) and *Modern Capitalism* (1965). He is a regular contributor to ENCOUNTER and his articles include "The Path Ahead to Europe" (September 1971), and "Thinking about the Future" (February 1969). . . .

Arthur Bestor's article is based on an address he gave to a notable academic conference in New York earlier this year, chaired by Sidney Hook. He is professor of history at the University of Washington and the author of *The Restoration of Learning* (1955) and *Problems in American History* (1952), among other books. . . .

Jascha Kessler is the author of a collection of short stories *An Egyptian Bondage and Other Stories*, a novel, *A Life for a Life*, and a book of poems, *Whatever Love Declares*. . . .

Rayner Heppenstall, novelist, poet and literary critic, is the author of *Portrait of the Artist as a Professional Man* (1969), *French Crime in the Romantic Age* (1970) and *Bluebeard and After* (1972). . . .

Norman Levine's collection of short stories, *I Don't Want to Know Anyone Too Well*, was published recently by Macmillan. . . .

Horst Krueger is one of Germany's best-known critics and authors. He lives in Frankfurt-am-Main; he contributed a brief article "Sex and Revolution" to the February 1968 ENCOUNTER.

Maurice Kogan is Professor of Government and Social Administration at Brunel University. He was Secretary to the Plowden Committee on Primary Education, is Consultant to the O.E.C.D., and Coordinator Consultant to the Ford Foundation inquiry on Anglo-American primary education. He is the author of *The Politics of Education* (with Edward Boyle and C. A. R. Crosland) (Penguin, 1971), *The Government of Education* (Macmillan, 1971) and other works. . . .

Gillian Peele was educated at Durham University and at Nuffield College, Oxford, where she teaches and writes on British government and politics. . . .

William Walsh is Professor of Education and Head of the Department of Education, University of Leeds. His books include *The Use of Imagination: Educational Thought and the Literary Mind* (Chatto, 1959), *A Human Idiom: Literature and Humanity* (1965), and *The Teaching of English Literature Overseas*. . . .

Dr A. H. Halsey is Head of the Department of Social and Administrative Studies at Oxford and a professorial fellow of Nuffield College. He is the National Director of research into educational priority areas. . . .

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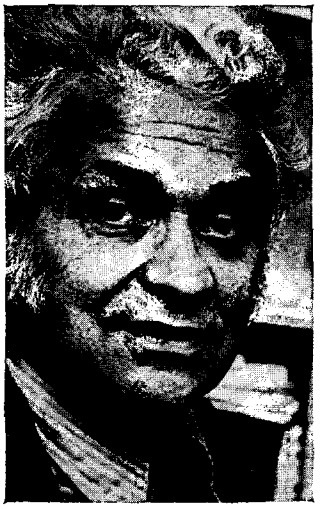

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